The Chicago Daily Tribune.

VOLUME 26. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1873—SIXTEEN PAGES. NUMBER 341.

REAL ESTATE.

Seven Cottages 22x40

LARGE LOTS,

Corner of Arnold and Sixty-first-sts., ENGLEWOOD.

THIRTEEN HOUSES,

Two-story, Fine finish, marble mantels, &c., on Arnold and Sixty-first-sts., and Wentworth-av., ENGLEWOOD. For sale by owners on monthly payments, at 272 and 274 State-st. TILLOTSON BROS.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

An excellent farm, containing six hundred acres, situated on the Wisconsin Division of the Northwestern Railroad, 32 miles from Chicago. This farm can be conveniently divided into two or more farms, and will be sold or exchanged for city property, in whole or in part. Inquire of JONAS HUTCHINSON, At Manufacturers' National Bank.

GREAT BARGAIN IN Drexel-av. and Other Property.

6 Lots on the corner of Drexel-av. and Fifty-sixth-st., 75 feet on Drexel-av., and 75 feet on Egandale-av., between Forty-third and Forty-fourth-sts. 124x118, fronting on Groveland Park, opposite the Chicago University. All the above property will be sold at less than auction prices by CLARKE, LAYTON & CO., 129 LaSalle-st.

CALUMET RIVER.

BARGAINS IN ACRE PROPERTY,

Well improved, fronting on the Calumet River, for sale by C. C. THAYER & CO., Real Estate Auctioneers and Brokers, 186 East Madison-st.

FINELY IMPROVED AND WELL-LOCATED FARM OF 240 ACRES,

Located near Aurora, Ill.

For sale or exchange by C. C. THAYER & CO., Real Estate Auctioneers and Brokers, 186 East Madison-st.

TEXAS.

The most fertile lands in the world, near towns and railroads, in a climate unsurpassed for health, and producing crops in every variety, for sale in tracts to suit purchasers. We claim, and with abundant proof, that no section of the country offers such opportunities to the capitalist or the immigrant as are now being offered by the Empire State of the Southwest. Send for pamphlet and lists of lands, issued by the Texas Land and Emigration Co. JOHN A. FRANCIS & CO., 151 LaSalle-st.

CHEAP LOTS

BEAUTIFUL HOMES!

Parties desirous of avoiding the noise, smoke, and dust of the city, cannot do better than secure a lot in the attractive town of Norwood Park. All lots are 50 feet wide by 150 to 200 feet deep, are high and dry the year round; $5 to $25 down, balance to suit in monthly payments. Title perfect; abstract furnished each purchaser. Free passes to parties purchasing. Parties aided in building. T. C. VIERLING, Room 35, 126 Dearborn-st.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

CHOICE Acre Property

On the Ridge and Prairie, on line of C., D. & V. R. R., for sale by C. C. THAYER & CO., Real Estate Auctioneers and Brokers, 186 East Madison-st.

WE WILL SELL

At South Evanston, where we have rich soil, fine large trees, thorough drainage, sewer to the lake, and sidewalks all laid, a few lots at enticingly low rates. Also, a large two-story frame house, in complete order, newly painted, papered, &c., with lot 50x150, and a large barn, for $5,000. Most promising investment in the market. OSBORN & SKILLMAN, 128 South Clark-st.

FOR SALE.

Large Suburban Residence, modern improvements, 3-story barn; cottage for gardener; 18 acres land; 10 acres timber and timothy; good spring water; 200 feet from depot; Hebart, on Fort Wayne Railroad, 33 miles from Chicago; monthly commutation, $10. Price, $10,000. Office days, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. J. G. EARLE, Room 3, No. 153 Monroe-st.

FOR SALE.

By A. Gagne, Room 12 Metropolitan Block, lots and acre property, houses, stores, private residences, on the West, South and North Sides. Also improved farms in Illinois. For further information apply to A. GAGNE, Room 12 Metropolitan Block.

TO RENT.

FOR RENT.

Elegant stores, double, suitable for wholesale or retail on Lake, Clark, Wabash, Dearborn, and other streets. Also banking rooms, offices, sleeping rooms in Speed, Kentucky, Reaper, McCormick, and other blocks. Also several fine basements and lofts, near centre. Also building lots to lease. Rents collected. Several lots on long lease. By J. M. MARSHALL & CO., Real Estate and Renting Brokers.

TO RENT.

The stores and offices under the PACIFIC HOTEL can now be rented to first-class tenants, at VERY LOW RATES. Apply to E. L. OTIS, Room 1 Otis Block.

WANTED.

Builders, Attention.

I want to build a Brick Residence and pay part with Cottage and Lot on West Side. Address A 100, Tribune office.

STEAM ENGINE

WANTED—To arrange with a responsible party to put up and run an engine, of say 60-horse power, in the building now going up on east side of Fifth-av., south of Madison-st. The building to be occupied by tenants who will rent power. Apply to KERR, DAVISON & WELCH, 142 LaSalle-st.

PARTNER WANTED.

Either active or special. Business connected with the building interest, staple and profitable. Capital required, $10,000, the subscriber furnishing a like amount. This is a splendid chance for a capitalist wishing to place a son or relative in business, or for personal investment. Address at once, stating where an interview may be had, E, care Carrier No. 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

$2 A Doz BEST BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHS, 486 State-st., Opposite Continental Hotel. DENSLOW, Artist. $2 A Doz

REMOVAL.

REMOVED.

WATERBURY & CHRIMES, Formerly of 165 Dearborn-st., but recently of 169 Twenty-second-st., have removed to their new store, 169 Madison-st., where they will be glad to see their old friends and customers.

COAL.

Coal. Coal.

J. L. HATHAWAY,

DEALER IN HARD AND SOFT COAL.

All Coal delivered promptly and in good order, either to city customers or on board cars for the country trade. Blossburgh constantly on hand. Office and Yard—Corner Market and Randolph-sts.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FARMERS' FOURTH OF JULY

THE IMPORTANT ADDRESS

Of S. M. SMITH, Secretary of the Illinois State Farmers' Association, before the Livingston County Farmers' Association,

At Pontiac, on the Fourth of July,

Is now ready for delivery as an 8-page document, for general circulation. Farmers' Clubs and Granges will be supplied at the following rates:

Single Copies..2 cts. | 100 Copies...75 cts.
10 Copies.......15 cts. | 1,000 Copies....$5.00

Address J. W. DEAN, Room 6 Tribune Building, Chicago.

HORSE SHOES.

No Frog, no Foot. No Foot, no Horse.

Humanity to that Noble and Abused Animal.

Why the Goodenough Shoe and System is adopted by our horse-owners and prevents lameness will be explained practically, and references permitted to the following gentlemen, who have proved its superiority and humanity: Frank Parmalee; Adams Express Co.; David Gage; A. J. Wright, Livery; Brown & Hutchison, Livery; Hanchett & Carter, Livery; Heath & Milligan; Dr. Moses A. Gunn; Dr. W. H. Lyman; Dr. Powell; Mr. Turner, Pres't N. S. City Railroad; Dr. Hurlbut; Mr. Hennesey, Pres't C. C. R. R. Co., South Side; Mr. I. Hodges; M. M. F. Hale; O. P. Baker; W. E. Polson; Mr. Jones, Pres't Chamber Commerce; with some hundreds of the prominent residents in this city. WM. KING & SONS, 121 Michigan-av., cor. Madison-st.

FINANCIAL.

P. B. WESTFALL, Pres't. SYDNEY MYERS, Cashier.

THE MERCHANTS', FARMERS', & MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK.

Incorporated 1861. Commenced Business 1862.

75 South Clark-st., Chicago, Opposite Old Court House.

WEST SIDE OFFICE, 62 Halsted-st., near Madison.

EXCLUSIVELY A SAVINGS BANK.

COOK COUNTY SAVINGS BANK,

108 Washington-st., Northeast corner Clark, opposite Court-House.

WEST SIDE OFFICE, 17 Milwaukee-av.

DIRECTORS—William B. Ogden, Redmond Prindiville, George Taylor, Henry R. Payson, F. C. Taylor, N. S. Bouton, M. D. Ogden, Benj. V. Page, Elisha B. Wadsworth.

MONEY can be drawn at any time, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum on all sums deposited one or more full months.

DIME SAVINGS BANK,

105 CLARK-ST., Methodist Church Block.

Six per cent interest allowed on deposits, payable semi-annually, July 1 and Jan. 1 in each year. GEO. SCOVILLE, President. WM. KELSEY REED, Cashier.

NOTE.—Until further notice, any boy or girl calling at the Bank will be presented with a pass book free, and one dime deposited to his or her credit, which sum can be drawn out at pleasure.

BARCLAY, VOORHIES & CO.,

BANKERS,

Corner Dearborn and Washington-sts.,

ALLOW 6 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS. Draw Gold Drafts at New York Quotations, and make Telegraphic Transfers of Money on New York and Boston.

DIG.

We collect claims against parties throughout the United States and Canadas. If they wont pay we publish the fact for the benefit of our patrons. Report now in press, and will be delivered to subscribers in a few days. FRASIER'S MERCANTILE COLLECTION AGENCY, 146 Madison-st.

FOR SALE.

National Life Insurance Company, of Chicago.

30 Shares of Stock for less than cost, as the party is obliged to sell. Apply to THOMAS PARKER, Room 11 Reaper Block.

SKOW-PETERSEN, ISBERG & CO.,

BANKERS, No. 2 South Clark-st.,

Issue CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT and LETTERS OF CREDIT available in all European cities.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Chicago real estate. WRIGHT & TYRRELL, 3 Tribune Building.

BLANKS.

Legal Blanks,

Of Regular Forms or Printed to Order, BY CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO., 118 and 120 Monroe-st., Chicago.

DENTISTRY.

H. T. TOWAR,

DENTIST, 1006 Indiana-av.

All operations hereafter will be at the following rates:

Pure Gold Fillings.........$2 to $5
Silver Fillings.........1 to 3
Artificial Teeth.........15 to 20
Extracting Teeth.........50 cents

The best of city references given on application. All work warranted.

SILVERWARE.

Sterling Silverware.

We have a very large assortment of the celebrated "GORHAM" STERLING SILVERWARE, which we offer at extremely low prices.

Spoons, Forks, &c., &c., sold by the ounce.

Fancy Pieces, in cases and trunks.

Tea Sets, Cake Baskets, and Jelly Dishes.

Knives, Forks, and Spoons, for children.

Card Cases, Tobacco Boxes, Napkin Rings, and Fruit Knives.

The largest Stock of Silver Goods in the West.

N. MATSON & CO.,

State and Monroe-sts.

RAILWAY OILS, &c.

GEST & ATKINSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF Extra Lard, Tallow, and Railway OILS, Coach Candles, Car and Axle Grease, Waste, CINCINNATI, O.,

Invite the attention of consumers and the trade to the superior grade of their manufactures.

☞ Note what the Vienna correspondent of a prominent metropolitan journal says in reference to their exhibition at the Vienna Exposition: "Messrs. Gest & Atkinson, of Cincinnati, make a very good display of oils. Their goods are most admirably arranged, and present the appearance of standing on their merits alone. The quality of oils they have on exhibition is truly surprising. From appearances, they stand in a fair way of taking a prominent position on the prize list."

BUSINESS CHANCE.

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE.

NEWHALL HOUSE

MILWAUKEE.

We offer for sale or to lease on very favorable terms, this Celebrated Hotel—the finest in Wisconsin. It is situated on the principal business street, convenient to steamboat and depots. It is full of guests and doing a very profitable and increasing business. For full particulars apply to FINCHES, LYNDE & MILLER, Milwaukee, or J. H. BISSELL, Chicago.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Office of Supt. of South Park.

JULY 26, 1873.

Notice is hereby given that in order to prevent any danger from collision, on the days when a rate of speed exceeding eight miles an hour is allowed, all carriages going south will take the right, and all going north the left, leaving the centre of the drive free for parties desiring to speed their horses. WM. M. BERRY, Supt. S. P. C.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against Manhattan Insurance Co., New York, desiring to co-operate with the undersigned in efforts to procure justice in settlement of their claims, will please call, with policy, at his office, Illinois Trust & Savings Bank, corner Market and Madison-sts. H. G. POWERS.

HAIR DYER.

NOTICE—Ladies and gentlemen having gray, white or red hair can procure the services of the best hair dyer in America. My dye is jet black, perfectly harmless, glossy, clean, and CANNOT BE DETECTED. Done at party's residence at half the regular rates of barbers. Prices $3 and $4. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address FRANK MEAD, P. O. Box 23.

SMITH'S

Green Mountain Renovator,

The best Blood Purifier and Ague Cure in the world. VAN SCHAACK, STEVENSON & REID, Sole Western Agents.

WINE OF THE ALLSPICE

Is a most certain and effective cure for CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DIARRHŒA, and SUMMER COMPLAINT. Try it at once. For sale by all first-class Druggists.

FOR SALE.

SPECTACLES,

AT J. G. LANGGUTH'S, Optician, 82 State-st between Washington and Randolph.

Sugar-Cured Hams.

I have a stock of choice Winter-cured Canvassed Hams. Quality guaranteed. Wholesale and retail orders solicited. THOS. O. BARTER, 225 Grove-st., Chicago.

NEW COINAGE.

Silver Trade Dollar, proofs. A few for sale at GOLDSMID'S Loan and Bullion Office, 118 South Clark-st., near Washington.

TO MANUFACTURERS.

FOR SALE—The frame building on southeast corner of Lake and Peoria-sts., together with boiler, engine, shaftings, &c., &c. Building is 60x80, 3-stories and basement, and suitable for light manufacturing. Apply to BROOKS & NEEMER, on premises.

MEETINGS.

Masonic.

The members of Cleveland Lodge, No. 211, A. F. & A. M., are hereby notified to attend a Special Communication, to be held at the hall on Sunday morning, July 27, at 10 o'clock, to attend the funeral of our late Brother, Capt. John Wilson, by cars to Rosehill Cemetery. Members of sister Lodges are hereby invited. Dark color clothing should be worn. By order JOHN WHITLEY, W. M. GEO. K. HAZLITT, Secretary.

Rising Star Lodge No. 50, I. O. F. S. of I.

Members of the above named Lodge will please take notice that there will be a meeting on Monday, July 28, 1873, at 3 o'clock p. m. By order of M. W. Grand Master of the U. S. JOS. E. LEVY, Fin. Sec'y.

Knights of Pythias.

The Officers and Bro. Knights of Excelsior Lodge, No. 2, Knights of Pythias, are hereby summoned to appear at Castle Hall, 12 South Halsted-st., to-day (Sunday), at 10:30 a. m., to attend the funeral of our deceased brother, J. C. Donnelly. Bro. Knights of sister lodges fraternally invited. By order J. A. HUTCHINSON, C. C. GEO. A. STEARNS, K. R. & S.

Masonic.

Corinthian Chapter, No. 69, R. A. M.—Regular convocation Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Work on the P. M. Degree. J. O. DICKERSON, Secretary.

P. & B. U.

The officers and members of the Sheet Metal Workers' Protective and Benevolent Society, No. 1, of Chicago, are requested to meet at their hall on next Tuesday evening, as there will be business of much importance.

AUCTION SALES.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.

SPECIAL SALE.

PHAETONS, BUGGIES, BUSINESS WAGONS, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, DOUBLE & SINGLE HARNESS,

At auction on TUESDAY, July 29, at 10 o'clock, at 15 and 17 East Randolph-st. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

GENTEEL FURNITURE.

Parlor and Chamber Suites, And other Furniture, at NO. 466 WEST RANDOLPH-ST., On WEDNESDAY, July 30, at 10 o'clock. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

SALE OF

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, ETC.,

On THURSDAY, July 31, at 9 1-2 o'clock, At 15 and 17 Randolph-st. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

BUTTERS & CO'S Next Regular Saturday's Sale of

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

15 & 17 East Randolph-st.

HOUSE, LOT & BARN,

No. 696 Wabash-av., AT AUCTION, On Saturday, Aug. 2, at 10 o'clock, ON THE PREMISES,

Two-story and Basement Frame Dwelling, with 15 Rooms and all modern conveniences, good Barn, Lot 25 by 171 feet. Location 200 feet south of Fourteenth-st. TERMS—$3,000 cash, $5,000 payable July 1, 1875; balance July 1, 1876. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

BY GEO. P. GORE & CO., 68 & 70 Wabash-av.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps,

Underwear, Notions, &c., AT AUCTION, ON TUESDAY, JULY 29, AT 9½ O'CLOCK A. M. GEO. P. GORE & CO., 68 and 70 Wabash-av.

REGULAR AUCTION SALE

On WEDNESDAY, July 30, at 9½ a. m., of a fine line of

BOOTS, SHOES, AND SLIPPERS.

GEO. P. GORE & CO., 68 and 70 Wabash-av.

SPECIAL SALE OF

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE.

25 Crates of W. G. Crockery,
10 Crates of Decorated Ware,
75 Casks of Flint Glassware.

A Large Stock of Plated Ware of every description (Coin Plate), on THURSDAY, JULY 31, at 9 1-2 o'clock. G. P. GORE & CO., Auct'rs.

REGULAR SOUTH SIDE SATURDAY'S SALE OF

Household Furniture AND CARPETS,

Parlor, Library, Chamber, and Kitchen Furniture, Carpets, Mirrors, Parlor and Office Desks, Show Cases, Wardrobes, Open and Top Buggies, Double and Single Harness, at 9 o'clock, on SATURDAY, AUG. 2. G. P. GORE & CO., Auct'rs.

By TAYLOR & HARRISON.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE OF

Club House Furniture,

THURSDAY MORNING, July 31, at 10 o'clock,

54 West Madison-st., Up-Stairs.

The entire contents, consisting of magnificent Velvet Carpets, superb Walnut Sideboard; one fine Burglar-proof Safe, with Steel Chest; Parlor and Dining-room Furniture; 30 elegant Club Chairs; one French Cylinder Desk; Velvet Rugs and Mats; all of the elegant Gas Fixtures, Glassware, Crockery, and Platedware, Stoves and Kitchen Utensils; and, in short, the entire Fixtures of a first-class Club House. The lease of rooms can be had, which are suitable for first-class ice-cream saloon and restaurant. Open for inspection every day.

By order of mortgagee. D. LONG, Agent and Custodian. TAYLOR & HARRISON, Auctioneers.

LARGE SALE OF

Second-hand Furniture and Carpets,

SATURDAY, Aug. 2, at 9½ o'clock, at 31 and 33 South Canal-st. By TAYLOR & HARRISON, Auctioneers.

By T. E. STACY.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

At 683 State-st., Monday, July 28, at 10 a. m.,

A large lot of Fine Furniture, consisting of Bedroom Sets, Rosewood and Mahogany Bedsteads, Chairs, Carpeting, Easy Chairs, Spring Beds, Bedding, Tin and Crockery Ware, Sewing Machine, Cutlery, &c. Also,

TWO HORSES.

Sale positive. The above is a fine lot and nearly new. Call and see. T. E. STACY, Deputy Sheriff.

By OSGOOD & WILLIAMS,

On Wednesday, July 30, at 9:30 a. m.,

At our Salesroom, 62 South Canal-st., we will offer 100 Lots of

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE!

Also Elegant Parlor Setts, Extension Tables, Lounges, Show Cases, Chromos, and Fine Brussel Carpets; also 2,000 feet of Black Walnut Flooring. We have also a Retail Department (up stairs) for Furniture and Carpets. OSGOOD & WILLIAMS, Auctioneers, &c.

BY BRUSH, SON & CO., 41 South Canal-st.

Wednesday, July 30, at 9:30 a. m., we shall sell Parlor Suites, Marble-Top Chamber Sets, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Commodes, Spring-Beds, Mattresses, Carpets, Lounges, Refrigerators, Dining-Room and Kitchen Furniture and General Merchandise. BRUSH, SON & CO., Auctioneers, 41 South Canal-st.

EXCURSION.

Grand Pleasure Excursion to Lake Superior.

Lake Superior People's Line Steamers, dock between Madison and Washington-sts.

The magnificent new low-pressure Steamer

PEERLESS,

Captain Allan McIntyre, will leave Chicago on Tuesday Evening, August 5, at 8 o'clock, on a Pleasure Excursion trip to Duluth (head of Lake Superior), giving passengers ample time to see everything of interest, and visiting both the North and South Shores.

No Cattle Carried on Peerless.

Staterooms secured and further information obtained by applying to LEOPOLD & AUSTRIAN, 72 Market-st., cor. Washington, Central Block.

RANGES, &c.

THE PLACE TO FIND

Barstow's Hot Air Furnaces,
Richmond's Double and Single Oven Palace Ranges,
House Furnishing Goods of all kinds,
IS AT BANGS BROS'., COR. STATE & VAN BUREN-STS.

AUCTION SALES.

By ELISON & FOSTER.

BANKRUPT STOCK OF Family Groceries

AT AUCTION, On Monday Morning, July 28, at 10 o'clock, AT 1491 1-2 STATE-ST.,

Consisting of stock of Groceries, Store Fixtures, Safe, Horse, Wagon, and Harness. The stand is good, and a rare chance is offered. By order of GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Assignee. ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

Great Bankrupt Sale

AT AUCTION OF

Phillip Schick's Restaurant,

No. 55 LaSalle-st., On Tuesday Morning, July 29, at 10 o'clock.

The entire stock of said bankrupt's restaurant, and fixtures, consisting of Cooking Stoves, Ranges, and Utensils, Dining Tables, Covers, and Table Ware, Bedsteads, Beds and Covering, Carpets, Towels, Matting, and Napkins, Deer Heads and Horns, Clocks and Chromos, Ice Boxes, Gas Fixtures, Looking Glasses, and Tables, etc. An assortment of Liquors, Wines, and Ale, and Mineral Waters, etc., etc. Terms cash.

By order of GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Assignee. ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

AT A PRIVATE RESIDENCE,

599 West Monroe-st.

ELEGANT FURNITURE

AT AUCTION, On Wednesday Morning, July 30, at 10 o'clock.

Elegant Parlor, Chamber, Library, and Dining-room Furniture; beautiful Lambrequins, Lace Curtains, Parlor Mirrors, Book Case; all the Beds and Bedding, Table Linen, Table-ware, Crockery, Glassware, Kitchen Furniture, Stoves, etc., etc. Also splendid Body Brussels Carpets through the house. Sale positive, family leaving the city. ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

Great Auction Sale

OF 60 Elegant

RESIDENCE LOTS

AT

Washington Heights,

The Finest Suburb to this Wonderful Chicago,

On WEDNESDAY, July 30,

At 3 o'clock, p. m., on the Grounds.

This property is situated in the village of Washington Heights, within five minutes' walk of the main crossing of the C., C. & I. C. Railroad and C., R. I. & P. Railroad, and the Dummy Depot on the R. I. R. R.; only 30 minutes' ride from Van Buren-st. Depot, and the fare only 15 cents. Commutation Tickets much less. There are fine improvements in the immediate vicinity of this subdivision; elegant Residences, Churches, Schools, Stores, &c., Trees set out, and all the improvements requisite to beautify and render the property attractive. A more desirable spot for residence is not to be found in the country. Title to property perfect. Printed abstracts of title furnished. Terms of Sale—$50 cash, balance 1 and 2 years with 8 per cent interest. Deposit of 10 per cent required on day of sale. A free train will leave the Rock Island Depot on Van Buren-st., at 1:45 p. m. on Wednesday, July 30, stopping at Twenty-second-st., Thirty-first-st., Thirty-ninth-st., Forty-second-st., and Rock Island Car Shops, returning after the sale. For plats and information apply to A. C. ODELL, Room 10, first floor, 123 Dearborn-st., or to ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers, 87 Market-st.

A Mammoth Tent will be erected on the ground for the comfort of all present.

116 ABERDEEN-ST.

GENTEEL

Household Furniture

AT AUCTION, On Thursday Morning, July 31, at 10 o'cl'k

Consisting of Parlor, Chamber, Dining-Room and Kitchen Furniture, Brussels and Ingrain Carpets, Lace Curtains, Beds and Bedding, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c. ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

TWO LOTS

ON INDIANA-AV., Near Thirty-fifth-st.,

AT AUCTION, On Thursday Afternoon, July 31, At 3 o'clock, on the ground.

These Lots are 25 feet front by 125 feet deep to an alley. Title perfect. TERMS OF SALE—1-3 cash, balance in one and two years, with 8 per cent interest. Persons attending the sale can take the Indiana-av. cars, which go within two blocks of the property. A deposit of $100 required at time of sale. ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

Friday Morning, Aug. 1.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

AT AUCTION, Friday Morning, Aug. 1, at 9 1-2 o'clock, At our salesroom, 87 Market-st. ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

LAUNDRY.

ANDERSON'S STEAM LAUNDRY,

State-st. and Eldridge-court.

Branch Offices, { Anderson's, 145 East Madison-st. Burke & Kahoe, 75 West Madison-st., And 167 Twenty-second-st.

Superior facilities for Railroad, Steamboat, Hotel, and Restaurant work. Special attention given to family washing. Goods called for and delivered promptly.

SHERIDAN VS. WASHBURN.

Investigation of the Trouble Between the Commissioner and Superintendent.

The Mayor Undertakes the Job of Finding Out Which Is in the Wrong.

To Do This He "Interviews" Several Well-Known Gentlemen Under Oath.

Mr. Sheridan's Statement Regarding the Disgraceful Row Contradicted by Mr. Washburn.

And Messrs. Wright and Mason Sustain the Latter Gentleman.

After Hearing Both Sides, His Honor Reserves Judgment until Monday.

The Mayor, yesterday, investigated the charges preferred against Supt. Washburn by Commissioner Sheridan, and heard testimony on both sides. The examination took place in His Honor's office, and there were present during its progress, Commissioners Wright, Mason, and Sheridan, Supt. Washburn, and Mr. J. N. Jewett, his counsel, Corporation Counsel Tuley, one reporter from each morning paper, and the witnesses. The hour fixed for the commencement was 2 o'clock, but it was twenty minutes past before those interested came into the ante-room and were invited by His Honor to step into the office and take seats. As Commissioner Sheridan approached the Mayor, he shook hands with him, and his salutation of "How do you do?" was cordially returned. The gentlemen scattered around the room, and, when all were seated—

The Mayor said: "Well, gentlemen, we will proceed. I have here a letter, addressed to me by Mr. Sheridan, making certain charges against Supt. Washburn, in regard to conduct and language in the rooms of the Board of Police on the 18th inst. I have also the names of certain witnesses that Mr. Sheridan sent me, but have not summoned them, because I presumed he would send for them."

Mr. Sheridan remarked that the witnesses would be present in a few moments; they had been sent for.

The Mayor—I have also received from two members of the Board a statement in the nature of a protest.

His Honor then read the charges and the protest of the majority of the Board against the suspension of the Superintendent, both of which have heretofore been published in THE TRIBUNE.

The Mayor [to Commissioner Sheridan]—Whom do you propose to present or have examined first?

Commissioner Sheridan—I propose, Mayor, to make a statement.

The Mayor—Let me interrupt you for a moment. I have had no report from the Superintendent, and it is proper for me to ask him if he has anything to say against these charges. He has furnished me with nothing. [To the Superintendent]—Have you anything to say?

Supt. Washburn—Mr. Jewett is here as my counsel.

Mr. Jewett—At the request of Mr. Washburn I am present at this investigation without knowing particularly what is to be done, or in what form the business is to be transacted. The charges are made against him; we do not admit or deny anything until we have something proved or established in such a way as to be called upon to deny it. We did not—at least I did not—suppose, acting for him, that he was called upon to file any paper at this stage of the proceedings, or do anything until the testimony was heard on the part of the person complaining, in such a manner as to require him to show that the conduct with which he is charged was either justifiable or excusable under the circumstances. That is the position in which the Superintendent now stands in relation to this matter?

Commissioner Sheridan—Well, Mayor, as the Superintendent chooses to appear by counsel, I think it best to send for a counsel to take such steps as may be necessary as the case develops itself.

At the Commissioner's request, Officer Silver was sent after Mr. B. G. Caulfield.

The Mayor—I do not propose to be governed by the strict technical rules of criminal law. I propose to hear this case freely.

Commissioner Sheridan—I desire nothing but a full, free investigation in this matter.

About ten minutes elapsed before Mr. Caulfield made his appearance. He was accompanied by Mr. Moran, the lawyer, and five minutes more were spent in consultations between the two legal gentlemen and Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Jewett also taking part.

The ante-room at this time was full of spectators, but most of them left when the proceedings were resumed.

When all was ready, Mr Sheridan said: "Shall we confine ourselves strictly to the charges, or do you [to the Mayor] desire to go back further?"

The Mayor—I had intended in my own mind to go back as far as the Trainor matter. Let me hear your statement.

Commissioner Sheridan—I will make a statement distinctly and clearly. On the morning in question—I would just as soon make my statement under oath if you desire it, Mayor, in a way that there can be no doubt of the sincerity of it.

The Mayor then administered an oath to the effect that he would testify to the truth in the matter under consideration.

Commissioner Sheridan then said: "On the morning in question [July 18] I was aroused by a neighbor, who called upon me and informed me that a grievous outrage had been perpetrated upon a relative of his. He told me that he (the relative) had been falsely arrested, badly maltreated, and locked up in prison; his wife and child also taken from the house and locked up, two other children being left in the house uncared for, and that another party named Mr. Wall had also been arrested and maltreated. The case seemed so bad a one that I determined to go down to the Police Court and hear the testimony myself. I there heard the testimony, and saw the persons who had been arrested; saw the bruises on the man's (Quinlan's) face, and the bruises upon the woman's (Mrs. Quinlan's) arm, which she alleged was inflicted by the officer while she was trying to save her husband from being "murdered," as she expressed it, by the officer. She threw herself upon his prostrate body to save him from being "murdered." I then heard Mr. Wall's story, and that also was very bloody. He, while sitting beside his mother, at his own door, upon the steps, was arrested by this officer (Trainor), and taken off in his bare feet to the lock-up without coat, shoes, or stockings, I believe; whether his stockings were off I am not now certain, but I think they were. The case looked so enormous in my eyes, and there had been so much of it going on at that particular station, that I determined to immediately set an example. I called the officer into the Captain's room, and suspended him from duty until such time as the charges preferred against him then and there were heard. I then came down to the office of the Board, and stepped into the office of the Superintendent. He was not in. I stepped back into the office of the Secretary, and informed him of what I had done. I went back again, after some time, to the office of the Superintendent, and asked Mr. Dixon (the detective), who was regulating stars, if Mr. Washburn had yet come in, and he said he hadn't yet come in. I then made up my mind that I would wait the arrival of the Board.

Mr. Caulfield—Was anything said about putting these charges in writing by anybody?

Commissioner Sheridan—Mr. Wall started from the court to make out charges and swear to them.

Q.—Did you understand that charges had been made in writing? A.—They were making them then in writing; they were about making them in writing about that time; he had started from court to do it. I heard, however, testimony under oath sufficient to convince me that it was a grievous outrage. About noon or a little before noon; no, before noon, Mr. Wright came to one of the windows of our Board office, and I went to call him in and tell him what I had done, but he didn't come. Near noon Mr. Wright came in, and began fixing the desks in the office. I thought it was an awkward arrangement of the desks to put the whole four across the room and block up the passage, and place the Secretary at the extreme side of the office, when he should have been near the centre, where we could hear him and he hear us. At all events, it was done, and, when the Board met, we had to pass in through the Secretary's office to get behind our desks. Two gentlemen called on me just about the time the Board was going into session. I had some little conversation with them in the Secretary's office, and was detained from going in as early as the other two; only a few moments, however. When I went in Mr. Wright and Mr. Mason were both in their places, and Mr. Washburn was sitting on the outside of the President's desk. I sat down in my chair, and commenced telling the Board what I had done that morning. I stated how I had suspended Trainor.

Q. Was the Board in session then? A. I considered it in session. I commenced a statement and turned to the Superintendent. I said; "Superintendent, I called on you to let you know, but you were not in." "I heard of it," said he; "I sent the man back to duty," or "sent him again to duty." "Indeed," said I. "Yes." "Why did you do that?" said I. "I thought the suspension was improper." "Why did you do that?" He made no reply to the question why he did it. After saying "Yes," he said that he thought the suspension was irregular, or words to that effect,—that I had no authority to do it. "Well, Superintendent," said I, "you knew I was here in the office; I am generally here every morning." He said nothing, and I said: "I cannot regard your conduct in any other light than as a deliberate insult to me to restore that man to duty without consulting me." With that, Mr. Mason turned very nervously in his chair and said: "It is you that have insulted him." I turned to address Mr. Mason, and said a gentleman in his (Washburn's) position would certainly have consulted me. With that Mr. Washburn rose in an excited manner, seized an inkstand that was on the President's desk (his right hand was tied in a sling), and said "Do you say that I am no gentleman? Do you dare say that I am no gentleman?" "Yes," said I, "you are no gentleman," and he put the inkstand back. His eyes glared, his head became fiery red, and the veins in his neck, on the side toward me, swelled out as large as my finger. I kept my eye upon him lest he would throw the inkstand. I was determined to catch the inkstand and save my face. I then turned to Mr. Mason, and demanded the suspension of the Superintendent. "I will have you suspended," said Mason, "I will go to the Mayor and have you suspended." I smiled. Mr. Wright then commenced talking. I coudn't gather all that was said. We were all talking at one time, and the other two Commissioners became very much excited. They are not on trial, and they can testify for themselves by and bye. I then turned to the Superintendent, and was talking the matter over, when Mr. Sullivan, of the *Times*, came in, and, I think, Ald. Cullerton about the same moment. I then went on to state how I had called upon the Superintendent and he was not in, when Mr. Wright, I think it was, remarked that I insulted the Superintendent by not consulting him about the suspension. I turned to inform the Superintendent and the Board that I intended doing so, but that he was not in more than half the time when I called there. Mr. Washburn again rose to his feet. "If you say," said he, "that I am not attending to my duty" (which I did not say), "you are a liar." He told me "you are a God d—d liar! My name is Washburn, and you can find me any place You will; you are a d—d dirty dog!" That is what passed. That is what I submit to you (the Mayor) for your consideration. The other gentlemen were present—Mr. Wright and Mr. Mason; Mr. Ward and Mr. Shepard were in the other room, and Ald. Cullerton and Mr. Sullivan came in about the period when he (Washburn) broke out into these exclamations and oaths. That is all I have to say about it. We had some little talk amongst ourselves afterwards, and adjourned, and the other two members came to this (the Mayor's) office with Mr. Washburn. Wall came in with a sworn affidavit, and I came in here and introduced him to you (the Mayor), and what took place here you are aware of.

The Commissioner was then examined by Mr. Caulfield, and, in reply to his questions, said, in addition to what is given above, that when he went to look for Washburn he had no intention of charging him with a dereliction of duty. When the conversation began it was addressed to the Board in the way of a report as to what he had done. He turned to the Superintendent to say that he was not in when he (Sheridan) called. No other persons were in the room except those he had named.

Mr. Jewett then cross-examined Mr. Sheridan, and elicited what follows: There was a good deal of by-play between Mr. Mason and Mr. Wright and myself; it was irrelevant as far as this matter is concerned. I think I have given all the language I made use of in addressing Mr. Washburn. There was very little elevation of tone during the talk. I was mild and quiet. I did not call Mr. Washburn a carpet-bagger and an interloper. I used no language of that kind. I said: "Mr. Washburn, I am well known in Chicago; other people are not." I used all the power that was in me to keep my temper down. I was irritated, and felt nettled at his reply in regard to restoring the man to duty, and his manner, which was as cold and contumacious as possible. I spoke sharply and forcibly, as a superior would in addressing a subordinate who had set aside his order. No charges in writing had been preferred against Trainor. I know what my power of suspension is under the charter. I have always, during the time I have been a member of the Board, taken the ground that there is no power of suspension on the part of the members of the Board unless charges were preferred. Some time last fall, I think it was, Mr. Talcott suspended Capt. Hickey from duty; no charges or affidavits were presented, and I took exception to his course in so doing. Both Mr. Klokke and myself thought the same, and talked about ordering Hickey restored to duty, as a majority had authority of a minority, when I was informed by the City Attorney, Mr. Stiles, that Mr. Talcott's action was legitimate and right, and that his power of suspension was proper. I have been acting on that opinion since. I have read the charter provisions upon the subject.

Q.—Doesn't the charter say that, upon charges being made to the Board of Commissioners, any member of it may suspend? A.—In the particular act passed to empower a single Commissioner to suspend an officer, the nature of the charges are not indicated, but "during the pendency of charges the Board of Police or any member thereof may suspend from duty a police officer." If the charges against Hickey were on file, it was denied, for I inquired after them, and were told they were not; Mr. Washburn did not attempt to explain the matter to me at the Board meeting, on the 18th inst. I did not call him disagreeable names. The City Attorney's opinion was not in writing; it was verbal. I am not of a jealous disposition. I am pretty careful when I see myself ignored.

The Mayor then questioned Mr. Sheridan, who

said: I sat alongside of Judge Ranyon and heard part of the testimony; Trainor did not testify while I was there; told him in the Captain's office that it was a shame for him to be guilty of such brutal treatment to a citizen. He did not offer any explanation. I acted quickly, and did not hear his statement of the case. I suspended him verbally in the presence of the Captain, and, I believe, the Sergeant, and told the Captain that I had done so.

Q.—You have been a Police Commissioner four years? A.—Next fall I will have been four years a Commissioner.

Q.—Now, you are familiar with all the laws on the subject of the duties of the officers of the Board, or ought to be by this time. Do you recollect the provision of the law that requires all orders to the force to be given through the Superintendent? A.—That is, where regular orders issue.

Q.—Do you recollect this statute, which I will read to you: "The Board shall promulgate all regulations and orders through the Superintendent, and it shall be the duty of the police forces to receive and obey the Superintendent and Chief of the same, subject to the rules, and regulations, and general orders of the Board." Do you remember that provision? A.—Yes.

Q.—Now I wish to ascertain what was the reason on your part for promulgating this order of suspension directly, and not through the Superintendent, as the statute seems to provide? [pointing to the statute] A.—"Orders" there, as I understand it, affect the status of the force; they are orders appertaining to the general management of the force, not simply an individual order from a Commissioner to an officer; they are orders by which the force is regulated.

Q.—To what extent do I understand that you claim that the individual members of the Board may give orders to policemen not through the proper channel—the Superintendent? A.—Only so far as that power appertains to them by virtue of the charter—the power of suspension.

Q.—Do I understand you as holding, then, in the face of this law, that any member of the Board has the right to suspend a police officer without passing the order through the Superintendent? A.—I do, sir. I hold that, in view of that order, made especially for the purpose of empowering an individual member of the Board to act in cases of emergency, the power was given for that purpose. Before my going into the Board it was the practice for the Superintendent to suspend, notwithstanding the charter said that the Board only could do it. It was the practice for the Captains and Sergeants to suspend and degrade by taking the star from the man. This case arose in the Board where a Captain had taken the star from a man, and, on close scrutiny, I concluded that the Captain had transcended his power. The Board argued that, as a Board, they could empower an officer to do that which they themselves were empowered to do. I took issue with the President [Mr. Brown], and the case went into court, and Judge Williams held that my ruling was right; that the Board could not confer upon an inferior officer the power which they themselves had to obtain by a special act of the Legislature for the individual members.

Q.—Do I understand you to draw the deduction from that, that the Board can give their orders to the members of the force independently of the Superintendent? A.—In a case of that kind I have always so regarded it. These are not orders affecting the status of the force.

Q.—Did you notify, or leave in writing, notice in the Secretary's office, of what you had done before you saw Washburn? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Then, as a matter of fact, Washburn had no knowledge of what had been done from you? A.—Not from me, sir.

Q.—What time in the forenoon did you suspend Trainor? A.—I think about 9 o'clock, sir; between 9—perhaps a little after 9.

Q.—Did he make any explanation of the difficulty that he had with those people? A.—No, sir. I felt, I confess, indignant at the conduct of the officer when I saw his victims before me.

Mr. Jewett called witness' attention to Section 31 of the rules and regulations of the Police Department, which reads as follows: "When charges are preferred against any officer or patrolman of the Police Department, he is to be suspended by the Superintendent or Superintendent until the charges can be examined by the Board of Police. The party against whom charges are preferred shall be furnished by the Superintendent with a written statement of the charges, by whom made, and the time when the charges will be heard," etc.

Commissioner Sheridan said: "That is a mere regulative matter, adopted by the Board for the government of the force."

Mr. Jewett—Sec. 8, in which the power of a Commissioner to suspend is spoken of, says: "During the pending of charges against any police officer or patrolman," what has been the construction of the Board in reference to the manner when a charge is "pending"? A.—The construction has been as exemplified in practice, that the Commissioner suspended when he had heard the charges; that the charges were considered in pendency until heard by the Board.

By the Mayor—Do I understand you to say that the practice of the Board has been for a member to suspend in advance of charges? A.—Written charges?

Mr. Caulfield—What I want to get out is, when the Board considered charges as pending. Suppose, for instance, a person comes before the Board and makes a statement, either under oath or otherwise, and charges against a policeman; now I want to know whether they consider the charges as pending until they are reduced to writing or not? A.—It was so ruled by Mr. Stiles.

Alexander Sullivan, a *Times* reporter, was then sworn: He corroborated Mr. Sheridan's statement about being called a G—d—d liar by Washburn, but added nothing which the readers of THE TRIBUNE are not already familiar with. He said the three Commissioners and the Superintendent were very much excited during the controversy.

Ald. Culleton was the next witness. He heard Washburn say to Sheridan: "Mark Sheridan, if you say that I am not in my office half the time or that I do not attend to my duty, you say what you which is a lie and you know it. It is a lie and you are a d——d liar, and my name is Washburn, and you will find me at any place at any time you wish to see me." The Alderman detailed the conversation in nearly the same language as Commissioner Sheridan had. He heard Sheridan say: "My name is Mark Sheridan. I am well known in Chicago, and others are not as well known as I am, nor are they dealing with convicts." Then Mason said, "Not convicted convicts." Washburn also called Sheridan a G—d—d liar, and said: "If I were not a cripple I would not be insulted by you; you are a d—d dirty dog." Did not remember that he said if he were not a cripple he would not wait to ask the Mayor to suspend Sheridan.

Dr. Ward, the Secretary of the Board, was then sworn: He told what he heard, but it was about the same as has already been mentioned. The Doctor was a very cautious witness, and very little information was obtained from him. His excuse was that he ran in and out, and attending to his duties left him but little time to note all that was transpiring in the Board's room. In reply to a question by the Mayor, he said there was had reigned in the Board for the past six months.

Capt. Shepard, the Assistant Secretary, was called on for what he knew, but he threw no light upon the scene. He remarked that Washburn was firm, and acted as if he meant what he said. Sheridan appeared to be very much excited.

This ended the testimony for the complainant.

Superintendent Washburn took the usual oath, and made the subjoined statement: Last Friday morning, about 11 o'clock, Capt. Buckley, Sergt. Hood, and Patrolman Trainor came in, and Capt. Buckley said to me "Superintendent, this man (Trainor) has been unmanned by Commissioner Sheridan; we do not understand it to be our duty to take orders from the Commissioners, unless they come through the Superintendent, and we would like to be instructed." I felt quite well satisfied that the Commissioner in doing so was wrong, and I inquired first if they had any charges against him (Trainor). They said no. I felt quite satisfied that the Commissioner had transcended his duties in suspending the man without preferring charges, and I then took measures to be certain in the matter. I went to the Secretary's office and inquired if any charges were there. I knew if they had been preferred they should properly be in my hands. The Secretary told me there were none. I asked him if he was positive, and he told me that he was. I looked into the Commissioners' room, but no one was there. I then called in Capt. Buckley, Sergt. Hood, and Officer Trainor, and told them that, as no charges had been preferred, I felt that the man should be restored to duty, and ordered Sergt. Hood to give him his star and set him to work. Nothing more was heard or said of the matter until afternoon. About the time the Board usually assembles, I went in to do some business. Mr. Wright and Mr. Mason were there, and for aught I know totally ignorant of this affair of Officer Trainor—of his suspension and of my restoring of him today. Shortly after I came in—I had not mentioned it to Mr. Wright or Mr. Mason—Sheridan came in. The Board had not been called to order; the Secretary was not present. Mr. Sheridan commenced to relate an account of Officer Trainor's abusing citizens: about his having been present at court and hearing the testimony. It occurred to me then that it was this man I had restored to duty, and I interrupted Mr. Sheridan by saying, "Why, Mr. Sheridan, I restored that man to duty this morning." He immediately swelled up, became short-breathed or distasteful, seemed to breathe with a great deal of difficulty; at last he became red in the face, showing evident signs of anger, to an extent that I have never seen before in a man; and, in a very determined way, says he: "Superintendent, have you done that thing?" "Well," says I, "I have, Mr. Sheridan." "You have restored Officer Trainor to duty?" "Yes." "Well, then," he says, "you have insulted me with a purpose; you have insulted me studiously; you have done this for the purpose of disgracing me in the eyes of the public, and the two Commissioners are in collusion with you. This is a conspiracy. I know it is, for I saw you and Commissioner Wright riding out in a buggy together this morning." I assured the gentleman that no insult was offered, and I scouted the idea of his receiving it as an insult. I attempted to explain to him my position, but he only met me with charges that I had insulted him—that it was a conspiracy—that I had insulted him for a purpose. Then there occurred a lull in his fit of anger (I do not hesitate to call it that), and I made a second effort to explain it to him. He met me with the same sort of abuse, denounced me as a dirty blaguard, as an imposter, as a fraud, and no gentleman. There was an interval on the desk, by the way—a pause for to suspend a patrolman. I think I did my duty by restoring Trainor to duty. I think it is my duty, when an officer comes to me for instructions, not to tell him that an act which is palpably illegal, although done by a Commissioner, is correct. Trainor has since been dismissed from the force. I claim that I had no official knowledge of the complaint. I endeavored to inform myself as to his guilt; I had information from the man himself, and from a commissioned officer, and I think I talked with Capt. Buckley about it, though he did not know much about it. I am positive that Sheridan called me a G—d—d liar, and I do not think I used a profane word, as I am not in the habit of using such language. I do not wish to be understood as admitting that I called him a d——d liar or a God d——d liar, nor as impeaching the testimony of the witnesses who say I used those expressions.

Q.—Did you tell him your name was Washburn, and you could be found at any time at the police? A.—I presume I did.

Q.—What did you mean by that? A.—I do not know of any particular meaning to it; I have no intention to put upon it. I didn't mean to hide it. I do not remember saying, if I was a cripple I would not apply to the Mayor to suspend him [Sheridan]. Mr. Sheridan did not use any profane language. He said something about blackguardism and conspiracy, and "star chamber" business. I have not confounded blackguardism with blackguard.

Col. J. H. Dinnocht was called for the defense. His statement was almost identically the same as Mr. Washburn's in regard to the scene in the Board's room. He was present from the beginning, and told a straightforward story, and a searching cross-examination failed to confuse him. He considered that Sheridan used very provocative language, and created much laughter when describing how Washburn reached for the inkstand, his fingers "contracting spasmodically," as he seized it. He had been requested to be present by the Superintendent.

The President of the Board of Police then took the stand. After telling how the desks had been placed, he said; Sheridan came in and sat down. We were commencing to transact business, when he said: Hold on, I have something to say about the Fourth Precinct Station," and began talking about the Trainor case. I did not pay particular attention until I heard Sheridan accusing Washburn of doing something purposely to insult him. Then I thought there was something up, and turned around to look at them. I couldn't understand what they were talking about for a little while. After I did comprehend it I tried to say a word to Sheridan, but he looked at me, and looked at Washburn, and talked a great deal, and finally he said, "I charge it as a personal insult, and you know it; is a put up job on me." That I began to wake up a little, and he said to Washburn that he was no gentleman to do it [suspend Trainor]. Washburn attempted to explain, and Sheridan got mad and jumped up and told him he was an imposter and no gentleman, and used some very harsh language toward him. Washburn arose and put his hand on an inkstand, and raised it enough so as to spill some of the ink. Sheridan told him to throw it, but instead of throwing it he put it down. Then Sheridan commenced accusing me of taking his part, and I got mad, and told him he was jealous. He had been accusing me of "star-chamber" work, and I told him it was not so; and he repeated and repeated it, insisting that I was lying—that it was true. What is it but calling me a liar or in the building, and Washburn said he didn't know it. Sheridan said; "You did know that I was in the building." That made Washburn mad, and he says, "If you say that I knew you were in the building, you lie." Sheridan said: "You know I was in the building, and you are a dirty blackguard." Washburn then said: "You are a d——d liar," and I remarked "Sheridan, you are a fool to go on in that way." I think those were the words I used, or "You are acting like a fool." He turned around to me and said, sharply, that I belonged to a country where they raised dirty blackguards, and I asked him what was worse than an Irish blackguard. That was worse, and I am sorry for it. Then I said, again, I would have no more to do with it, and finally, finding we could do nothing, I arose from my chair and went away. Sheridan said Washburn was an impostor, a carpet-bagger, a blackguard, and something else which I have forgotten.

On being cross-examined by Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Mason said: Sheridan said his name was Sheridan, and everybody knew where to find him, but nobody knew where to find Washburn. Washburn said his name was Washburn, and he could be found at any time. Sheridan talked in a loud and excited manner. We all talked loud, and were excited. The provocative language used by Sheridan to ourselves and the Superintendent was so great that it was enough to make any ordinary man mad, if he were not a simpleton. That is the truth of it. He did not use profane language, but repeated a thing in a man's face, telling him it was true—putting it down his throat. He is at that continually. He is of a jealous disposition, and when he makes up his mind that something is so, you cannot convince him that it is not.

Commissioner Wright, after holding up his right hand, corroborated what the President of the Board had said, adding that Sheridan called Washburn a dirty dog. Washburn did not get excited until after Sheridan charged him with neglecting his duty, and used epithets toward him. He knew of no insubordination on the part of the Superintendent. Was out riding with him on that day. In my opinion, it will endure in this Government as long as general suffrage. I consider the amendment as long as general suffrage. I consider the amendment as long as general suffrage. I consider the amendment

FOREIGN.

The Latest From the Fratricidal War in Spain.

A Big Battle Expected Near Elisonda—Faction Fights in Malaga.

The Position of Italy Toward Germany and France.

SPAIN.

BAYONNE, July 26.—Don Carlos, with a force said to number 16,000 well-armed men, has arrived at Elisonda, near Pampeluna. The Republicans are concentrating near Elisonda, and it is probable that a desperate struggle will take place soon.

MADRID, July 26.—The insurgents at Cartagena have made preparations to attack the German frigate in that harbor, but it is believed that they will not carry out their design. The vessels are not properly supplied with either officers, men, or engineers.

A dispatch from Malaga says that fighting has taken place in the streets of that city, between the Republican factions.

BARCELONA, July 26.—Five thousand inhabitants of Matado, fifteen and a half miles from here, have sought refuge in this city, fearing an attack upon Matarino by the Carlists.

The funeral of Gen. Cabrinetty took place yesterday, and passed off quietly.

BAYONNE, July 26.—Heavy cannonading is going on south of this city, on the Spanish frontier.

MADRID, July 26.—At a meeting of the Spanish Liberals sojourning at Barritz, France, over which Marshal Serrano presided, it was resolved to offer through Admiral Topete their support to Senor Salmeron in his efforts to restore order in Spain. The Liberal leaders in this city have also held a meeting, and adopted resolutions of a similar character.

Two more Generals and two Colonels of the Republican army have been cashiered for expressing sympathy for the cause of Don Carlos.

Herald Special.

LONDON, July 26.—The *Herald* correspondent with the Carlist army in Catalonia telegraphs that, after a slight resistance, the force under Don Alfonso has captured Reus, the second city of importance in that section to Barcelona. The latter city is threatened with isolation in view of the capture of Seguiada, and the uncertainty of the condition of Figueras and Gerona.

Numerous able-bodied Catalonian refugees are crowding the French frontier. They will be called upon by Don Alfonso to join the Carlist standard or bear the consequences of refusal.

ITALY.

NEW YORK, July 26.—By European files just received, the King of Italy is represented as having held the following language to the French Minister on the occasion of his departure from Rome:

M. Fournier: You may leave in all assurance that my Ministry will be conservative. I want no other, and tell your Government that I desire to be on good terms with it. I have no taste for a Prussian alliance, and there exists no treaty between the Emperor William and me. Only call the attention of your Government to the doings of the clerical party in France. These doings are a continuous provocation. The cry of "Sauvez Rome et la France" is a cry of war against Italian unity. If Marshal MacMahon's Government does not succeed in calming this agitation which is communicating itself to the whole of clerical Europe, he will oblige me to cast myself entirely into the arms of Germany, and I shall do it. At present I represent peace between France and Germany. Do not forget this. Let war be declared against me, and it will be sufficient for me to place an army corps on your frontiers in order to paralyze the great part of the forces of France, and cause her an invasion, losses of provinces, and indemnities more terrible than those of 1870."

GERMANY.

LONDON, July 26.—The *Herald* correspondent at Ems telegraphs that the German Emperor has departed from there for Schwallbach to visit the Italian Crown Prince. He will afterwards proceed to Gastien. The Austrian Emperor on his departure received an oration.

TURKEY.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The *Bassirat* of Constantinople has been suspended for having published false intelligence, announcing that Turkish vessels would be sent to Sumatra.

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 26—Evening.—The report in circulation here to-day that France had determined to recognize the belligerency of the Carlists is pronounced this evening to be without foundation.

STEAMER SUNK.

The Steamer Howell Snagged in the Ohio River—All Saved but Two Children and a Young Lady.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

CAIRO, Ill., July 26.—News to the effect that the steamer Jennie Howell, bound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and loaded with salt, rags, etc., had struck a snag near Caseyville Bar, in the Ohio, River, about eight miles below Shawneetown, and sunk, was received in this city to-day. The wrecking boat T. F. Eckert, immediately started for her rescue. From the first engineer of the Howell, Mr. W. A. Phelan who came down on the Quickstep, we learn the following: At about 1 o'clock this morning the Howell struck a snag, which passed through her hull forward of the boiler up through the boiler deck and hurricane roof. Everybody was aroused as soon as possible, and informed that the boat was sinking rapidly, and to keep cool and all would be saved, but owing to the lights being extinguished, and darkness prevailing, two children were drowned, and, it is thought, one young lady. The bodies of the children were found in the cabin. As soon as possible the passengers and crew were taken on shore, where they remained until daylight, and then the passengers went to Shawneetown, the crew remaining with the boat. The Howell was a large stern-wheel boat, and was valued at about $22,000. It is not known here whether she was insured or not. Mr. Phelan states that all the officers did their duty, and that the passengers are loud in their praise. The steamer lies in sixteen feet of water, and is not worth raising.

SPRINGFIELD.

Revenue Returns in the Springfield District for a Series of Years—Report Filed.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, July 26.—The following figures show the amount of revenue collected in this district since the operation of the revenue law:

1863	$ 98,608.04
1864	641,296.98
1865	746,362.28
1866	1,094,605.80
1867	895,860.38
1868	$478,594.50
1869	788,314.96
1870	125,798.16
1871	814,509.77
1872	1,150,031.28
1873	1,868,324.62

The report of the Commissioners of the Norwood Park Building Company, of Chicago, was filed in the office of the Secretary of State to-day.

Fatal Shooting Affray.

LOUISVILLE, July 26.—A special to the *Courier-Journal* reports the fatal shooting of W. H. Dean, at Worthville Station, on the L., C. & L. R. R., this afternoon, by Capt. Whittaker, of Eagle Station. There was an old grudge between the parties. Whittaker was arrested at Worthville on the afternoon train, and was accosted by Dean. After a few words Whittaker shot Dean through the left breast. Dean died in a few minutes. It is represented that Dean attacked Whittaker first. Both men were well known in that section.

Probably Fatal Accident.

DETROIT, Mich., July 26.—At Bay City, Mich., yesterday, a probably fatal accident occurred on the schooner Gulmear, which was loading timber above the city. The Captain of the vessel, William Irving, was seated at the capstan, driving a horse used for loading the vessel, when the stayaail-boom fell, striking him on the back and fracturing his spinal column. Capt Irving was removed to the hospital as soon as possible, but it is very doubtful if he survives.

Railroad Accidents.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

CEDAR RAPIDS, July 26—John Anderson, a [illegible] employed by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota Railroad at Pottsville, in attempting to get on a train, missed his footing and fell under the car. The wheels running over his leg in two places necessitated amputation, resulting in his death yesterday.

STERLING, Ill., July 26.—A collision occurred on the Northwestern Railroad here at 5 o'clock this morning. A freight train from the East ran into another, standing on the track, and four cars were badly damaged. A stationary engine and several threshing machines were in the ruins. Nobody was hurt.

WASHINGTON.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Invitations to all prominent officials connected with the postal affairs of the various civilized nations of the world to participate in the International Postal Convention which is to be held at Berne, Switzerland, in September next, have been sent out by the proper authorities at the latter place, but as yet the invitations to officials in this country have not been received, although they are expected to arrive in the next mail. The Postmaster-General, it is understood, will send as representative one of his associates, who in his judgment most clearly comprehends the questions that will arise, and who will reflect credit upon this country in that international congress.

MOSBY.

And now the ex-guerrilla, Mosby, is brought to the front once more, for the purpose of enabling his friends to authorize the publication of the assertion, that he will support the Conservative candidate for Governor, whoever he may be, in the ensuing political canvass in Virginia. It is denied that he has misled the President into the belief that he (Mosby) is a Republican; and it is asserted that he only supported and voted for Grant last fall as the least of two evils, and that his so-called success in walking into the affections of the President to the extent of a few dozen Federal appointments is a mystery only to be accounted for on the supposition that Grant believes implicitly in the law of compensation.

TRANSFERS OF COIN.

Treasury officials were greatly chagrined on account of the premature publication about three weeks ago of the purpose of the Department to send a lot of employes on a pleasure excursion to the Pacific coast to carry currency and to return with a large quantity of gold coin, and the strictest and most imperative orders were promptly given regarding the profound secrecy that should thereafter be observed in all similar transactions. Nevertheless, it has leaked out that, as was recently foreshadowed in this correspondence, another batch of employes, six in number, are to leave here next Monday evening on an errand similar to that of the party which preceded them.

[*To the Associated Press.*]

INTERNAL REVENUE RECEIPTS.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The internal revenue receipts for the month are $7,536,280.

PERSONAL.

Secretary Belknap will return here on Wednesday next.

The Secretary of the Treasury to-day paid the Board of Public Works $159,000 on account of work done around the Government property.

EXTRA PAY.

The Treasury Department is paying claims for 20 per cent additional compensation allowed certain civil employes of the Government in Washington, under the act of 1867. About 500 such claims have been paid this week, and at least 500 remain to be paid.

THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL.

Commander Lull, of the Nicaragua-Suez Canal surveying expedition, has arrived at Washington for the purpose of presenting his report to Secretary Robeson. The matter will be laid before Congress at the next session. The estimated cost of the canal is $60,000,000.

EXPORTATION OF SPIRITS.

At the request of the Chicago distillers the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to-day issued amended regulations for the exportation of spirits. As amended, exportation may be made under one bond in duplicate, instead of having to bond two or three times as, heretofore. The Commissioner says it is the desire of the department to afford every facility consistent with the strict administration of the laws for the exportation of spirits.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The Strike at the Milwaukee Iron Works—Miners' Strike Ended.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

MILWAUKEE, July 26.—The strike of the helpers of the Milwaukee Iron Company continues. It was was caused by the night-gang knocking off on account of the oppressive heat on Thursday night. For this the gang were discharged. The day gang then refused to light the fires, unless the order of discharge was revoked. The Company would not rescind the order, and this led to a suspension of labor. Superintendent Hagerman returned from Chicago yesterday, and will publish a statement of the position of the Company in the morning papers. The helpers will also publish their view of the case. It is thought that the difficulty will be adjusted without delay.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

MINONK, Ill., July 26.—The strike of the miners employed in the Minonk coal mines, owned by Miner T. Ames & Co., of Chicago, has terminated. The misunderstanding, leading to the strike, having been amicably adjusted, work will be resumed on Monday the 28th.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Man Missing—Foul Play Suspected—The Coming Exhibition.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 26.—A man named Albert Gorman, residing in the suburbs of the city, is missing since Thursday. He came to Indianapolis and made some purchases, showing some money, and has not been heard of since. Foul play is feared. His family is wild with fear.

The Exposition Managers to-day arranged with Prof. Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., to exhibit his cabinet of fossils here during the Exposition, including the last mammoth megatherium and several hundred smaller specimens. It will require two cars to transport it. It will be the first exhibition of the kind in the West.

Harry Hilliard, the artist, will go to Chicago next week to arrange for paintings for the Exposition.

E. C. Tuttle was to-day appointed Assistant General Superintendent.

AURORA.

The Northern Illinois Fair—No More Reduced Rates on Articles Intended for Exhibition.

AURORA, Ill., July 26.—The managers of the Northern Illinois Agricultural Fair have issued the premium list and catalogue containing the rules and regulations for their forthcoming fair, which commences at Aurora Sept. 8, and continue five days. The premiumlist includes about $10,000 in cash. The managers of this exhibition have had their ardor dampened somewhat, however, by intelligence just received from the magnates of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, that the privileges afforded exhibitors at these fairs heretofore, of returning their goods over the railroad free of charge, can no longer be continued. It is feared that the expense to exhibitors of stock from a distance will deter many from attending the fair who have hitherto been liberal patrons. However, the premiums given this class of exhibitors are very liberal, and it is hoped that no material loss will accrue to the fair from this resolution of the railroad officers. If this rule of charges is strictly observed by other roads concerning the State Fair and other exhibitions, so that there may be no discriminations in favor of one locality over another, the parties interested in this exhibition will submit to the regulation with much less dissatisfaction.

Ocean Steamship News.

NEW YORK, July 26.—Arrived, the steamships Mosel, from Bremen, and the Glamorgan, from Cardiff.

LIVERPOOL, July 26.—Arrived out, the steamship Scotia, from New York.

Obituary.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 26.—James Taylor, a prominent citizen, was stricken with paralysis about 2 o'clock to-day, and expired in a short time. He has a sister, Mrs. David Kreigh, living in Chicago.

Two Children Drowned.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 26.—Mattie Stowell, aged 10 years, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, and Harry White were drowned in the mill-pond at Hunt's Hollow, by the raft parting on which they and others were floating.

Attempted Jail Burning.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

CAIRO, Ill., July 26.—An attempt was made by two thieves to burn the City Jail yesterday, but they failed at their game, and were lodged in the jail they endeavored to burn.

SPORTING MATTERS.

Great Sculling Race ... Pittsburgh.

Races at Saratoga, Detroit, and Cambridge City.

Base Ball—The Prize Ring.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT DUBUQUE.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

DUBUQUE, July 26.—The long-looked-for and much-talked-of trot between Bay Charlie, owned by Lagen & Sons, and Surprise, owned by William Alderman, of this city, came off at the driving-park this afternoon. The race was for $500 to $400, best three in five, mile heats. The first heat was won by Bay Charlie in 2:48. The second heat was also won by Bay Charlie in 2:53¼. The third heat was won by Surprise in 2:48.

The fourth heat and the race was won by Bay Charlie. Time, 2.56 Surprise was the favorite at the start, and the odds lively in his favor, but the result of the race proves his backers bet without knowing their horse. the race was witnessed by a large concourse of people, and it is estimated that from five to six thousand dollars changed hands on the result.

SARATOGA RACES.

SARATOGA, July 26.—Just as the people had assembled, and the races were about to begin, a heavy thunder-storm came up, accompanied by violent rain and lightning, and when the storm had ceased the track was flooded fetlock-deep. The first race was the Alabama stakes, sweepstakes of $50 each, $1,000 added, for fillies foaled in 1870, 1¼ miles. There were forty-one nominations, of which the following started: Buchu, Lexington filly, Planet filly, Tabitha, Minnie W., Sunrise, Sallie Watson, and Lizzie Lucas. Sallie Watson was the favorite in the pools. There was great difficulty in getting a start, owing to the fractiousness of Minnie W. Lizzie Lucas got away first, but was soon caught by Minnie W., who passed her, and, taking the lead, retained it to the close, Sallie Watson second. Time, 2:21¾.

In the second race for a purse of $500, all ages, three-quarters of a mile, Gray, Planet, Harry Bassett, Artist, The Purse, Crockford, Valley Brook, Planet Colt, Mate, and Quits started. There was very heavy betting on the race, Bassett at the first being the favorite, but afterwards he and Crockford sold almost even. Crockford won, Mate second. Time, 117¾.

In the third race, steeple-chase, about three miles, for a purse of $1,100, the following started: Duffy, Buck, Lanty Lawler, and Viley. Duffy was the favorite against the field. Viley and Buck refused the very first jump, and were out of the race from the start. The race was spiritedly contested between Duffy and Lanty Lawler. Duffy led until entering the home stretch, when Lanty collared him, and, coming under whip and spur, won by a head. Time, 6:39¼.

An effort is making to bring Tom Bowling and Springbok together again on the Saratoga course at the close of the second regular meeting. The race will be open to all horses entered for the Travers stakes, same distance,—a mile and three-quarters. The Association will give $1,500, and the owners of horses will put up such sums as may be agreed upon.

CAMBRIDGE CITY RACES.

CAMBRIDGE CITY, Ind., July 26.—The races to-day were well attended. The track was heavy, caused by the rains last night and this morning. The pacing race was won by Hoosier Tom taking the two first heats. Time—2:46; 2:44.

The three-minute trot was won by Gladden in three straight heats. Time—3:07; 3:04; 3:04.

AQUATIC.

SCULLING MATCH AT PITTSBURGH.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

PITTSBURGH, July 26.—The great single sculling match between Paul Louther and Nick Denmarsh came off on the lower Monongahela course this afternoon. The race had created great interest, and much expectation was evinced at the result of the contest. The day was showery, and a hard wind prevailed, but did not prevent the race coming off. The contest was for $1,000. Louther was the choice $10 to $7. The race was announced to come off between 2 and 3 o'clock, but long before that time the banks of the river were lined with eager spectators. The river was also lively with small crafts. At ten minutes to 4 the men made their appearance, soon got into line, and the word go was given. The rain at the time was pouring down. The men started off, Louther having the inside track towards the Pittsburgh shore. Louther was dressed in olive colored tights, and Denmarsh in dark blue. They made a splendid start, Louther taking the lead, but was overtaken at Market street bridge by Denmarsh, who passed him by about a length. On the home stretch, near Ferry street, Denmarsh appeared still ahead, when he crossed Louther's course. The latter coming up caused a collision, the sculls coming together, when Louther straightened up and made the home stretch three lengths ahead. Denmarsh rowed in quite leisurely. Denmarsh's friends claimed a foul, while the Clipper Club, of which Louther is a member, demanded that the race be rowed over again. The judges held a consultation, and decided the race be rowed over again at 7 o'clock this evening, but the men did not come to time, and the race was declared a draw. Louther will publish a card in to-morrow's *Leader* challenging Denmarsh to race three or five miles on the lower Monongahela course for $1,000 a side.

After the above race was over Nick Snyder and Tad Wright rowed a single scull race over the same course for $250, which was won by Snyder by half a length.

The last deposit in the Scharff-Coulter race for $1,000 a side and the championship of America, to come off next Saturday, 2d August, was made to-night.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The umpire in the college regatta, at Springfield, Mass., says: "Owing to the fact that only six of the eleven judges have seen fit to make a report, viz: the judges for Yale, Wesleyan, Harvard, Amherst, Columbia, and Dartmouth, I shall refuse to award any other positions than those already awarded: Yale first, Wesleyan second, and Harvard third. The honor of the fourth place being claimed by the judges for Amherst, Columbia, and Dartmouth, respectively, I shall be obliged to let them 'fight it out on that line if it takes all summer.'" The umpire adds that an apology is due to the public from some one, for keeping the 10,000 spectators waiting for two hours after the time appointed for the start.

THE RING.

ARREST OF ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE SEDDONS-CHAMBERS MILL.

NEW YORK, July 26.—George Seddons, who went to Rockaway early this morning, to have a prize fight with Arthur Chambers, was arrested and sent to Brooklyn. George Leese and Johnny Murphy, his supposed seconds, were also arrested, together with a number of the admirers of the "manly art." Chambers, at the time the arrests were made, had not made his appearance at the battle-ground, but was supposed to be on his way in a steamer.

BASE BALL.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

CAIRO, Ill., July 26.—In a match game of base ball between the Modocs, of Cairo, and the Riversides, of Mound City, played at Mound City yesterday evening, the Riversides won the game by a score of 53 to 27.

BOSTON, July 26.—Base ball—Baltimores, 17; Bostons, 14.

NEW YORK, July 26.—Base ball—Mutuals, 7; Atlantics, 4.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—Base Ball—Athletics, 30; Washingtons, 19.

Peculiar Accident.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, July 26.—In this city, this afternoon, a young man kicked accidentally a brick from the top of the wall of the Metropolitan Block upon the head of a man named Curran, knocking him insensible for some time. The wound is very severe, but the man may recover. The brick fell about forty feet.

German Festival.

NEWBURG, N. Y., July 26.—The New York Central Turn Bezirk commenced this evening for a four days' festival.

Boston Wool Market.

BOSTON, July 26.—The receipts of domestic wool for the week were 2,430 bales. There has been no receipts of foreign wool. The past has been the most active week since January last. Upwards of of 250,000 pounds of domestic wool have been received, and the sales have been upwards of 2,000,000 pounds. As far as our market is concerned, the stock is not allowed to accumulate to any extent, and the new clip of the west and California continues to be taken by manufacturers about as fast as received. In prices there is no improvement to notice. Some of the best and most responsible manufacturers have been operating during the week, and receivers have been free sellers at last week's prices, in some instances submitting even to a slight concession, so that high prices in the interior, and favorable advices from abroad have not as yet had any influence here. The range of Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces has been mostly from 45c to 55c, the latter price for Ohio double extra and above, and in a few instances as high as 51c was obtained for very desirable lots of the same grade. The quotations of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces are 46@51c; Michigan, 45@50c; Western and New York, 40@51c; California, 20@35c.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

A Boy Tortured by a Couple of Fiends.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

DESMOINES, Ia., July 26.—Two men named McKissick and Hart were on trial to-day in Linn Township, Warren County, for an assault with intent to inflict great bodily injury on a wandering homeless boy, about 14 years of age, who took up his home at McKissick's a few weeks ago. On Sunday night last, two men who stayed at McKissick's house, sleeping in the same room with the boy, claim to have been robbed by him, and, with pistols and knives in their hands, he was fiercely threatened with death if he did not confess. Failing to extort a confession, again and again the rawhide was mercilessly applied, at short intervals, till Monday night, when the boy was taken to a well some ten feet deep, with about five feet of water in it, and, with a rope round his neck, he was lowered repeatedly head foremost into the water until nearly drowned. The same night he was taken up-stairs in McKissick's house by McKissick and Hart, and there laid on his face on the floor, his feet bound with a rope passed over the rafters so as to draw his feet some twenty inches from the floor. His hands were bound behind him, and drawn up in the same way to about the same elevation, and his head lashed to a bed-post by a cord from his neck. In this condition he was left until 10 o'clock Tuesday, when some neighbors discovered and released him from his painful position, more dead than alive. The boy had neither food or water, save when ducked in the well, from Sunday evening until Tuesday noon. His appearance to-day at the trial of McKissick and Hart, before Esquire Edwards, of Linn Township, Warren County, was most pitiable, and called expressions of horror and sympathy from all who saw him. There is not a hand's breadth on the limbs or body that is not lacerated or bruised. His wrists and neck show plainly the marks of the ropes with which he was bound and hung. The fiends amused themselves by repeatedly hanging him by the neck. An intense excitement pervades the community, as is shown by the fact that McKissick and Hurt, both men of property, had difficulty in getting bail for their appearance at court, while some twenty of the solid men of the township stepped forward to stand as next friend to the boy in a civil action for damages. McKissick and Hart were both held to answer for assault with intent to inflict great bodily injury, and served with a notice in a civil action for $5,000 damages.

WEATHER AND WATER.

War Department Weather Report.

LOCAL OBSERVATION.

CHICAGO, July 26, 1873.

Hour of observation.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Humidity.	Direction and force of wind.	Rainfall in 24 hours.	Weather.
6:53 a. m.	29.89	70	74	W., gentle.	....	Cloudy.
11:18 a. m.	29.95	72	62	N., fresh.	....	Fair.
2:00 p. m.	29.96	72	64	N., fresh.	....	Fair.
3:53 p. m.	29.93	73	54	N. E., fresh.	....	Fair.
9:00 p. m.	30.01	72	67	E., light.	....	Fair.
10:18 p. m.	30.02	71	66	S. E., gentle.	....	Clear.

Maximum thermometer, 74.
Minimum thermometer, 63.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

SATURDAY, July 26—10:18 p. m.

Station.	Bar.	Thr	Wind.	Rain	Weather.
Breck'nri'ge	29.99	60	S. E., fresh.		Fair.
Buffalo	29.91	72	N. W., light.		Fair.
Cairo	30.10	72	N. E., gentle.		Cloudy.
Cheyenne	30.16	54	N., brisk.	.11	Clearing.
Chicago	30.01	71	S. E., gentle.		Clear.
Cincinnati	30.04	73	S. W., gentle.	.09	Cloudy.
Cleveland	29.92	73	N., light.	.35	Clear.
Davenport	30.03	78	Calm.		Clear.
Denver	30.15	69	Calm.		Clear.
Detroit	29.93	70	N., gentle.		Fair.
Duluth	30.00	63	N. W., gentle.		Clear.
Escanaba	30.03	63	N. W., fresh.		Clear.
Ft. Garry	29.85	63	S., fresh.		Clear.
Keokuk	30.09	78	Calm.		Clear.
LaCrosse	30.09	67	S., gentle.		Clear.
Marquette	30.10	57	Calm.		Clear.
Milwaukee	30.03	69	Calm.		Clear.
Omaha	29.90	73	Calm.		Clear.
Pembina	29.94	66	Calm.		Fair.
St. Paul	30.00	66	Calm.		Clear.
Toledo	29.96	74	S., gentle.		Fair.
Yankton	30.01	74	E., fresh.		Cloudy.

PROBABILITIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 26.—On Sunday, for the South Atlantic and Gulf States, rising barometer, southeast and southwest winds, partly cloudy and close weather in the interior, but light rains on the coasts. For the Ohio Valley, Lower Lakes, and Middle States, rising barometer, southwest to northwest winds, clear or clearing weather, and lower temperature. For New England, rising barometer, and partly cloudy weather. For the Upper Lakes and Northwest, falling barometer, rising temperature, easterly winds, and partly cloudy weather.

STAGE OF WATER.

Daily report of the stage of water, with changes in the 24 hours ending 3 p. m., July 26, 1873:

	Above low water.		Changes. Rise.	Changes. Fall.
St. Paul	5 ft.	0 in.		3 in.
Omaha	10 ft.	4 in.	4 in.	
Leavenworth	7 ft.	4 in.		1 in.
Cairo	20 ft.	6 in.		5 in.
St. Louis	19 ft.	4 in.		
Pittsburgh	3 ft.	9 in.		4 in.
Cincinnati	11 ft.	10 in.		1 ft. 3 in.
Louisville	5 ft.	6 in.		1 ft. 2 in.
Memphis	16 ft.	9 in.		4 in.
Vicksburg	28 ft.	10 in.		1 ft. 1 in.
Shreveport	13 ft.	7 in.		6 in.
Nashville	2 ft.	3 in.		1 in.
*New Orleans	5 ft.	7 in.		3 in.
Yankton	11 ft.	3 in.		

*Below high water mark of 1871.

W. S. KAUFMAN, Observer,
Room 78 Major Block, Chicago.

NEW YORK.

The Brooklyn Trust Company's Statement—Alleged Murderers Arrested—Failed to Agree—Another Wife-Murder.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The police are making a second raid to-night on Washington Market; no opposition.

The affairs of the Brooklyn Trust Company are made to appear favorable by the report of the Receiver, but confidence is not restored. The Receiver puts the total losses at $250,000, but many of the bonds enumerated among the assets are thought to be worthless.

[*To the Associated Press.*]

NEW YORK, July 26.—The Receiver of the Brooklyn Trust Company has made a statement of its condition. Its assets are placed at $3,350,597; its liabilities at $3,245,072, leaving a surplus of $105,525. The Receiver says that he has not been able to find any overdrafts except those made by the late Mr. Mills of $147,000, for which no collaterals are in bank, and those made by Secretary Bodman, amounting to $34,806, for which there are sufficient collaterals.

Three of six negroes, said to be concerned in the murder of Delia Corcoran, on Sunday last, have been arrested. The woman was first outraged, then murdered, and her body thrown into the Hudson River, opposite Yonkers.

The jury in the case of ex-Chief of Police McWilliams and ex-Detective Doyle, of Jersey City, charged with conspiring with well-known burglars to rob the First National Bank of that city, retired at noon to-day, and, failing to agree on a verdict, were locked up for the night.

Casper Schuller returned under the influence of liquor, to-night, to his home No. 80 Rivington street, and had a quarrel with his wife about his wages, which he terminated by stabbing her fatally. Casper and his son Ludwig were arrested.

THE CABLE.

Seventh Anniversary of the Laying of the Atlantic Cable—Celebration at Heart's Content.

HEART'S CONTENT, N. F., July 26.—This evening it will be seven years since the telegraph fleet entered Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. To-morrow, Sunday, will be the seventh anniversary of the landing of the cable, and it will be seven years on Monday since the line was opened for business. This evening will be celebrated by a banquet at this place, and on Monday by boat races, comprising sailing, rowing, and sculling.

THE FAILURE OF H. I. KIMBALL.

A List of the Great Georgia Speculator's Creditors—His History—How He Came to Fail.

Boston (July 14) Special Dispatch to the New York Times.

The failure of H. I. Kimball, of Atlanta, Ga., the great hotel and railroad speculator in the South, the owner of the magnificent new H. I. Kimball House, of Atlanta, and other hotel property, creates much remark in this section, he being an Eastern man and a former operator here. His liabilities are said to reach the enormous sum of $5,000,000, and the list of creditors include Morton, Bliss & Co., New York, about $170,000; Fulton National Bank, Brooklyn, about $35,000; J. Boorman Johnston & Co., New York, about $80,000; Russell Sage, New York, about $80,000; Union Trust Company, New York, about $75,000; Richard Irving & Co., New York, about $100,000; Broadway Bank, New York, about $133,000; Metropolitan Savings Bank, New York, about $75,000; Brooklyn Savings Bank, Brooklyn, about $100,000; Adams Express Company, New York, about $50,000; Kidd, Pierce & Co., New York, about $275,000; Durham & Co., New York, about $2,900; Henry Clews & Co., New York, about $1,000,000; Gilead A. Smith & Co., New York, about $200,000; Tredegar Iron-Works, New York, about $50,000; S. H. Kneeland, New York, about $35,000; Pittsburgh Locomotive-Works, Pittsburg, Penn., $60,000; Henry S. Wells, New York, about $25,000; H. K. Thurber & Co., New York, about $40,000; A. J. Wheaton, New York, about $10,000; George Cook, New Haven, Conn., about $5,500; Fisher & Bird, New York, about $900; H. A. Johnson, New York, $57,000; Patch & Co., New York, $6,500; F. Kenting, New York, $22,000; Nicol & Davidson, New York, $12,000; Hurd & Co., New York, $6,000; W. & J. Sloane, New York, $13,000; W. H. Jenkins, New York, $6,500; B. Shoninger, New Haven, Conn., $2,000; L. Candee, New Haven, Conn., $3,300; Kimball Bros., Boston, $6,000; Elliott National Bank, Boston, $1,207; Griffith & Thomas, New York, $800.

The banks involved are nearly all secured. The Elliott National Bank of this city holds his paper as collateral signed by the other gentlemen, either of whom are perfectly responsible. Nearly all of his paper is secured by the signatures of solvent men, and representing to the immediate holders little more than a memorandum of something of which a perfect account is kept. The *Daily Advertiser* learns that Mr. Kimball was born at Hamlin Grant, in Maine, a short distance from Bethel, in 1832. His business life was begun at Norway, Me., where he assumed the direction of C. P. Kimball's carriage factory, having formerly acquired a knowledge of the business by apprenticeship in his native town. From there he went to New Haven, where he occupied a similar position in the factory of G. D. Cook & Co., in which business he afterward acquired an interest. Here he remained until war broke out. The war greatly impaired the business of the firm, its market being confined mostly to the Southern States. This misfortune finally resulted in the failure of the firm, and Mr. Kimball immediately departed for Colorado, where he embarked in the mining business, interesting himself with the Bartola Company. He spent but about a year in this business, and report says he made some money during that time. Before the close of the war he came East as far as Chicago, where he opened a broker's office, doing some business and making a good many friends. Here he was sorely annoyed by creditors looking after the New Haven wreck. He became very intimate with Mr. Pullman, the famous car manufacturer, and it is presumed that it was greatly owing to this gentleman's advice and influence that Mr. Kimball located in Georgia and prospered so rapidly. In a remarkably brief space of time he got control of the principal railway lines in that State, and gained a great influence throughout that part of the country. His natural ambition, encouraged by the strong desires of his friends, prompted him to engage in a disastrous hotel speculation—the building of the great H. I. Kimball House—which proved too much for his financial resources. His failure, two years ago, is said to be the result of the failure of Henry Clews & Co. to keep an agreement, by which a certain large amount of money was to be transferred to the use of Mr. Kimball. To this misfortune his business yielded, his property went under the auction hammer, and he disappeared. He is said to be in Switzerland now.

Messrs. Kimball Brothers, carriage manufacturers, No. 112 Sudbury street, Boston, representing $6,000 in the list of creditors, are brothers of the debtor.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Three Prisoners Escape from the Bridewell—They Burrow a Hole Under the Fence.

Not very long ago "Foxy Devlin," a notorious sneak thief, was sent to the Bridewell for committing the crime of larceny. During his brief imprisonment he has not exhibited signs of discontent, and has been so submissive to the discipline of the prison that he has bean allowed privileges which were denied to those more restive and rebellious. The confidence placed Foxy has been misused by that slippery young cracksman. Taking two other "good boys" of the prison into his council, he concocted a plan whereby they should regain their liberties, and he no longer surrounded by those very formidable barriers to contentment and happiness, the Bridewell walls. In executing the plan it became necessary for one of the three to subject himself to the danger of being shot by the guards. Foxy took this risk upon himself, and yesterday afternoon, while it was supposed he was improving his time in the pursuit to which he had been assigned, Foxy was busily engaged in burrowing a hole under the south fence. Having completed it, he informed his companions, and while the guard's attention was attracted from them, they all three crawled through the hole and escaped. Their absence was at once noticed, but so securely did they hide themselves, that three men, who searched in every conceivable place for them, were unable to find them, up to a late hour last night.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: In your issue of yesterday was a complaint from a sufferer by the smoke nuisance,—not by any means the first complaint of the kind in your columns.

While the public suffer from the smoke, the owners or users of boilers suffer from the attacks of the countless peddlers of "patent smoke-consumers," "patent smoke-preventors," "patent fuel-saving apparatus," etc.

But the whole matter is very simple. Nine out of ten of the boilers in use in hotels and mercantile establishments may be so run by the owners as to entirely overcome the smoke nuisance, without the expenditure of a single cent.

Let them give their engineers orders to fire light and fire often; that is, put in coal very frequently, and in very small quantities; and then see that these orders are obeyed.

Having fully tested the working of this for six months, the writer does not speak from hearsay or guesswork. Yours, &c., R. W. H.

THE TEMPERATURE.

CHICAGO, July 26.—The following is the range of temperature during week ending, as reported by L. Manasse, optician, No. 88 West Madison street:

July.	7:30 a. m.	12 m.	3 p. m.	6 p. m.
Monday, 21	69	88	85	72
Tuesday, 22	72	88	91	88
Wednesday, 23	75	94	95	88
Thursday, 24	80	97	97	88
Friday, 25	81	92	91	77
Saturday, 26	75	89	86	80

Thursday was the warmest day of the week, the thermometer rising to 99° in the shade at 1 p. m.

IS OMNIBUS-RIDING SAFE?

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: I think it is, or may be made so by a little more care on the part of those who hold the reins. And yet I have heard ladies denounce it as a dangerous mode of conveyance, and vow that they would never again venture in an omnibus. If this feeling of distrust continues, it will ultimately cause such a falling off in the receipts of omnibus-companies as to compel them, out of sheer regard for their own pockets, to say nothing of the lives and limbs of their passengers, to prohibit reckless racing, and summarily dismiss any Jehu who attempts it. P.

CRUELTY.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Are our street-gamins as much God's creatures as the brutes? This question naturally arises in view of a scene yesterday at the Clark street front of the old Court-House. A portly official in blue was leading two little gutter-Arabs down the steps by a rough grasp on the collar of each, when one slipped suddenly out of his coat and ran. Quick pursuit and capture followed. Then came outrage. Five times in succession did this burly official strike the little fellow on the side of the head, the blows making the slight form shiver with pain. The thin child-form showed that such an assault would probably carry its effects during life. Several of us from our offices saw the outrage, and, after consultation, one of the gentlemen stepped over to the Sheriff's office and reported it. The only answer obtainable from the important personage in charge was, "Served him right! Served him right!" And yet men are arrested for cruelly striking a horse. X.

CHICAGO, July 26, 1873.

Benjamin Rathbun—A Card of Vindication.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR: I do not propose to find fault with the editorial in yesterday's *Tribune* headed "A History and a Warning," for I believe it was written with the utmost kindness toward the remarkable, but unfortunate man who has just ended his career, and with an honest belief that the statements made were warranted by facts. The editor at least had the record of conviction and punishment to fall back on; but, as conclusive as such a record generally is, I firmly believe there are two sides to Benjamin Rathbun's history.

He has always maintained to those he would talk with on that (to him) delicate subject, that he was tried and convicted under the influence of a "ring" who enriched themselves out of his vast estate. More than twenty-five years ago he told the writer of this that he should prepare, and leave for publication after his death, a true account of all the transactions which led to his downfall; and I was told by a relative, at the funeral yesterday, that the manuscripts were completed and in his hands.

I do not believe that Benjamin Rathbun was ever guilty of a crime of any kind. I have always considered him a victim of the frauds of other people, and this was the firm belief of nine-tenths of the people of Buffalo thirty years ago. I know the fact that soon after he started his hotel in Broadway, near Cortlandt street, he was subpoenaed as a witness to prove the genuineness of an indorsement of a $5,000 note, alleged by the defense to have been forged; and when the defendant in that suit (the representative of a deceased indorser) learned the fact that the late Gov. Wright had restored Mr. R. to his civil rights, and that he was to be called as a witness, the defendant came forward and paid the note in full.

The truth is that a large number of these indorsers, the magnitude of the amounts covered, and the influence of the parties, made the conviction of Mr. R. a matter of necessity.

Every one of his genuine indorsers set up the pretense that their names were forged, which, like the cry of "mad dog," affected all paper afloat, both genuine and spurious, and this it was that gave Benjamin Rathbun the name of the "greatest forger the world ever saw."

I have his solemn word, which I firmly believe, that he never committed a forgery in his life, nor was that crime or any other crime ever perpetrated wish his knowledge or consent. The herculean efforts made by him to retire that species of paper as soon as he found that it was afloat in his extended business was a part of the network of circumstantial evidence brought forward on his trial at Batavia, which resulted in his conviction. There were two previous trials at Buffalo, founded on other paper alleged to have been forged, which resulted in his acquittal, the notes turning out to be genuine.

Benjamin Rathbun outlived by many years all his persecutors, and, with the exception of the point wherein I say he was wronged, very few men have passed from existence leaving a purer record or a more spotless reputation. R.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1873.

An Attack on Tea.

A writer in *St. Paul's Magazine* boldly arrays himself against the opinion of all the old ladies in the land, and declares that tea is not only injurious to health, but is "a cause of national demoralization." The following gives an idea of his argument:

"The injudicious use of alcohol often leads to acts of violence, but it does not stimulate the instincts of craft. It makes people sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' or 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow;' it makes them laugh, or cry, or jump about, or fall down flat, or embrace each other, or swear eternal friendship or eternal enmity, or give each other black eyes; it even makes men beat their wives. It never makes men sly. A man far gone in drink never forges a check. I do not believe there is a drunken detective in the police force. But watch the effect of tea. You never find people sing 'Auld Lang Syne' over their tea, nor do they fight over it. All is calm and peaceful on the surface. But underneath! I never drink tea without feeling as if I should like to overreach somebody directly. I feel as if it would do me good to go in for a competitive examination on the spot. I invent wooden nutmegs and dummy ship-bolts. I think of abstruse conundrums. I long to start bubble companies and forge trademarks. In a short time I experience a general relaxation of fibre. I find I have no physical courage, no patriotism, no love of man as man, no motto but *caveat emptor*, or the devil take the hindmost. I am convinced that there is more short-weight given by tea-drinking shopkeepers than by tipsy ones. All this seems to agree with the alleged effect of tea upon the animal economy in arresting waste. As it makes you want to keep all you get, it is natural that it should make you want to get all you can.

"I invite the attention of pathologists, psychologists, reformers, and legislators to this great question. While we have been turning our eyes upon the more obvious and vulgar evils attendant upon the free use of alcohol, we have been overlooking the insidious action of a bland and peaceful liquid which has been sapping the foundations of manhood and honesty. Alcohol sends a few to jail or to the madhouse. But tea acts through the nervous system on the conscience, and turns us into a nation of sneaks. Let us, then, take instant action. It would be difficult, at present, to prohibit entirely the sale of tea, but pray do what you can! You do not hesitate to pick my pocket in order to educate somebody else's child. Why should you hesitate to rob me of either money or pleasure in order to prevent the relaxation of other people's moral fibre by the use of tea?

"I say, let the whole tea trade be placed under instant legislative checks. Set up visitors to go from door to door, as your School Board Inquisitors do, and let them inquire into the quantity of tea drunk in every household, whether black or mixed, and the strength of the infusion. Let every tea-dealer keep a register of his customers, and if, upon a monthly or quarterly average, it is found that his sales go beyond a quarter of a pound a year for each adult, fine him, or nail his ear to the door, or something of that sort. Perhaps the recent reaction in favor of severity would even support you in applying the cat in such cases. All the favor I ask is that as soon as ever any Parliamentary rival of Sir Wilfred Lawson has made up his mind to bring in a bill to carry out these objects, he will oblige me with a private intimation, so that I may take care of myself (I am fond of tea) by laying in a stock that will last out my natural life, or (since tea deteriorates by keeping) that I may have time to import and cultivate the tea-plant itself. If such conduct as this on the part of the introducer of such a bill seem a little at variance with principle, it will at least be admitted that it is in harmony with that spirit of enlightened compromise which distinguishes our age."

Mrs. Tretherick.

In 1858 Fiddletown considered her a very pretty woman. She had a quantity of light chestnut hair, a good figure, a dazzling complexion, and a certain languid grace which passed easily for gentlewomanliness. She always dressed becomingly, and in what Fiddletown accepted as the latest fashion. She had only two blemishes: One of her velvety eyes, when examined closely, had a slight cast, and her left cheek bore a small scar left by a single drop of vitriol—happily the only drop of an entire phial thrown upon her by one of her own jealous sex that reached the pretty face it was intended to mar. But when the observer had studied the eyes sufficiently to notice this defect, he was generally incapacitated for criticism, and even the scar on her cheek was thought by some to add piquancy to her smile. The youthful editor of the Fiddletown *Avalanche* had said, privately, that it was an "exaggerated dimple." Col. Starbottle was instantly "reminded of the beautifying patches of the days of Queen Anne, but more particularly, sir, of the blankest beautiful woman, that, blank you, you ever laid your two blank eyes upon. A creole woman, sir, in New Orleans. And this woman had a scar—a line extending, blank me, from her eye to her blank chin. And this woman, sir, thrilled you, sir, maddened you, sir, absolutely sent your blank soul to perdition with her blank fascinations. And one day I said to her, 'Celeste, how in blank did you come by that beautiful scar, blank you?' And she said to me, 'Star, there isn't another white man that I'd confide in but you, but I made that scar myself, purposely, I did, blank me.' These were her very words, sir, and perhaps you think it a blank lie, sir, but I'll put up any blank sum you can name and prove it, blank me."

Indeed, most of the male population of Fiddletown were or had been in love with her. Of this number about one-half believed that their love was returned, with the exception, possibly, of her own husband. He alone had been known to express skepticism.

The name of the gentleman who enjoyed this infelicitous distinction was Tretherick. He had been devorced from an excellent wife to marry this Fiddletown enchantress. She, also, had been divorced, but it was hinted that some previous experiences of hers in that legal formality had made it perhaps less novel and probably less sacrificial. I would not have it inferred from this that she was deficient in sentiment, or devoid of its highest moral expression. Her intimate friend had written (on the occasion of her second divorce), "The cold world does not understand Clara yet," and Col. Starbottle had remarked blankly, that with the excepion of a single woman in Opelousas Parish, La., she had more soul than the whole caboodle of them put together. Few indeed could read those lines entitled "Infelissimus," commencing, "Why waves no cypress o'er this brow," originally published in the *Avalanche* over the signature of "The Lady Clare," without feeling the tear of sensibility tremble on his eyelids, or the glow of virtuous indignation mantle his cheek at the low brutality and pitiable jocularity of the *Dutch Flat Intelligencer*, which the next week had suggested the exotic character of the cypress and its entire absence from Fiddletown as a reasonable answer to the query.—*From "An Episode of Fiddletown," by Bret Harte, in Scribner's for August.*

A Russian Folk-Tale.

As Marko, a stingy, rich merchant, went along the road, close on his heels trampled a poor moujik. They passed a beggar who begged for a copeck. The merchant passed him headlessly, but the poor moujik gave him a copeck. Marko bethought him, returned and begged the moujik to lend him a copeck for the beggar, pleading want of change at the moment. The debt was to be paid on the morrow. But it was the same story over again, Marko had no change; moujik must come another time. He came; the result was the same again. At the end of a fortnight the debt was to be paid. Moujik came. Marko ordered his wife to strip him, lay him under the holy pictures, and say he died that morning. "The kingdom of heaven be his," said the moujik. "If you will allow me, mistress, in return for my copeck, I'll do him the last service—just give his mortal remains a wash." So saying, he laid hold of a pot full of boiling water, and began pouring its scalding contents over Marko the rich. Marko, his brow knit, his legs contorted, was scarcely able to hold out. "Writhe away or not as you please," thought the poor man, "but pay me my copeck!" Next Marko the rich was put into a coffin, and the poor moujik took it to the church, where he read psalms over it. The darkness of night came on. All of a sudden a window opened, and a party of robbers crept through it into the church. The moujik hid himself behind the altar. As soon as the robbers had come in they began to dividing their booty, and after everything else had been shared there remained over and above a golden sabre; each one laid hold of it himself; none would give up his claim to it. Out jumped the poor man crying: "What is the good of disputing that way? Let the sabre belong to him who will cut this corpse's head off." Up jumped Marko the rich, like a madman. The robbers were frightened out of their wits, flung away their spoil, and scampered off. "Here, moujik," said Marko, "let's divide the money." They divided it equally between them; each of the shares was a large one. "But how about the copeck?" asked the poor man. "Ah, bother!" replied Marko, "surely you can see I have got no change!" And so Marko the rich never paid the copeck after all!—*From Russian Folk-Tales by W. R. S. Ralston.*

A Cat Story.

The *Christian Union*, whose editors are all honorable men, vouches for the truth of this story: It concerns a terrier and a cat. The dog's part was chiefly passive, but he must have possessed remarkable qualities to awaken the affection which the cat had for him; so we record with honor the name of Pip. We do not know the cat's name, which is a pity, for she deserves whatever immortality a newspaper can bestow. Thus, then, it fell out: Pip fell sick, and for several days lay languidly in one place, eating nothing. Again and again the cat brought to him bits of the food given to her, and tried to coax him to eat, but in vain. At last, one day, a woman sitting in the room where they were saw the cat, who had been watching Pip with evident anxiety, dart suddenly out of the window and rush across the street. In a moment she came back carrying something in her mouth, which she brought to Pip and laid it down. Pip got up, sniffed at it, then turned away and lay down again. The cat dragged it close to him, and thrust it under his nose. Thus persuaded, he tasted it, and ate half of it. Puss then carried the remainder to the grass-plot, and herself fell to work on it with a good appetite. It proved, on examination, to be a hot mutton chop! The person who watched the affair went to the house across the way, and asked in the kitchen if they had had mutton chops that day. "Yes," was the answer; "and as the dish stood before the fire, in rushed your cat, and before we could stop her she carried off one of the chops!" We are happy to add that Pip got well.

Jokes on the Shah.

The Shah encountered a formidable disadvantage in Paris. His title is pronounced precisely like *chat*, which means a cat. From this follows a perfect avalanche of intentional and unintentional jokes. Imagine that every time he was spoken of here or in England we said "The Cat," and it will be seen how fertile in pleasantries this coincidence must be, in Paris.

MARRIAGES.

MILLER—COATH—At Wallace, Kan., July 8, Mr. Edward Miller, of Wallace, and Miss Mary E. Coath, of Chicago. No cards.

WATKINS—JONES—July 24, at the bride's parents, Williamsburg, Iowa, by the Rev. D. Price, T. Henry Watkins, Chicago, Ill., and Maggie Jones.

FAUNTLEROY—ROGERS—At the house of the bride's parents, Waukegan, Ill., on Thursday, July 24, 1873, by Rev. Mr. Van Dyne, Eugene Fauntleroy, of Chicago, and Nellie S., only daughter of G. W. Rogers, Esq. No cards.

EWING—McKEEBY—On the 3d of July, Mr. H. B. Ewing and Miss Katie McKeeby, both of this city.

TOOLEN—SARGENT—In this city, by the Rev. Henry G. Perry, Rector of All-Saints' Church, on the 22d inst., Mr. Andrew J. Toolen and Miss Hanna Sargent, all of Chicago.

BIRD—McDONOUGH—At St. Mary's Church, July 26, by the Very Rev. Father Noonan, Thomas Bird and Emma M. McDonough, all of this city. No cards.

BAKER—OLIN—July 24, at the residence of Alfred Day, by the Rev. J. O. Peck, John M. Baker and Mary E. Olin, all of Chicago.

DEATHS.

BOWLAND—In this city July 25, Maria Bowland, aged 76 years.

Funeral from the residence of her niece, Mrs. Frank McGovern, 224 Cass-st., at 1 o'clock July 27, to Graceland. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

DONNELLY—At City Hospital, on Friday, July 25, of consumption, James C. Donnelly, aged 25 years.

Funeral will be held on to-day (Sunday) July 27, at 11 o'clock a. m., from Castle Hall of Excelsior Lodge No. 3, Knights of Pythias, No. 13 South Halsted-st., thence to Rosehill Cemetery. Friends of the deceased and brother knights are cordially invited.

ROWE—In this city on Friday, July 25, of consumption, Etta M., adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rowe, aged 3 months.

SMITH—July 25, George Rountree, infant son of George P. and Laura G. Smith, aged 4 months.

Funeral July 28, 10 o'clock a. m., from residence, 1490 Prairie-av.

IND—July 17, in this city, James W. Ind, only son of Lewis B. and Mary A. Ind, aged 9 months and 17 days.

HENRY—At her residence, 149 North Halsted-st., Mrs. Hannah Henry, aged 71 years.

Funeral Monday, July 28, 1 p. m., by carriages to Rosehill. Friends invited.

JANSEN—In this city, on the morning of July 26, Asa D. Jansen, for several years a resident of this city, formerly one of the leading lawyers of Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., aged about 58 years.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—A GENTLEMAN 28 YEARS OF AGE, well-connected, possessing $40,000 in available securities and real estate (easily produced), desires to correspond with a refined and intelligent lady, similarly situated, with a view to matrimony after a mutual satisfactory acquaintance. Address P. O. WARREN, Post Office.

PERSONAL—CAP: PLEASE CALL MONDAY AT 138 Burnside-st., up-stairs.

PERSONAL—ANNA: DID NOT KNOW YOU WHEN I saw you corner of Harrison and State-sts. with little girl, a week ago last Thursday. Send address to A 90, Tribune office.

PERSONAL—WILL MRS. CHAS. FITZHUGH please send her address to her friend CELIA, care Tribune office.

PERSONAL—LUCY: COULD NOT MEET YOU. Send your address. Will explain. Same address.

PERSONAL—THE HACKMAN THAT TOOK THE lady and gentleman from McVicker's theatre to the Western Union Telegraph office, Wednesday evening, July 23d, will return the part of the diamond ear-ring lost in the carriage and receive $50 reward, and no questions asked. ELLA KELLER, 41 Hubbard-court.

PERSONAL—WANTED, A LADY OF REFINEMENT to accompany a gentleman (an artist), on a short summer's sketching trip. Address Q 21, Tribune office.

PERSONAL—JESSIE—ARE YOU AT HOME? Direct letter, Post-office, city. HARRY D. K.

PERSONAL—LIZZIE W.—MEET ME AT NO. 68 on Thursday, at 3 o'clock.

REWARD.

$10 REWARD—LOST, ON SATURDAY, ABOUT 5 p. m., a cashmere dolman or cape. West Side, near Madison and Desplaines-sts. If found leave at Barnes House office, corner Canal and Randolph-sts., on Monday afternoon.

COLORS OF THE PLANETS.

From Appletons' Journal.

The colors of the planets present interesting subjects for study in three different departments of astronomical investigation, either observed by the naked eye, seen through the telescope, or examined by the spectroscope.

The most familiar and accessible field of research is found in the colors which the planets exhibit to the naked eye. Each of the five visible planets has an individuality as characteristic as that which distinguishes the members of the same family, and this difference depends largely on peculiarity of coloring. Jupiter, the giant of the solar family, is classed as a white star, although to our vision there is a yellow tinge blended with the whiteness. When shining in full glory on the dark background of the midnight sky, it is impossible to mistake him for any other star in the firmament. When he is morning or evening star he is sometimes taken for Venus. But careful attention will easily detect the difference, for Venus is the more brilliant, while the tint of her light is a much softer and more creamy white. There is an indescribable loveliness about this planet which belongs to no other object in the heavens, and which is largely due to the beaming color which she reflects. Mercury is also a white planet, but differing entirely from each of the others. His nearness to the sun gives him a peculiar sparkling hue, which can never be forgotten by those who have been fortunate enough to catch a view of the shy planet. He is sometimes called the "Sparkler" from this circumstance.

MARS

is a red star, and was called the "Fiery One" by the Greeks on account of his ruddy light. In ancient times his appearance was looked upon as the harbinger of war. This planet has lost a portion of his deep-red color, and the cause of the change has long been a subject of discussion. It is now ascribed to certain changes taking place in the color of the constituents.

SATURN

shines with a dull yellow color. This, with his slow movement and dismal hue, accounts for the unlucky influence ascribed to him by astrologists. Thus we have sparkling white, creamy white, golden white, deep red, and dull yellow for colors of the visible planets, and, after a little observation, it is easy to detect each planet by the color it reflects.

But the telescope reveals in some of the planets peculiarities of color which are found in nothing else in the heavens. They are the only objects which are actually variegated, for they present, side by side, in belts, bands, and clouds, tints of almost every imaginable color. But the observation of the remarkable phenomena is comparatively recent. Such is the distance separating us from these outer worlds, and such the delicacy of the coloring, that it requires the most favorable atmospheric conditions and the most thorough familiarity with astronomy to reach results in the least degree satisfactory.

MERCURY AND VENUS

are now so near to the sun that it is almost impossible to obtain trustworthy results regarding the color of their surfaces—indeed it is probable that they are never seen. But when we have passed the boundary of the earth's orbit, we enter upon a more satisfactory field of observation. Mars, our next neighbor, ranks first among the planets for the distinctness and variety of the colors he presents. Two white spots shine with a singular brilliancy, marking his ice-bound poles. A delicate tinted border of white light surrounds the polar zones. Sometimes a greenish tint of exquisite delicacy is mingled with the white and supposed to be due to cumulus clouds floating in his atmosphere. The body of the planet next appears, with the prevailing red or ocreish tint, giving the deep red color so familiar to observers. We can also detect occasional spots of salmon-colored light, brownish patches, and even black spots, probably marking the lands and continents. Then we see, covering about the same portion of the disk, green or indigo-gray portions, forming the seas or oceans of the planet. None of these spots are entirely dark, but either faintly tinted, almost white, or tinged with purplish hue.

JUPITER,

under a powerful telescope, develops a marvelous splendor of coloring. The poles are of a singularly beautiful color, called by painters ultra marine ash, and the spaces between the dark belts are of a rich creamy white. The dark belts display remarkable gradations of color. Those nearest the poles are slate-colored; farther on, a tinge of red mingles with the gray; that is succeeded by a delicate chocolate; while the belts on either side of the equatorial bright zone develop a garnet blending with the other hues. The great equatorial belt is nearly white, but has recently presented unusual variations of color, changing from greenish yellow to bright ochreish yellow, and still more recently assuming all the tints of yellow from Roman orange to yellow lake. The belts vary greatly in number, form, and extent, while processes of disturbance are constantly going on. Immense rifts open in the vaporous matter, black spots come into view, and all observation seems to confirm the theory of the action of intense heat around the surface of the planet.

SATURN

presents a view to the telescopic observer more charming and impressive than that of Jupiter. His ring system makes him the most interesting of the planets, while his family of satellites raise him to the dignity of a sun. His family of satellites is as large as the sun's family of planets, and his ring is now considered to be composed of myriads of minute satellites circling in intertwining orbits around their mighty primary. The colors observed on Saturn are as beautiful as those on the nearer and larger planet, but his greater distance makes them appear faint and smooth, instead of dark and rugged.

Saturn's ring is divided by a distance of two thousand miles, the inner portion being wider and brighter. Several other divisions also occur in the ring system, one of them dividing the outer ring near the middle, but these divisions are not black, neither is the great dark division, for when the shadow of the planet falls across it there is a marked contrast between the intense blackness of the shadow and the merely dark color of the division, showing that something besides empty space occupies the division between the rings. Within the inner ring lies the dark or crape ring, through which the body of the planet can be seen presenting the appearance of a crape veiling, but not hiding the view. This portion of the ring system is supposed to consist also of minute satellites, more widely separated than they are in the bright rings, and it is between them that we catch glimpses of the planet.

At ordinary times the only colors recognized on Saturn are the white of the cloud zones and the yellow of the belts. But on nights of exceptionally favorable conditions these pale colors change into the most beautiful hues. Mr. Browning, the distinguished optician, has produced a beautiful representation of it as he saw it on one of the rare nights which reward the astronomer for months of patient waiting. He has represented the color of the rings by yellow ochre, shaded with the same, and sepia; the globe, yellow ochre and brown madder, orange, and purple, shaded with sepia. The great division in the rings is sepia, and the pole and the narrow belts near it, pale cobalt blue. Mr. Browning's picture of Saturn is the most beautiful one that has ever been produced, but it gives no adequate conception of this fascinating planet; for all terrestrial colors are muddy and dingy when compared with the tints that display the glory of the Creator in the heavens, and show His handiwork in the firmament.

A Woman's Congress.

From the Golden Age (New York), July 26.

Sorosis calls for a Woman's Congress. In the circular which the club has issued for this purpose, the callers lament the loss of power which results from the lack of collective action and thorough organization among women. Thousands, says Sorosis in this message, of noble and beneficent women, scattered all over our country, are to-day thinking, writing, and speaking the truths which all women need, and many are waiting to hear, and which would, at once, be a renovating force in the land, if the believers could, in a congregated body, unite upon practical methods for their incorporation into government, business, and social life. Therefore, in consideration of the present demand for unity of method among women interested in like objects, Sorosis, whose purpose is "to render women helpful to each other and useful to society," has determined to take the preliminary steps for bringing the representative women of the country together in a Woman's Congress, that unitedly we may take into careful consideration the more important questions that affect woman's life. We send this messenger to all women who, by voice or pen, or practical work, have conquered an honorable place in any of the leading reforms of the day, and we cordially invite them to signify their approbation and sympathy with our effort by sending us their names to affix to the call for a "Woman's Congress," to be held in New York City, in October, 1873. Sorosis, however, modestly disclaims the intention of taking the lead in the Congress when it is assembled. That body is to be left to select its own officers and govern itself. Sorosis meantime merely offers its services as a local committee to attend to the preliminary business. It suggests the following as among the subjects for discussion at the meeting of the Congress: Higher Education for Women; Woman's Work in Literature; the Relation of Women to Her Dress; Woman the Promoter of Peace; Prison-Reform; Woman's Work; the Inviolate Homestead; Equal Division of the Salary between Husband and Wife; Woman's Influence in Promoting Temperance; Co-operative Industries Among Women; Woman's Place in Government; Systems of Philanthropy; Law as It Affects Women; Enlightened Motherhood; Women in Surgery and Medicine. It seems to us that this is a very good scheme, and, if well-managed and judiciously carried into action, the first Woman's Congress in America, will not be the last. But if, in its details, it shows the plentiful lack of executive ability which too often distinguishes woman's conventions and other public organizations, it will reflect little credit on Sorosis or itself.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.

Mr. John Simon, the medical officer of the Local Government Board in London, has issued the following minute:

First—As Asiatic cholera is now prevailing in parts of Europe, and may probably extend to places which are in frequent communication with England, within the next month or two the disease may be brought into this country.

Second—The Local Government Board will give power to local sanitary authorities to deal with any such cases, if they arrive, in a way to protect the population as far as possible against surprise.

Third—Former experience of cholera in England justifies a belief that the disease will not be capable of causing much injury to the population if the places receiving the infection have had the advantage of proper sanitary administration.

Fourth—Cholera in England shows itself as little contagious in the sense in which small-pox and scarlatina are commonly called contagious. But cholera has a certain peculiar infectiveness of its own, which, where local conditions assist, can operate with terrible force, and at considerable distances from the sick. All matters which the patient discharges from his stomach and bowels are infective. Particles of them are enabled to taint the food, water, or air which people consume. The disease is not likely to spread unless in proportion as it finds locally open to it certain facilities for spreading by indirect infection. In order rightly to appreciate what these facilities must be, the following considerations have to be borne in mind: First, that any choleraic discharge, cast without previous thorough disinfection, into any cess-pool or drain, or other depository or conduit of filth, infects the excremental matters with which it there mingles, and probably, more or less, the effluvia which those matters evolve; secondly, that the infective power of choleraic discharges attaches to whatever bedding, clothing, towels, and like things have been imbued with them, and renders these things, if not thoroughly disinfected, as capable of spreading the disease in places to which they are sent (for washing or other purposes), as, in like circumstances, the patient himself would be; that if, by leakage or soakage from cesspools or drains, or through reckless casting out of slops and wash-water, any taint, however small, of the infective material gets access to wells or other sources of drinking-water, it imparts to enormous volumes of water the power of propagating the disease. When due regard is had to these possibilities of indirect infection, there will be no difficulty in understanding that even a single case of cholera, perhaps of the slightest degree, and perhaps quite unsuspected in its neighborhood, may, if local circumstances co-operate, exert a terribly infective power on considerable masses of population.

Fifth—The main object for endeavor must be to secure everywhere such local circumstances that the infective material, though not disinfected, would be unable to spread its influence among the population.

Sixth—The dangers which have to be guarded against as favoring the spread of cholera infection are particularly two. First, and above all, there is the danger of water supplies which are in any (even the slightest) degree tainted by house refuse or other like kinds of filth; as where there is outflow, leakage, or filtration from sewers, house-drains, privies, cesspools, foul ditches, or the like into springs, streams, wells, or reservoirs from which the supply of water is drawn, or into the soil in which the wells are situate; a danger which may exist on a small scale (but perhaps often repeated in the same district) at the pump or dip-well of a private house, or on a large and even vast scale in the source of public water-works. And secondly, there is the danger of breathing air which is foul with effluvia from the same sorts of impurity.

(a). Immediate and searching examination of sources of water supply should be made in all cases where the source is in any degree open to the suspicion of impurity, and the water, both from private and public sources, should be examined. Where pollution is discovered everything practicable should be done to prevent the pollution from continuing, or if this object cannot be attained, to prevent the water from being drank.

(b). Simultaneously there should be immediate thorough removal of every sort of house refuse and other filth which has accumulated in neglected places; future accumulations of the same sort should be prevented; attention should be given to all defects of house drains and sinks through which offensive smells are let into houses; thorough washing and lime-washing of uncleanly premises, especially of such as are densely occupied, should be practised again and again.

(c). Disinfection should be very freely and very frequently employed in and around about houses wherever there are receptacles or conduits of filth, wherever there is filth-sodden porous earth, wherever anything else, in or under or about the house, tends to make the atmosphere foul.

In the absence of permanent safeguards no approach to security can be got without incessant cleansings and disinfections, or without extreme and constant vigilance against every possible contamination of drinking-water.

In view of any possibility that the infection of cholera may again be present in this country it is desirable that in each locality the public should ascertain to whom it practically has to look, in case of need, for its collective safety against such dangers as the above.

Seventh—It is important for the public to remember that pains taken and costs incurred for the purposes to which the memorandum refers cannot in any event be regarded as wasted trouble and expense. The local conditions which would enable cholera, if imported, to spread its infection in this country are conditions which day by day, in the absence of cholera, create and spread other diseases; diseases which, as being never absent from the country, are, in the long run, far more destructive than cholera; and the sanitary improvements which would justify a sense of security against any apprehended importation of cholera would, to their extent, though cholera should never reappear, give ample remunerative results in the prevention of those other diseases.

What the Jardin Mabille Really Is.

From a Communication in the Cincinnati Gazette.

And he will have the Jardin Mabille, for this waxes with the summer sun. What American man goes to Paris without visiting this famous garden? And the guide books say married women may see it with their husbands. It may be well. The Jardin Mabille is somehow synonymous with the fancied license and abandon of Paris pleasures. And what are the attractions of the Jardin Mabille? It is often described in letters to the press, and much oftener in personal narration of experience, and I venture to say the impression in the general mind is of a great scene of revelry and mirth, in which the exuberant spirits and excitement of the time find exercise in a comical, extravagant, and athletic style of dancing. This is the notion that the traveled man conveys to his innocent fellow man, and that tourists give when they write letters of travel. The wonder is, where tourists expect to go to when they die; for their inevitable habit of drawing the long bow would make them people a large territory, if lying were to be taken notice of.

The reality of the scene of revelry in the Jardin Mabille is to this common idea about as the reality of a German masquerade ball, in which there are scores of overcoated, hatted, tobacco-spitting men to one masquerader, is the general idea of the gayety and revelry of such performance. Upon the ground by the stand of the fine orchestra two couples, the women evidently stock performers, dance the figures of a quadrille in a style more or less extravagant, according to their genius and muscle. The great attraction, and greatest feat, is where the female dancer gathers up her skirts to free her movement, and flings up one foot as high as her head. This one of them may be expected to do every time the figure comes to the motion of forward and back. The other extraordinary motions consist chiefly of that swaggering and swaying of the arms in time with the feet which Aimee and other French singers in opera bouffe have made familiar to American eyes. Around these two couples the spectators who have come to see the fastest life in Paris gather in a ring, as at a wrestling-match in New England on training-day. Peradventure, in a favorable night, there may be performers enough to form two, or possibly three, of these half-quadrilles, each of which will have its crowded ring of gaping spectators. The performance is varied by waltzes, which, as they do not admit of the peculiar Jardin Mabille step, are less attractive to the lookers-on.

This is the reality of the fancied scene of dancing revelry which is thought the great attraction of the Jardin Mabille. Some scores of well-dressed women visit the garden in pursuit of their avocation, and in general place themselves unobtrusively on the benches that are scattered around it. Some are bolder in manner, but men who hold out no invitation are not exposed to solicitations. Many of the women seem to come quietly as to an exchange, and when they have found that the remaining spectators have come to see fast life in Paris, but do not "mean business," they as quietly depart. The revelry and mirth of the Jardin Mabille are the tamest. But it is a beautiful garden, and, with its shrubbery, its arbory, fancy grottoes, miniature fountains, its booths for various little games, its brilliant lights and music, it has the effect of a fairy scene. It is only as a scene of fast fun and revelry that it is a delusion. Unquestionably, the French have the genius for comical mirth in a high degree, but this garden is too much a place of business. The visits of American and English are its chief means of support, and these go to see and not to perform, or if they go to trade that furnishes no public entertainment.

THE AERONAUTS.

Wise and Donaldson.

From the New York Graphic.

PROF. JOHN WISE.

This distinguished aeronaut was born in Lancaster, Pa., on the 24th of February, 1808. At an early age he was sent to the German Grammar School of his native place, and afterwards graduated at the High School. From his earliest youth Prof. Wise was imbued with a desire, or, as he himself expresses it, a "longing to float among the clouds." He would sit for hours watching the birds, and wishing for wings like theirs with which to ascend into space. When only 14 years of age, he began experimenting, and for a long time his principal amusement consisted in constructing and sending up kites and balloons. Indeed, anything that would fly gave him pleasure. At this time he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, and for a number of years worked faithfully at his trade. He never lost sight of ballooning, however, and a day seldom passed in which he did not make some new experiment, some novel attempt, in this his only pastime.

Prof. Wise's first ascension was made in Philadelphia, some forty years ago. At that time he was only 26 years of age. He made the ascent alone, in a balloon constructed by himself, and was successful in every way. He passed over the city twice, first from east to west, and then, ascending higher, from west to east. He landed in safety nine miles east of the city. Soon after this the young aeronaut became acquainted with Profs. Espy and Henry, from whom he received many valuable hints. A few years after his first ascent, the Professor determined to penetrate into a storm-cloud. He wrote to Prof. Henry upon the subject, asking him for his opinion as to the feasibility of the project. The reply was favorable, and since then Prof. Wise has sailed for upwards of a hundred miles in the midst of thunder clouds, and always without accident. In the course of this remarkable man's most eventful career, he has made no less than four hundred and forty-six balloon ascensions. Of these, his memorable voyage from St. Louis to New York is most notable. From early manhood, Prof. Wise has been determined to attempt the crossing of the Atlantic in a balloon. He has lived with that one object in view. He memorialized Congress for funds with which to make the experiment; the memorial was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, and has not since been heard from. He appealed to his friends, only to be disappointed. Now, however, his darling wish is soon to be realized. Ere many weeks shall have passed, the attempt will be made, and with every prospect of success. That at a certain height a current of air exists which is constantly moving from west to east, is beyond dispute: that Prof. Wise is in every way master of his profession is not to be doubted; and that he will be furnished with every means that money can secure is already assured.

MR. W. H. DONALDSON.

Washington H. Donaldson was born in Philadelphia April 7, 1840, of Quaker parentage. Very early in life he struck out for himself, and in 1857 studied the business of ambrotyping with his father, one of the first artists in that line in his native city. In 1860 he was engaged in a photographic establishment in this city, and afterwards learned the art of engraving on stone. But his health failed under the confinement of these pursuits, and he was obliged to seek outdoor exercise and business. From early childhood he had conceived a strong liking for gymnastic exercises, and in 1861 he secured an engagement as a teacher in this line, and met with great success. A few years ago he determined to turn his attention to aeronautics, and accordingly made his first ascent at Reading, Pa., Aug. 30, 1871. Since that time Mr. Donaldson has made more than thirty trips, many of them being of a very exciting character.

In person Mr. Donaldson is of medium height, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and possesses a superb physique. He is temperate to a fault, abstaining from all intoxicating drinks, even to tea and coffee. He neither smokes nor chews tobacco, saying, "I am determined to have my full lease of life." His manner carrries with it an impression of earnestness and determination, and convinces the listener that he will not undertake the voyage across the ocean as an adventure, but solely with the desire to prove the feasibility of navigating the air. Last autumn he announced his determination to cross the Atlantic in a balloon this summer, and this announcement led to the formation of a partnership with Prof. Wise. In an interview with a reporter of the *Sun*, published Jan. 11, Mr. Donaldson said: "Next summer I shall have something for the *Sun* to notice. I shall show the people that the ocean can be crossed by balloon, and that I can do it." In the *World* of June 7, another interview was published, in which Mr. Donaldson said: "During the month of March one hundred vessels were lost and many lives. It is high time to discover some safe, quick, and comfortable transit across the Atlantic, and this is just what Prof. Wise and I intend to do." In a letter to the editor of the Boston *Globe*, published June 5, Prof. Wise writes: "The balloon has been abused too long as an itinerant and acrobatic vehicle, and should now be made to subserve science and commerce, and so says my young and energetic friend and companion, W. H. Donaldson, who has done more with the balloon than any other living man, although an aeronaut of only two years' experience."

"Thackeray and His People."

John Esten Cooke, in Hearth and Home.

I was talking one day with the late Mr. Thackeray—a most excellent, genial gentleman and companion—in reference to authors and books, and more especially about his own books, which he spoke of with frankness and unreserve, as though they had been written by a third person. One or two things he said which struck me forcibly at the time, and have remained in my memory, affording me food for reflection. We were speaking of the sketch, "Mr. Deanceace and his Friends" (I think that is the title), in which appears the finished rascal and serenely smiling scoundrel, the Earl of Crabs.

"Where did you meet with the original of the "Earl of Crabs, Mr. Thackeray?" was my query.

"I never met with any."

"You drew him from your imagination?"

"I suppose so."

"He is certainly the greatest scoundrel in literature, I think, not excepting Lord Steyne or any."

Mr. Thackeray acquiesced in this moral or immoral eminence attributed to the Earl, mused a moment, smiled in a good-natured way, and said:

"I really don't know where I got all these rascals in my books. I certainly have never lived with such people."

That is the first suggestive observation. I shall defer my moral reflection until I repeat the second.

We came to talk of "Vanity Fair" and the excellent Miss Becky Sharp, of whom Mr. Thackeray spoke with evident self-congratulation. She had "made his fortune," he said; and he added frankly that he thought he had never done anything better than the description of the manner in which Madam Becky Crawley "came down" to the low life of Bohemia, after her epoch of social elevation as the friend of Lord Steyne.

"There is one mystery about Becky which has always puzzled me," I said.

"What is that?"

"Nearly at the end of the book there is a picture of old Jo Sedley, gouty, night-capped, and seated in his easy-chair, while behind a curtain stands the ghastly, glaring Becky, grasping a dagger."

"Yes."

"Beneath this picture is the single word *Clytemnestra*."

Mr. Thackeray added:

"Did Becky kill him?"

Mr. Thackeray "remained silent for a moment," as the novelists say; a slow smile dawned upon his face; he assumed a reticent and secretive expression of countenance, and at length replied in a confidential voice:

"I don't know."

CENTRAL ASIATIC RAILWAY.

An Interview with the Builder of the Suez Canal—Seven Days from Calais to Calcutta.

Paris (July 2) Correspondence of the New York Herald.

Your correspondent has had an interview with M. de Lesseps, the famous French engineer, whose success in building the Suez Canal gave him world-wide fame, and who now proposes another enterprise, less novel, but none the less gigantic,—the union of Europe and Asia by means of a railway, to be called the Great Central Asiatic.

M. de Lesseps said that, as to the railway scheme, we had no doubt seen the correspondence published in the *Journal des Debats* between himself and Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador. That correspondence showed the good will of Russia toward his enterprise. "I may say, more particularly," continued M. de Lesseps, "that I gave my note to Prince Orloff, as he was leaving for Ems. At Ems he saw his sovereign, the Czar. The reply came in four days, showing the interest felt in the enterprise by the Czar himself. This reply, as you will note, granted all I required, and gave me authority for an exploring party under M. Cotard, who was with me at Suez. This party will survey the country from Orenburg to Samarcand."

Your correspondent asked if there was any special reason for this being surveyed.

"Only this," said M. de Lesseps, "that I desire to build the first section within Russian territory. There will be no political complication to embarrass me in my work. And this will also be the case with the section from Samarcand to Peshawur. Our purpose is, as soon as we have surveyed these sections, to push our exploration parties as far as Afghanistan and British India, provided we find the route safe. If there should be troubles from the people, or any other cause, then we shall return to Samarcand and start for the British possessions on a new route. These explorations will not be paid by the Russian Government, but from our own means."

Your correspondent said it would probably be a most expensive proceeding, but M. de Lesseps answered that it need not cost more than $600,000.

A question was then asked as to what difficulties were apprehended from the wild nomadic tribes of the plains, between Orenburg and Samarcand. M. de Lesseps said: "I do not feel any serious apprehension. The policy of Russia has prepared these roaming barbarians to respect the enterprises of civilization. So long as it is known that Russia is friendly to our scheme, we have all the advantage of its moral power. Its agents and officers are also our friends. Furthermore, the enterprises of Russia in Central Asia at the present time will serve us. Before we are ready for work the Czar will have concentrated and consolidated his power in Central Asia. Khiva must fall before the strenuous exertions of the Russians. That will add largely to Russian power and its prestige among the wild people. I am quite confident that before we have laid our first section of rail, or built our first bridge, the road will be as free from molestation or danger as the road in European Russia. You will find a parallel case in your American Pacific Railway. That was built in a country inhabited by Indians infinitely wilder and more irreclaimable than any in Central Asia. I am told that your road has had a civilizing effect upon the country it traverses. It will be the same with the road through Asia. Like your road, this will have many great engineering difficulties to encounter, and, like it, we meet them at the end of our route. You have the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas; we have the huge masses of the Hindoo Koosh in Afghanistan—a range about as high as the Rocky Mountains."

Your correspondent asked M. de Lesseps as to the comparative length of the two lines. "Well," he added, "the line in Asia will be shorter than the one in America. The American road is 3,300 English miles, the Asiatic 3,400 French kilometres. From Moscow it would be a longer distance, while from Calais to Calcutta, which would be like calculating from New York to San Francisco, it would be 7,000 kilometres, or, in rough guessing, about four thousand five hundred miles."

M. de Lesseps then alluded with some amusement to a calculation he had seen in a London journal to the effect that a train could not run from Calais to Calcutta in seven days. He then asked how long it took us to make our journeys from New York to San Francisco. Your correspondent answered that when the snow did not intervene the journey employed about seven days and seven nights. "*Tres bien!*" added M. de Lesseps; "you are not very rapid railway travelers in America, either, not in many cases going more than one-half or two-thirds the speed of our express trains. We can travel with European speed toward Moscow, and beyond we can take our time. I only allude to this to show the tendency to unfriendly criticism upon the part of Englishmen. The real question is not whether we can run from Calais to Calcutta in seven days or seventeen, but whether we can go by land at all."

Your correspondent asked M. De Lesseps what he proposed to do about skilled labor. He answered that he had an army of workers, ready and disciplined—the men who had served him as engineers, and so on, in building the Suez Canal. After the Canal was finished many of his Asiatics remained in the East—some to serve the Khedive, others to aid in building a road to Adrianople. The surveying expedition would start for Orenburg very shortly. Two years is the time allotted. While this work is being concluded we shall have the means of bringing the new company before the world. As to whether the new shares would be guaranteed by the Russian Government or not M. de Lesseps did not know if support of that kind would be needed. But he had been assured that if needed there would be no difficulty in receiving the required guarantees from Russia. There would be a break of the gauge on the Russian frontier, as the Russian gauge is not the same as that used all over the greater part of Europe. Then, as now, passengers would have to change cars at the Russian frontier. The question would not be of any more importance than the transfer from France to Spain, which all travelers find necessary at the frontier on account of the difference in gauges.

Lack of Thought in Simple Acts of Life.

Herbert Spencer in the Popular Science Monthly.

We have but to observe human action as it meets us at every turn to see that the average intelligence, incapable of guiding conduct even in simple matters where but a very moderate reach of reason would suffice, must fail in apprehending with due clearness the natural sanctions of ethical principles. The unthinking inaptitude with which even the routine of life is carried on by the mass of men, shows clearly that they have nothing like the insight required for self-guidance in the absence of an authoritative code of conduct. Take a day's experience and observe the lack of thought indicated from hour to hour.

You rise in the morning, and, while dressing, take a phial containing a tonic, of which a little has been prescribed for you; but after the first few drops have been counted succeeding drops run down the sides of the phial—all because the lip is shaped without regard to the requirement. Yet millions of such phials are annually made by glass-makers, and sent out by thousands of druggists; so small being the amount of sense brought to bear on business. Now, turning to the looking-glass, you find that, if not of the best make, it fails to preserve the altitude in which you put it; or, if what is called a "box" looking-glass, you see that the maintenance of its position is insured by an expensive appliance that would have been superfluous had a little reason been used. Were the adjustment such that the centre of gravity of the glass came in the line joining the points of support (which would be quite as easy an adjustment), the glass would remain steady in whatever attitude you gave it. Yet year after year, tens of thousands of looking-glasses are made without regard to so simple a need. Presently you go down to breakfast, and taking some Harvey or other sauce with your fish find the bottle has a defect like that which you found in the phial—it is sticky from the drops which trickle down, and occasionally stain the table-cloth. Here are other groups of traders similarly so economical of thought that they do nothing to rectify this inconvenience.

Having breakfasted, you take up the paper, and before sitting down, wish to put some coal on the fire. But the lump you seize with the tongs slips out of them, and if large, you make several attempts before you succeed in lifting it—all because the ends of the tongs are smooth. Makers and vendors of fire-irons go on, generation after generation, without meeting this evil by the simple remedy of giving to these smooth ends some projecting points, or even roughening them by a few burrs with a chisel. Having at length grasped the lump and put it on the fire, you begin to read; but before you have got through the first column, you are reminded by the changes of position which your sensations prompt, that men still fail to make easy-chairs. And yet the guiding principle is simple enough. Just that advantage secured by using a soft seat in place of a hard one—the advantage, namely, of spreading over a large area the pressure of the weight to be borne, and so making the pressure less intense in any one point—is an advantage to be sought in the form of the chair. Ease is to be gained by making the shapes and relative inclination of seat and back such as will evenly distribute the weight of the trunk and limbs over the widest possible supporting surface, and with the least straining of the parts out of their natural attitudes. And yet only now, after these thousands of years of civilization, are there being reached (and that not rationally but empirically) approximations to the structure required.

HAIL.

The Recent Terrible Storm in the Town of Burritt, Winnebago County, Ill.

From the Rockford (Ill.) Gazette, July 24.

Few things have caused much more excitement in the immediate neighborhood of its occurrence than the great hail-storm which took place near Wempletown, in this county, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. Arriving at Wempletown on Monday afternoon, we were informed by Mr. William Knapp that the tract of land most damaged by the storm was located on both sides of the road running directly south from Wempletown, and extended over an area of two miles in length by about a mile and a half in breadth. A little damage was done right in Wempletown, but, to any one driving through, it was hardly perceptible.

The first farm that was seriously damaged is one owned by H. H. Felch, and consists of about eighty acres. The crops are literally destroyed, and the grain fields look as flat and bare as though harvest was over, and the grain all stacked. A little further, on the right hand side of the same road, is the farm of Eli Felch, which is likewise totally destroyed, not a vestige of his crops remaining, and only here and there a broken stalk to indicate the whereabouts of his corn-field. The grain on these farms consisted principally of wheat and oats. The third house on the road running south from Wempletown belongs to Henry Murphy. It is a small frame building, standing but a short distance from the road. Henry Murphy was for many years in the employ of Emerson & Co., of Rockford, and about six years ago bought the farm, which, for this season at least, is a total wreck. At the time the storm commenced, Mrs. Murphy and children were in the house, and they describe the hail as rattling against the side of the house and coming through the panes of glass like so many bullets. Thirty panes of glass were smashed, the water-pipe was battered as with a hammer, and the north side of the house looked as though it had been hacked all over with a dull ax. Mr. Murphy had forty-two acres of small grain utterly destroyed, and thirty-five acres of corn. These crops were so driven into the ground that not an acre of it is good even for fodder. Plowing wheat under must be disheartening work for farmers, but nevertheless this is what they are obliged to do, and when Henry Murphy finishes cutting a little piece of hay, all he has left of this year's crops, he intends to plow the fields ready for next spring. A number of chickens were killed belonging to Mr. Murphy, but no other stock was destroyed. There is little doubt that the Murphy family will actually want before another crop can be raised, and this is but one example of the many whose little all was destroyed.

The man who suffered the most of any, and who certainly deserves the sympathy and assistance of the community, is Tobias Burns. His farm adjoins Murphy's, and his small frame house stands some distance back from the road. Mrs. Burns is a hard-working woman, with seven children, who are now left entirely destitute. The storm was more violent just here than at any other point, and the productions of 240 acres of land were completely swept away. Corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, grass, garden stuff, fruit, and all were literally plowed into the earth, and the entire fields are now as bare and barren as though harvest had been over for two months.

The house occupied by Mr. Burns is nearly a wreck. At the time of the storm Mr. Burns was away from home, and his wife, after trying to stop up the shattered windows with the beds, was compelled to seek safety for herself and children in the cellar. Two of the windows were completely blown out, and every pane of glass was smashed. The noise made by the hail-stones was terrific, which, combined with the crying of the children, the lowing of the cattle, and squealing of the pigs, must have all enhanced the terror of the storm. Mr. Burns has lost over $6,000, and, unless some of those who are not losers from the storm come forward to his assistance, he will be utterly ruined, and his children on the verge of starvation.

Patrick Murphy has 160 acres of grain nearly all destroyed. He managed, however, to save a few acres of barley, which is of no value but for fodder. He had some of his cows badly cut and lacerated. Charles Bulford lost one-third of his crops; also Larery Burns and several others, whose names we could not ascertain. William Dickinson was, undoubtedly, so far as dollars and cents are concerned, the greatest loser. Eighty acres of splendid corn was cut to pieces, and ninety or a hundred acres of small grain driven completely into the earth, making it difficult to tell wheat from oats or barley. William Mills had over ninety acres of small grain and seventy or eighty acres of corn destroyed, and Dennis Murphy has lost a greater part of his coops, save some barley, and a very little oats for fodder. John Clark and William Durno had their crops badly damaged, and many others, but not so bad as those especially mentioned. The whole damage done by the storm is estimated at from $30,000 to $40,000.

Bjornson, the Norwegian Poet, Coming to America.

Bjornson, the eminent Norwegian poet and novelist, some of whose works are known in this country, is said to have his eyes turned to this country as his future home. A writer in a Swedish periodical gives the following touching account of a recent visit to the poet, in which this intention is announced:

Swantwyk, of which Bjornson is the Vicar, is but four hours from Trondjhem. It occurred to me, as I had nothing special to do there for a day or two, that I might just as well drive out there and have a chat with the great novelist. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when my carriage stopped in front of the parsonage. It is a low, one-story wooden building that must have been erected at least 100 years ago. With its gabled roof, its heavy, time-begrimed thatch, its small, round windows, and the ivy covering its curious front, Bjorson's house is one which, once seen, will never be forgotten. It is no wonder that men who live in such houses have poetic inspirations. Andersen told me one day that the old house at Odense, where he was born, had inspired him with some of his happiest thoughts. The May evening was balmy and beautiful. Profound tranquility reigned in the quaint old village of Swantwyk. The peasants were yet at work in the fields. Only a few chubby children were in the unpaved street. I alighted and stepped up to the open door. A good-natured looking, rather prepossessing, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired woman of thirty-two or three received me.

"Is the Vicar in?" I asked.

"My husband is in the garden."

So that was the poet's wife. I followed her through the hallway into the yard, and thence to the garden-gate.

"Father!" she sung out in her clear alto voice. A second afterward, Bjornson's tall figure emerged from behind a basket. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and held a sprinkler in his hand. I had not seen him for seven years. He had grown visibly older, and his fine, manly face looked careworn. Our mutual recognition was instantaneous. There was a warm grasp of the hand, and a kindly northern welcome.

"And you are going to leave us?" I asked, after the first greetings were over.

"Yes, yes," he said, knitting his massive brow, "I must." His wife, who stood by our side, nodded her head silently, while a shadow of grief stole over her fine, sunny countenance. We went to the sitting-room—a plainly furnished apartment. In a corner stood the desk on which Bjornson had written his last three books. We sat down; Frau Bjornson brought in the coffee-pot, and, while we sipped the fragrant beverage, I heard the whole sorrowful story from the poet's lips. It was the old tale of ill-requited literary genius. What a shame for Norway! Her greatest author, her most popular novelist, her sweetest poet, her most charming fairy story-teller, so poor that he does not know how to make both ends meet.

"You see," said Bjornson, "I have been struggling hard for ten years. My vicarage pays me but $250 a year. For my books I have hardly received anything. My son Olaf should be sent to the Lyceum. I cannot afford it. Why should I stay, then, in Norway? I was told that my books had been well received in America. For two years I have been a close student of the English language; I can now write it with some degree of fluency. Our Norwegians in America are prosperous. Why should I not do well there likewise? If I do not succeed as a writer, I have strong arms to work."

The good wife now interposed. She said she dreaded the long sea voyage, but her husband had been unhappy in Swantwyk, for a year or longer, and dreamed day and night of the New World.

"Have you any offers from parties in America?" I asked.

"None at all," replied Bjornson; "I shall go to New York in October next on a venture. If I find something to do there I shall remain in the city. Otherwise I shall go farming in the Northwest."

I ventured to remonstrate.

"Why not apply to the royal government for an increase of salary?" I asked. Bjornson smiled bitterly.

"I have done so, time and again, and hardly received an answer. The government at Stockholm, you know, does not care much for Norway anyhow; and, to tell you the truth, I believe it hates Norwegian literature."

I bade Bjornson and his wife farewell with a heavy heart. We can not blame the poet for turning his back upon our country, but only ourselves.

THE WASHINGTON MARKET BOOTHS.

Their Demolition by the Board of Health—Scenes in the Market—A Great Rat Hunt.

From the New York Evening Post, July 21.

Washington Market, with its ragged booths and falling roof, has long been one of the most familiar sights to the citizens of New York. It has been, we believe, generally admitted that its outward appearance was not remarkable for beauty, cleanliness, or symmetry, but, notwithstanding all this, the market obtained a certain kind of public respect from the fact that it was very old,—one of the antiquities of the city, in fact,—and represented a vast amount of money. The progress of the fight between the standholders in the market, the Board of Health, and the Commissioner of Public Works has been fully reported, and it is not at this time necessary to review it. Suffice it to say that the stalls protruding over the sidewalks in Vesey, West, and Fulton streets have long been regarded as public nuisances, inimical to public health and public convenience.

The Board of Health determined to demolish these sheds, and last night, after procuring the vacation of an order from the Supreme Court restraining them from interference, proceeded to do so.

A large force of laborers, specially engaged, and protected by a force of 300 policemen, under the command of the two veterans, Inspector Walling and Capt. Copeland, were marched down to the market and ordered to begin the demolishment of the sheds.

So sudden an attack, as may well be imagined, filled with dismay the hearts of the standholders who were yet at their posts, more especially as they believed that the injunction issued by Judge Pratt in the early part of the day was still in force.

It is only due to them to say that they exhibited no great amount of ill-temper or resistance, although many of them will be great sufferers by the action of the Health Board. Some of the men, indeed, were very angry, and muttered threats between their teeth, but the force of police on the ground was sufficient to overawe them, even if they had not been restrained by the arguments of their more temperate friends.

The work of demolition began, and throughout the night the sounds of the blows from axes and hammers, mingled with the crash of falling timbers, the rattle of sheets of tin, and the shouts of the laborers re-echoed through the lower part of the city.

All night long the work proceeded steadily, the owners of the property in the meantime looking gloomily on. Reporters who were present at the time tell us that one or two women were in tears, but with this exception no outward sign of dissatisfaction was given, and it was evident that the standholders had convinced themselves of the futility of resistance, and resolved upon their future course of action. The course of action which they intend to pursue will be explained below.

The oldest wanderer among the purlieus of the market must have been astonished at its appearance this morning. It looked as ragged as ever, to be sure, possibly a little more untidy than usual, but for all that it was possible to walk around it without being run over or coming into collision with pedestrians at every other step. It needed not the worn and dusty appearance of the workmen to understand that they had done their work faithfully. The old and decayed sheds, which for the last thirty years have surrounded the market proper, had disappeared, and the curbstones of the sidewalks were once more restored to the light of day. Vesey street, West street, and Fulton street were filled with wagons laden with debris, old flooring planks, broken window frames, fragments of tin and broken glass, bits of cloth and canvas, stray lobster-shells, old cabbage-stalks, jagged pipes, and every other kind of rubbish which was once a part of Washington Market.

And the boys? They were in their element, with no one to interfere with them. The police acted a wise part. There was no disposition to create a disturbance, and they were probably well pleased to allow the difficulty to be solved in good humor. So the officers sat here and there on stoops, smoked and chatted, and laughed at the sight before them. The standholders had forgotten their sorrows in the prevailing excitement, and many of them, rather than stand idle, positively helped in the destruction of their own property.

Rats are not, humanly speaking, lovable animals, but if there had been fewer rats in Washington Market there would have been more ill-temper. The place swarms with them. The roofs, the walls, the floors, every crack, every crevice forms a snug hiding-place for rats—huge fellows, big, brown, lazy, and fat, some of them almost too plethoric for active exertion. Whenever a beam was pulled down or a plank torn up, out fell or out rushed a rat, and each unfortunate rat was pursued with shrieks, and yells, and immoderate laughter by boys and men, and sometimes even by a policeman. And the rats, although outnumbered, had not so bad a chance after all. They found crannies everywhere in which to hide. A piece of board, an empty basket, a heap of vegetables, an open drain, were to them so many harbors of refuge, and their pursuers were often baffled after a long and arduous chase.

Half a dozen dogs joined in the hunt from pure love of sport, but, in the hurry and excitement of the moment, caught more blows than rats. So the fun went on fast and furious, and the rat hunt created more excitement than the demolition of the sheds.

At noon to-day the present task of the Health Board was almost completed. The booths had disappeared, and the boundary walls of the market proper were exposed to view, and presented a strange appearance when the roofs had been cut in twain and the old oak beams had been closely sawed off.

There still remained a great quantity of rubbish to be removed, but a score of scavengers will be sufficient to clear that away, and Vesey and Fulton streets will then be as open as they were when first laid out.

But the marketmen have fully made up their minds that the so-called "raid" of last night is only the precursor of a more serious attack.

There are far greater nuisances on West and Vesey streets than any of those which have now been removed, and it is expected that within a few days, or perhaps in a shorter time, the side-stalls of these streets will be cleared away.

The holders of these booths are also expecting some such action, and, indeed, confess that they have no more right to be where they are than the persons displaced last night.

It was generally expected that the forcible abolishment of the Washington Market booths would be attended with a desperate resistance. The peaceable accomplishment of the work has, therefore, caused some little surprise, but the marketmen this morning frankly explained the reasons for their acquiescence.

They made no secret of their intention to bring suits for damages against the city, and profess themselves confident that they will be successful.

It is understood that a committee has already been formed to raise the funds necessary for beginning these actions, and that Mr. Abraham R. Lawrence will be entrusted with their conduct.

They do not deny that the Board of Health was justified in the course adopted, and, so far as could be ascertained, acknowledge that their stalls were likely to breed disease. But they claim that this was not their fault, and maintain that they had established a right to the possession of the stalls by the long-continued payments to the city of fees for rents and permits.

A Hot Day in Danbury.

From the Danbury News.

It was so warm Monday that it was impossible to work without having the window open, and while the air was hot enough to shrivel up a Judge of Probate, there was breeze enough to carry papers from a desk with astonishing velocity. When we weren't catching for a memorandum, we were diving after a poem, or clutching hopelessly for an advertisement, or springing after an essay on the statesmanship of the thirteenth century. Sometimes we were compelled to make a jump for all of them at once, and during the operation may have made some statements about the weather that in the future will trouble us to prove. And so the afternoon wore on, first a plunge and then a statement, until about 4 o'clock. At that hour a fleshy man with a book under his arm, and a No. 8 smile on his face, appeared in front of us. He immediately proceeded to business by observing that the weather was exceedingly warm, and that he had the honor of being engaged in canvassing for Dr. Whimplebee's "Observations in Palestine," a book that comprised the views of the intelligent doctor on what he saw, with numerous speculations and comprehensive theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a volume of deep research, pure theology, and chaste imagery. Here we interrupted him to plunge after the copy for an auction bill. Then we put our arm out the miscellaneous matter, and put the poem where we could set on it, and hungrily awaited further particulars. This was a work every family should have, and that people generally would be glad to hear of. He had already secured the names of the clergy, and knowing how popular and thoroughly attractive was our paper, he had called to have a little notice inserted stating that he was in town, and prepared to take the names of the excited populace. He had no notice prepared, but if we would give him a scrap of paper and the loan of our pencil he would scribble a word or so. At first we were prompted to suggest that the doctor might be wanting him, but a better thought struck us, and surrendering the desk to his use, we cautioned him to lose none of the papers, and stepping into the other room mounted a table where we could get a good view of the desk, and waited for developments. First he opened the book at the title page and after studying over it a moment to get a clear and tangible idea of the work, proceeded to make a careful copy of it. Just as he got well to work a zephyr danced in and carried off an account of a runaway. The agent for "Observations in Palestine" made a pass for it, and securing it, triumphantly restored it to its place, and immediately darted after a State item. Getting back again he run his hands through his hair, cast a severe glance at the window, grasped his pencil to record more inspiration from the title page, when another breeze came along and made a general sweep. Both of his arms came down together, but he didn't catch more than half the stuff. He put weights on this and dashed after the rest, and as he was a fleshy gentleman with a pair of pants that must have come from a job lot, he didn't look very suggestive of Palestine. The work on the title page went on, however, with brief intervals for recovering articles. At first he didn't say anything when the breeze bombarded him, but after a while he grew more acquainted, and commenced to converse. The first observation he made was "Ah! indeed!" Then he said "Look out there!" and becoming still more sociable and confidential ventured a trifle on history, calling on "Jupiter!" "Christopher!" and "O, Gabriel!" Pretty soon one sheet of his manuscript came sailing into our room, and out he dashed after it. He made a grab for it as it went over the rail, but missed it, and it dropped down and rolled under the table, before he could reach it. It was that part of the title page which referred more particularly to the City of Jerusalem, and if we are not mistaken he mentioned the place as he crawled under the table. However that may be, he secured the piece, and carried it back to the table, and then dropped it as another gust danced in and back it came, and back he came after it, looking very red in the face and prepared to talk further about Jerusalem. Then he got back in time to make another, and hopeless lunge for the second page. It struck the floor before he could save it, but he jumped on it with both heels, and turned them around on it, and ground his teeth till you could hear him on the next floor. Then he picked it up and brushed it off, and mopped his brow with his arm, and proceeded to renew his attack on Palestine, when more wind came in and another invoice of documents sailed upward and spread outward, and again he sprang up and darted after them, dancing up and down and throwing his arms, and shouting localities that are not on our Palestine map. Then he turned over the chair and kicked it, and dashed his hat on the floor and jumped into it, and screamed such awful things about the weather, and made such astounding statements about what he would do if he could, that we felt compelled to have the agent for Dr. Whimplebee's "Observations in Palestine" led down stairs and into the street. We haven't seen him since, but we understand that he was seen under the influence of liquor late that night, and, having exchanged the "Observations in Palestine" for a pint of Jamaica rum, is consigning the eminent Whimplebee beyond the annoyances of breezes. Had we not furnished him with accommodations as he desired we might have felt in some way responsible for this descent, and it would have made us uncomfortable.

Depth of the Atlantic Ocean.

The main theatre of sounding operations has been the Atlantic Ocean, which, from its relation to the leading commercial nations and for intercontinental telegraphic purposes, has been more carefully surveyed than any other great body of water. Open from pole to pole, participating in all conditions of climate, communicating freely with other seas, and covering 30,000,000 square miles, it is believed to represent general oceanic conditions, and to contain depths nearly, if not quite, as great as the other ocean basins of the world, although but little is known, it is true, in this respect of the Indian, Antarctic, and Pacific Seas. The general result of its soundings would indicate that the average depth of the Atlantic bed is not much more than 12,000 feet, and there seem to be few depressions deeper than 15,000 or 20,000 feet, a little more than the height of Mont Blanc. Dr. Thomson sums up the general results of the Atlantic soundings as follows: "In the Arctic Sea there is deep water, reaching to 9,000 feet to the west and southwest of Spitsbergen. Extending from the coast of Norway, and including Iceland, the Faroe Islands, Shetland and Orkney, Great Britain and Ireland, and the bed of the North Sea to the coast of France, there is a wide plateau, on which the depth rarely reaches 3,000 feet; but to the West of Iceland and communicating doubtless with the deep water in the Spitsbergen Sea, a trough 500 miles wide, and, in some places, nearly 12,000 feet deep, curves along the east coast of Greenland. This is the path of one of the great Arctic return-currents. After sloping gradually to a depth of 3,000 [illegible] westward of the coast of Ireland, in latitude [illegible] degrees, the bottom suddenly dips to 10,000 feet at the rate of about 15 to 19 feet in the 100; and from this point to within about 200 miles of the coast of Newfoundland, when it begins to rise again, there is a vast undulating submarine plain, averaging about 12,000 feet in depth below the surface—the 'telegraph plateau.'

A valley about 500 miles wide, and with a mean depth of 15,000 feet, stretches from off the southwest coast of Ireland, along the coast of Europe, dipping into the Bay of Biscay, past the Strait of Gibraltar, and along the west coast of Africa. Opposite the Cape de Verde Islands, it seems to merge into a slightly deeper trough which occupies the axis of the South Atlantic, and passes into the Antarctic Sea. A nearly similar valley curves around the coast of North America, about 12,000 feet in depth, off Newfoundland and Labrador, and becoming considerably deeper to the southward, where it follows the outline of the coast of the States, and the Bahamas and Windward Islands, and finally joins the central trough of the South Atlantic off the coast of Brazil, with a depth of [illegible] feet."—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

Monkey-Emotions.

The moral and psychical emotions of the anthropoid apes are just now the subject of considerable discussion and inquiry. Sir Edwin Landseer, as is well known, painted a picture of a weeping monkey; and it is now asserted that some species exercise an affectionate care for their dead. Mr. James Forbes adduces in evidence of this an observation of his own, to be found in his "Oriental Memoirs," and suggests that the very primitive religion—worship of the ancestor—is common to the lowest savages and the highest anthropoid monkeys. The passage is as follows:

"One of a shooting party, under a banyan tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise and seemed disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed, and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, babbling furiously; the sportsman, who, perhaps, felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and, by the most expressive gestures, seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."

A Woman Who Wanted to Be a Lawyer.

At Gadsden, Alabama, last week, during the session of the Chancery Court, Miss [illegible] applied for a license to practice law. She was examined as to her qualifications by Col. Martin, Aiken, ex-Chancellor [illegible], Capt. [illegible] ningham, and J. H. Disque, who reported that she was incompetent. Then came the tug of war. She got wrathy, and said that it was nothing more than she expected; accused the Court and Bar of robbing her, and called them a lot of robbers. The Chancellor ordered the Sheriff to put her out of the Court-room [illegible] of court, and she replied that she [illegible] to speak. The Sheriff started to [illegible] but she declined to be escorted. [illegible] lor then allowed her to remain, if she would be quiet; otherwise, he would have her put [illegible] She subsided.

REAL ESTATE.

Present Condition and Prospects of Business.

Auction and Other Sales---Forthcoming Auctions.

The Project to Improve Michigan Avenue in Hyde Park.

Improvements on Lake Avenue---Transfers for the Week.

Everybody says, "Business in real estate is very quiet;" but, when we come to look around at the close of the week and inquire what has been done in the various quarters of the city and by the numerous real estate agents, we always find that the aggregate volume of business has been larger than anybody thought. The average volume of transfers recorded each week is still from $700,000 to $800,000,—much larger amounts than in any other city of the United States except New York. The transfers at this season of the year represent almost exclusively the sales of single lots in the city or near suburbs for actual occupation, and the fact that the aggregate is so large at this usually dull period, shows a healthy investment demand from persons making permanent homes. Speculation in large amounts is not active, and never is in July and August. But notwithstanding all that is said about the improbability of prices *always* continuing to advance, there is more reason for a large advance during the next year or two than there has been in any past year. The constant increase of the population and business of the city is a sufficient reason for the continued advance in value of suburban property, at least, because the city must grow to take in more and more of it every year. There is, of course, a great deal of property in the central parts of the city that reaches its maximum value and remains stationary for many years, and even in some localities depreciates on account of the changes in business localities caused by a great variety of circumstances. In the transition from the occupation of central property as residence to bussiness neighborhoods, there is always a time when it is not well adapted to either, and depreciates in value. But even in this there comes a time when speculation takes hold of it. This is the experience in all cities, and in another place below will be found a recent instance of this, even in London, where the values of real estate are commonly supposed to be fixed by the annual rental, as unchangeably as the laws of the Medes and Persians. As far as the prospects for a continued increase in the value of real estate in Chicago are concerned, they certainly never looked better than now. It is now certain that there will be large crops of everything in the West this year. The prospect that there will be a large foreign demand for these, makes it probable that the West generally will feel rich next fall and spring, in which case it cannot fail to stimulate trade, and draw more population to this city to engage in trade and manufacturing. This is the surest foundation for an increase in the value of real estate.

AUCTION SALES.

Elison & Foster sold at public auction, on last Saturday, 43 lots located on Division, Hoyne, Crystal, and Bryson streets, near the corner of Hoyne and Division streets. Prices ranged from $545 to $905 per lot, aggregating, $29,245. The lots on Division street sold for from $750 to $905. Lots on Hoyne street sold for $700 to $800. On Bryson street for $550 per lot. On Crystal for $555 per lot.

Wm. A. Butters & Co. sold at public auction, on last Wednesday, 16 lots at Oakwood, prices ranging from $306 to $487.50 per lot.

On Friday the same firm sold at auction about 400 feet, located on Wabash avenue, near Fifty-ninth street; considerations, $65 per foot. Also, on the same day, 19 lots in Ravenswood, for prices ranging from $9.75 to $15.56 per front foot.

OTHER SALES.

John Culver sold 14 acres in the S. W. ¼ of Sec. 12, 41, 13, located one-half mile southwest of the North Evanston depot; consideration, $16,000.

Millard & Decker sold 4 acres adjoining Lawndale, on the east side, on Homan avenue; consideration (for the 4 acres), $10,000. Also, one lot, 31x125, in Lawndale; consideration, $1,000.

Matson Hill sold to Prof. Thomas Charles 5 acres in Hill's Subdivision at South Englewood; consideration, $1,500 per acre. Mr. Charles will erect a dwelling on the property during the season. A two-story frame building, in the same subdivision, by another party, is to be erected at once.

Taylor & Brooks sold 1 lot, 50x104 feet, on Douglas place, west of Rhodes avenue; consideration, $6,250; also 1 lot 24x125 on Hamilton avenue, north of Jackson street; consideration, $1,300.

FORTHCOMING SALES.

Elison & Foster will sell at public auction on next Wednesday at 1:45 p. m., on the ground, 60 lots located in Washington Heights, Blocks 5 and 6 of Hitt's Subdivision of the S. E. ¼ of Sec. 8, 37, 14. Terms, ¼ down and balance in 1 and 2 years at 8 per cent interest.

Wm. A. Butters will sell, at public auction, on next Saturday, at 10 a. m., on the premises, a house, lot, and barn, No. 696 Wabash avenue. Terms, $3,000 cash, $5,000 in July, 1875, and balance in July, 1876. A free train will leave the Rock Island depot at 1:45 p. m. Parties desiring to look at this region will have an opportunity of doing so at this time.

On Thursday afternoon next, the same parties will sell at auction, at 3 p. m., on the premises, two lots, 25x121 feet each, located on Indiana avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets. Terms, one-third down, balance in one and two years.

IMPROVING MICHIGAN AVENUE.

The proposal of the owners of property on Michigan avenue, between Thirty-ninth and Sixty-third streets, to improve the street so as to make it an attractive route for some of the pleasure-driving that now makes the South Park boulevard so attractive, is a very sensible and commendable one; the only cause for surprise is that it has not been done before. Michigan avenue has always been associated—in the minds of both citizens and strangers—with the most choice residence property of Chicago. "The Avenue" is fully entitled to this distinction. No other avenue of the city can compare to it in the number of its handsome residences. All the way from Twelfth street to Fortieth, a distance of three miles, it is lined on both sides with beautiful residences and fine churches, and is in every respect more a first-class residence street than any other in the city. It is reasonably certain that the same character will attach to the avenue from Fortieth street to Sixty-third. But the owners of property on that part of it have felt so secure of this that they have neglected to provide the attractions that draw pleasure travel along it, and have permitted the pleasure driving to be diverted almost entirely to the boulevards further east. The routes which people frequent in their drives these pleasant summer evenings become familiar to them. This familiarity makes them seem less remote from their present homes in the more densely populated quarters of the city, and, finally, when they find it judicious to move further out, as most people do sooner or later in all growing cities, this familiarity generally decides the location of the new home on some spot with which they have become acquainted in their drives about the suburbs. The roadway from Thirty-fifth to Sixty-third streets on Michigan avenue is in miserable condition. By allowing it to become so, the property-owners have practically driven off all who would otherwise have become familiar with its real importance as a location for a home. Compared with the Grand boulevard, it is in many respects the most desirable of the two for a residence. The price of property fronting on Michigan avenue is but little over one-half what it is on the boulevard. It is free from many harassing restrictions which the Park Commissioners are obliged to lay on the transit of vehicles with coal, groceries, hay, and other necessaries to the houses of those living on it, and against connecting private drains from houses with the system of park-sewers which drain the boulevards.

If the owners of property on Michigan avenue, south of Fortieth street, will put in gas and water, have the curbing put in, and the street graveled, and, finally, taking for example what Mr. S. J. Walker has done on Ashland avenue in the way of planting out trees, will set out this fall two or three hundred large elm and ash trees, they can make that part of Michigan avenue so attractive by next summer that it will fill up with fine residences more quickly than any other suburban street about the city. The whole of these improvements (including sewerage), as soon as it can be done, would not cost over $12 to $15 per front foot of the lots. As soon as it was done it would enhance the value of the property to three times that amount, and would induce the building of fine residences along the entire route. The convenience of transit to stations on the Rock Island, Michigan Southern, and Fort Wayne Railroads adjacent to all parts of Michigan avenue south of Thirty-ninth street would probably have induced much more building than has been done there if the property-owners had taken any pains at all to render it attractive to the class of purchasers they would care to sell to.

IMPROVEMENTS ON LAKE AVENUE.

On this avenue, south of Thirty-fifth street, Judge Fridley, of Aurora, is building five four-story and sub-basement dwelling-houses, fronting west. The same party is just completing, in the same locality, two two-story and basement white marble octagon-front dwellings.

Mr. Horton has just enclosed two three-story and basement marble-front dwellings on this avenue, opposite Judge Fridley's houses, fronting east.

Immediately adjoining these, on the north, Hull & Lidell are building three two-story and basement and Mansard roof dwellings, thus making twelve fine marble buildings that will soon be completed and ready for fall occupancy in this locality.

The property-owners on this avenue propose at once to put in a sewer from Oakwood avenue (the city limits) to Douglas place. The contracts have also been signed by the property-owners to pave this avenue from Douglas place to the city limits with wooden blocks, thus making a continuous drive to Hyde Park and the boulevards.

REAL ESTATE SPECULATIONS IN LONDON.

So much is said in all parts of the country about real estate speculation in Chicago that many people imagine there is no speculation in other cities. The following, however, from the New York *Mail* shows that the increase of wealth, even in the old cities of Europe, induces the continual investment of it in land as the safest disposal that can be made of money which the owners do not wish to risk in banks or in the hazards of trade:

Not long ago, there was an instance where the same piece of property passed from one owner to another, several times in the course of a few days, and each time at a large advance in price. In one of the large city thoroughfares of London, a block of old residences was in the market for a purchaser. One presented himself whom we will call A, and who offered $50,000, payable within a certain number of days. The offer was accepted and the bargain was closed. On his way home, the buyer met a friend, whom we will call B, and told him all about his new purchase except the price. When asked by B if he intended to keep the property or sell it, A replied that he would be willing to part with it for $100,000. B entered upon a negotiation, and at length concluded the purchase of the property at the price demanded. He then wrote a note to a friend, C, stating that he had some houses and land which he was inclined to sell and inviting C to take a look at this property, and make an offer for it. C took a survey, was convinced of the prospective value of the site, and, after considerable preliminary skirmishing, gave B good reasons for inclining to sell by offering him $175,000. Here, certainly, everything went merrily along.

But the financial part of the speculation was as simple as the negotiations; for A gave his check to the original owner for $50,000, took B's for $100,000, and the latter took C's for $175,000. Without doubt all were mightily pleased with a series of operations which had paid so well and in only one week or ten days of time. The story goes that the party met each other soon afterwards and conversed about the matter somewhat more frankly than while the trading was going on. Says B to C, "What are you going to do with that property?" "Well," said C, "I didn't care to keep it, so I parted with it cheap." "At what price?" "I got only $250,000 for it." Then B ran against A, and asked, as a matter of curiosity, what he gave for the property; to which he answered, truthfully, $50,000." But B cruelly went on to say that, after buying it for $100,000, he had sold it for $175,000, and it has since been sold for $250,000. The result was that A, who had doubled his money, really has conjured up the feeling that he has been a loser to the amount of $200,000 by having made the sale at all. But the trouble was that he didn't meet the $250,000 purchaser in B. And real estate life is full of just such episodes as this.

The following instruments were filed for record on Saturday, July 26:

CITY PROPERTY.

West Ohio st, near n w cor of Ashland av, s f, Lot 71, dated June 16; consideration, $1,000.

Edgar st, bet Bloomingdale rd and Wabansia av, w f, 25 ft to alley, dated June 25; consideration, $600.

Lot 26 in sub-Block 4 of s ½ Block 3, Sheffield's Addition, dated July 16; consideration, $1,350.

Indiana av, bet Thirtieth and Thirty-first sts, e f, undivided half of 24x119 ft, dated May 1; consideration, $4,500.

Emerald av, s e cor Thirty-eight st, w f, Lots 26 and 27, dated July 12; consideration, $2,300.

Grove st, west of and near Stewart av, e f, three undivided one-eighths of 148 ft to river, dated July 17; consideration, $15,000.

Three undivided one-eighth parts of same lot as above, dated July 17; consideration, $15,000.

Undivided half of the above lot, dated July 1; consideration, $18,500.

Lot 14 in A. P. Down & Co's subdivision, in n w ¼ Sec 13, 39, 13, with buildings, dated July 25; consideration, $4,000.

West Adams st, s e cor of Lincoln st, Lot 11, dated July 22; consideration, $3,800.

Adams st, 147 6-10 ft w of Michigan av, s f, 24x52 ft, dated May 20; consideration, $12,000.

Lots 15 and 16, in Block 4, Sutton's Addition, dated May 26; consideration, $4,360.

Buddan st, 75 ft s of Napoleon place, w f, 25x125½ ft, dated July 25; consideration, $3,000.

North Water st, 80 ft w of Dearborn st, s f, 20x100 ft, dated July 22; consideration, $2,150.

West Huron st, 300 ft w of Oakley st, n f, 30x123¾ ft, dated March 31; consideration, $800.

Canal st, s of and near Harrison st, w f, 40x84 ft, dated June 11; consideration, $6,762.

Lot 38, in Crane's Block 6, United States Bank Addition, dated June 24; consideration, $525.

Lot 19, in Jacobs' Lots 24, 25, etc., of w ½ n e ¼ Sec 26, 39, 13, dated April 28; consideration, $300.

Lot 35, in Block 13, D. S. Lee's Addition, dated July 23; consideration, $1,200.

Western av, s w cor of Taylor st, e f, 72½x112 ft, dated March 4; consideration, $3,650.

Western av, 286 ft s of Coulter st, w f, 24x100 ft, dated May 31; consideration, $1,000.

North Carpenter st, bet Ohio and Indiana sts, w f, 32½ ft to alley, dated July 22; consideration, $6,500.

West Twelfth st, bet Clinton and Jefferson sts, s f, 50x123½ ft, dated June 1; consideration, $8,000.

Pratt st, bet Morgan and Sangamon sts, n f, 19 ft to alley, dated July 26; consideration, $750.

E ½ of Sub-Lot 11 in Assessors Lot 3, in Block 2, Sheffield's Addition, dated May 9; consideration, $2,300.

West Indiana st, near n w cor of Bickerdike st, s f, 25 ft to alley, dated July 11; consideration, $3,000.

Lot 10, in Block 2 of Assessors, n e ¼ Sec 8, 39, 14, dated July 23; consideration, $10,000.

SOUTH OF CITY LIMITS.

Lot 5, in Block 1, in Childs' subdivision, in Ridgewood, Hyde Park, dated May 6; consideration, $3,000.

Lots 11 and 12, in Block 59 of University subdivision, in Sec 7, 38, 14, dated July 10; consideration, $400.

Lots 7 and 8, in Block 12 of Bell's w ½ of s w ¼ Sec 17, 38, 14, dated July 23; consideration, $600.

SUMMARY FOR THE WEEK.

The following is the total amount of city and suburban property transfered during the week ending Saturday, July 26: City property, number of sales, 168; consideration, $898,026. North of city limits, number of sales, 6; consideration, $8,325. South of city limits, number of sales, 33; consideration, $153,920. West of city limits, number of sales, 4; consideration, $52,587. Total sales, 211; total consideration, $1,112,858.

THOSE LITTLE ITALIANS AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The contribution of Mrs. Lyman in THE TRIBUNE, this morning, reminds me of a case something similar which came under my observation some time ago. A little Italian boy, with his fiddle, was found on the steps of my store at 12 o'clock at night. He seemed tired, hungry, sad, and lonely. We took him in and treated him kindly. He was not disposed to answer questions, and we never fully determined whether he refused through fear of something, or could not understand the language. He made motions, by which we inferred that he either had been or would be beaten. I dared not let him remain all night in my store, not knowing what confederates he *might* have, and at length he went on his way.

We have had enough of this, and it is time that something should be done. Nothing is considered so disreputable in Chicago as idleness, and we have been in the habit of looking upon these street musicians as little, idle vagabonds, claiming neither our sympathy nor regard; and the remark is often made, "Let them go to work;" but, if they are really slaves, starved and ill-treated, it is quite a different thing. If another case of the kind comes in my way, I intend to retain the boy, and sift the matter to the bottom. Would it not be well for the press to make a dash at this subject? The public mind is ready for it. M.

CHICAGO, July 26, 1873.

Mind and Brains.

The brains of idiots have usually been found quite small—often less than half the ordinary weight, and in some instances less than a fourth. But in a list of crania contained in a recent work by Dr. Flint, one idiot is shown to have had a brain that weighed 54.33 ounces; two others had brains weighing a little more than 48 ounces; the brain of another, of "the lowest degree of intelligence," 46.56, and that of one "below the condition of a brute," 44.3, or less than four ounces below the normal weight of the human brain. The cranial cavity was measured by Morton in 623 instances; the largest, 114 cubic inches, was that of a German; the smallest, that of an Australian, only 58 cubic inches.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

Their Gregarious Habits--Their Prodigality--The Blinding Influences of a Title of Nobility.

Paris (June 10) Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

The American living in the Grand Hotel is almost on his native heath. More than half of its inmates are of his nationality, some of whom live permanently in the hotel as in America, the gregarious feature in their character, as usual, drawing them together. English papers are strewn over the tables of the great sitting-room, and English is as much the language of the house as French. On the balustrade, under the glass roof, the clatter of the horses' feet on the asphalte and the slamming trunks furnish him with that American bustle to which he is accustomed. Under his hand, on the left, the interior cafe provides him with those beverages for which the American throat is believed to thirst continually. The glass-covered space and spacious corridors and sitting-rooms form an exchange for the discussion of transatlantic topics. It is a proverb in England that when you wish to put your finger on a Frencnman in London you go to Leicester square; and it may be said with like truth that the American in Paris must be sought for in the Grand Hotel or around the corner in Rue Scribe. In this great conservatory, with glass on all sides of him, he talks of Tammany and Pacific Mail as if he had never left Manhattan Island. There are lounging youths from the upper part of that island, whose general circulation outside of the great hotel is restricted to something within gun-shot range. Around the corner are the three principal banking houses, where these clients are taken charge of in a manner almost parental—money, newspapers, and writing paper, like the bread in a French restaurant, at discretion. If they wish to find a friend who is unknown in the American Exchange, they seek him in the ponderous registers of these establishments. If they have misgivings as to the dividends of their Erie or Slack-Water Navigation, they get the banker's ear and ask to be advised. If their social or financial status is brought into question, the banker is their standing reference. In the same short row are the agencies of the steamers plying between Europe and America. Across the way is the office of an American newspaper, which contains long lists of wandering citizens in every part of Europe. There are also American tailors, dress and glove makers in the neighborhood, which are all civilizing agencies. But what must be said of the American bar, whose front looks out as boldly on Rue Scribe as any of its neighboring establishments, where the money goes into the strong box instead of down the throat? Here, on the tall of the counter, are the eternal crackers and cheese, and standing in front of the bar, are the young loungers from Columbus land, living in the past, and tippling the home beverages. The horse is staple, and the ramifications concerning Belmont's stock, and the ups and downs of old John Harper, are endless. An occasional Gaul enters to catch a glimpse of Yankees and their customs; he swallows the *cocktel* and the *sherrie gobblaire*, and pronounces them good, with a wry face; he even goes so far as to say, with that politeness which is his religion, that it is rather pleasant to stand before the counter and gulp after the manner of the American citizen, and when he sees one of them drunk he says—amiable liar—that the maudlin creature is only gay. Across the boulevard from the Grand Hotel, up two flights of stairs, America is still on American soil in the Washington Club, where he may play poker with the same freedom as on a Mississippi steamboat, and for as heavy a wager. That familiar household god, the spittoon, is within hitting distance, and a little circular bar furnishes that array of mixtures for which America is famous, and that dexterous bar-keeper who grows only in the land of Columbus. Here are the same handsome, frolicsome fellows, whom I left a month or two ago, in Delmonico's, spinning yarns and talking back and fro in their own quick way, with their "too thin" and other bits of American vernacular which I missed on my way through England.

Up on the Elysian Fields and tributaries our countrymen colonize in flats and in the English and American boarding-houses, which furnish the matutinal flannel steak and hot bread without which some of their consumers would think life was a vale of tears. Within convenient distance there are three English and American churches. In the shady grounds of the Tuileries and the Elysian Fields the children play rolly-bolly, or sit before the fascinations of *Guignol*—the French Punch and Judy. From the heights about the Triumphal Arch our country women swoop down upon the shops,—the Pence store of the Fourth of September street, the Bon Marche on the other side of the river, and kindred establishments; the jewelry, sham and genuine, of the Palais Royal, and the ribbons and feathers of Rue Cairo. To buy is the rage—for themselves, for friends and kindred, for those who have not yet come into the world, and those who are about leaving it. Mothers come with diagrams of boudoirs, drawing-rooms, and bed-chambers, and exact measurement in feet and inches, and the house is thus fitted like a glove to the last detail, and what surprises them is that so much can be done with money. In effect, all the paraphernalia of material life is at the command of these dames; but if they seek for anything besides, say that healthy, social atmosphere and rectitude in domestic life to which they have been accustomed at home, they are doomed to more or less disappointment. The Parisians not engaged in commerce are hardly glad to see the great number of travelers who annually come to this city, and who aver that their coming makes life dear, and that if they stayed away the Parisians would be able to live more comfortably on limited incomes in the loved city. This is held to be the case especially with regard to Americans, who are more lavish in their expenditures than any other people. The inconvenience to these moderate rentiers is amply compensated for, however, in the general welfare contributed to the nation through the increased commerce and production created by traveling purchasers. Indeed, if any one has the right to complain, it seems that such right should be lodged with the United States, which suffers from a gold premium, in a measure, through the heavy purchases of her people in the French capital. There is another small class of French people who dislike to see rich foreigners in Paris on patriotic grounds, alleging that their influence as pleasure-seekers is bad on the native population; that the former, away from the restraints of home, give themselves over to a licentious mode of life which they would never think of doing in their native land; thus, according to these objectors, the French capital is made a city of pleasure only, and public and private virtue is lowered. It is, doubtless, true that the absence of the foreign element would make of France a more virile though a poorer nation. In the United States the stranger takes with him simplicity of character, working hands, and a determination to make the country his home; in France he brings with him money, and an idea of a holiday gratification of the senses.

In the foreigners settled at Paris a certain adaptability is observable in the Americans when compared with the Englishmen. The Briton, after a long residence, is as fixed in his habits as if he had never left his native land. He imposes himself as in wild lands, and must be taken as he is, with his habits and opinions, or be left alone. All the temptation of Parisian society does not take the average Briton out of his groove. Faithfully with wife and numerous red-headed children, all provided with prayer-books, he marches solemnly to church of a Sunday, while his French neighbor is pleasure-junketing or love-making. All the light of the medical world will not draw him away from the black draught. The most tempting features of the Cafe Anglais will not induce him to quit the great joint. At home he might be brawling with the Opposition, but here the British Government is perfect. The other day I heard a French shop-keeper and an Englishman talking about the present form of the Government in France, when the latter said, dogmatically, "This is not a Government." "What is it, then?" asked the Gaul. "It is a circus," replied the Englishman.

There is virtue in this English tenacity to home institutions; these individualities, all heartily believing in and upholding Great Britain, bind the nation together as with hooks of steel. Many of our countrymen are so adaptable in character that they partially lose their nationality, or throw it off altogether. This is especially the case with some young women whom we find to-day deploring with the Bonapartists the loss of their Government and condemning any system of republicanism, whether here or across the water. Title has much to do with this. It is singular how the principles of a lifetime are thus sometimes swept away in a few weeks—how the feminine mind, drilled in the good old doctrines of the native soil, goes down before a brief siege from a young gentleman with a coronet in the bottom of his *claque* and two more on the ends of his shirt-sleeves. There is often an indelicate haste about it, equal to the marriage proceeding of Hamlet's mother. There are amusing instances of these young persons cutting all their old neighbors from the day of the matrimonial alliance, it being as much as they could possibly do in their new position to continue to receive father and mother. If there is any doubt as to the breaking down of principle, there cannot be much as to the loss of delicacy involved in these Franco-American marriages. The little Baronet with the crown on his shirt-sleeves frankly says that he cannot think of proposing to Miss Columbia unless she will pay him so much down on the nail; Miss C. applies to her father, and occasionally the old toady pays the foreigner, whose *claque* and shirt-sleeve organization have exercised such fatal fascination, giving him a sum to induce him to marry the daughter. The ingenuous wearer of the titulary wampum will not trust his proposed father-in-law—he must be paid in advance; and the old man's ears are made to tingle—that is, if there is anything of his early training left in him—with the huckstering about figures until the ceremony is over. The French themselves are much more practical than the American seekers of titles. There are few French families who would be satisfied with a title alone; they consider fortune, character, probity, and regularity of life more important. Besides, titled people are as plenty as blackberries with them, and there is really no distinction between those who have a title and those who have not; hence they are never dazed with the brightness of novelty as Miss Columbia often is.

THE SUNDAY LAWS.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Some time since, I endeavored to point out to the readers of THE TRIBUNE some of the sophistries and misrepresentations of "A German-American," as given to the public through the same medium.

I would now like to call attention to some ideas advanced by "A *Native*-American" in your issue of the 20th inst.

Like "A German-American" (wonder if the "Native" is not a descendant of the "German?"), the "Native" assumes certain things as facts which I think are not admissible, and ignores certain other facts which the public should constantly keep in view.

The first assumption which I will notice is, that the endeavor to enforce the Sunday laws is calculated to interfere with the arrest and punishment of criminals, such as gamblers, roughs, thieves, &c.; when the facts are, that those of the police authorities and force, as well as of private citizens, who are laboring most for the former, are the most determined and persistent in their efforts to secure the latter result. It is a rather insignificant fact that the German movement contemplates placing the very men in power who are supposed to have been acting "as go-betweens between receivers of stolen goods and robbed citizens." Also, that those who have opposed the enforcement of the Sunday laws are the friends, advisers, and associates of those who are expected to overlook the operations of professional criminals, Thugs, etc.

The second assumption is, that the friends of the Sunday laws are making war upon the "10,000 honest, working Germans who merely wish to drink a glass of beer, should they feel dry [improbable] on Sunday." The fact is, that, while the friends of law-and-order wish to enforce the laws against all offenders alike, the "honest, working Germans" wish to exempt a portion,—and, by the way, that portion which actually inflicts much the greatest amount of misery upon society, and which is the real first cause of three-fourths of all the other offenses; and, rather than have those laws enforced which happen to interfere with some of their pet vices, they are marshaling their hosts and blowing their trumpets in support of the element which allows blacklegs of all kinds, thieves, and professional criminals, to run at large.

The third assumption is, that it is the friends of the Sunday laws who are initiating the agitation, "through all the borders of the city, of the question of selling beer or not selling beer on Sunday." The facts are too well known to need stating, and yet, when falsehood persists in forcing itself before the people, the only way is for truth to persist in pointing out its falsity. The German saloon-keepers are, and have been from the start, the aggressors and agitators, and the first to talk of carrying the question to the polls; and, rather than have the laws enforced, seem ready to form an alliance with the very element of which "Native-American" so justly complains.

Their tactics remind one of the late Rebels, who, while they were stealing government-property, firing upon government-forts and troops, and doing all in their power to break up the existing order of things, tried to cast all the odium of their acts upon the Government, and made their cry, "Let us alone."

It is just so now with these people. While they are doing their "level best," and invoking Heaven and the other place to obtain control of the City Government, and have the laws changed to suit their ideas, or, failing in that, to place men in power who will perjure themselves by ignoring such laws as do not suit them, they endeavor to throw dust in people's eyes, and create the impression that it is the other side that is making all the noise. They, too, want to be let alone.

Right here I wish to say that, looking at this matter from my side of the wall, I see a question quite different from allowing a "few honest Germans to drink a glass of beer if they feel dry on Sunday." The question presented to my vision is, whether, for the sake of allowing these superlatively honest Germans to drink a glass of beer should they feel dry on Sunday, when there is so little prospect of their feeling dry, we shall be compelled to allow the murderous Thugs, cutthroats, villains, robbers, etc., to fill themselves with villainous forty-rod whisky, and innumerable other abominations, which shall stir up their fiendish passions, and cause them to commit the crimes which freeze our blood with horror.

It is just as reasonable to talk of arresting thieves, &c., of one nationality and letting those of another go free, as to talk of stopping the sale of one kind of intoxicating drink and allowing the sale of another. If crime is to be reduced, "German," "Irish," "Swedish," "Native," and all other "Americans" must learn one thing, and that is, while they are trying to restrain others, they must submit to restraint themselves; and, in whatever interferes with the good of the people, the whole people, they must submit themselves to the laws passed by the people.

Now, it is just the state of facts which "Native-American" refers to in the first clause of his letter which compels the true friends of law and order to take the field, and endeavor, to the best of their ability, to combat this movement, and elect men next fall who are known to be inflexibly in favor of enforcing all existing laws, and who will allow neither money, the influence of friends, nor their own individual prejudices, likes, or dislikes, to interfere with their fulfilling their oath of office.

Cannot the people see the inconsistency of all this? says "Native-American." If he refers to some of his arguments, I will assure him they can.

Allow me to suggest that he and his friends cease to hurl the weapons of their wrath at those who are fighting for law, and devote their surplus energies to "going for" the professional thieves, robbers, blacklegs, et al., and for those members of the police authorities and force who who wink at their doings, and endeavor to convince those private citizens who lend them their assistance and countenance them of the error of their ways. T. W. EATON.

Parisian Morals.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes on July 5: "Mme Pepita Sanchez, whose furniture was sold last week, has not deceived public opinion in any way. In that continual duel between the demi-monde and the world proper she has succumbed, and she has been applauded. Mme. Sanchez belonged to that strange and especially Parisian world, whose members go to the Bois at 5 o'clock, dine at 7, reach the theatre at 9, sup at midnight, play baccarat at 2, and retire to rest when the dawn is appearing. In that world creditors arrive at 10 in the morning; but they are not received; the trades people call at noon and leave their goods, but do not take away any money; friends with empty pockets step in to breakfast at 2; Plutus rings at 3; and at 4 cosmetics allured from all parts of the globe transform into a walking picture the woman who until then has not been seen except behind closed curtains. Mme. Sanchez held a high position in that particular world. People dined with her twice a week, and they had more right in doing so to criticise the fare and the company. The ladies who were to be met there were of that class who, when met in the Bois, are saluted by a closing of the left eye. The men belonged to all classes of society, and had equal rights. A few weeks back Mme. Sanchez returned home at 1 in the morning, accompanied by a gentleman, who left her at the door. Half an hour later, finding he did not return, she lent over the balcony, overbalanced herself, fell to the pavement and was killed. Was it an accident or a voluntary death? That will ever remain a mystery; but death alone has respected the mystery. Her funeral was one of the scandals of our time. A long train of men followed her coffin as mourners, so many that although the funeral is said to have cost £500, the share of each of those afflicted mourners could be but very trifling. A bevy of ladies of the demi-monde, suitably attired in mourning, also followed, with the intention of making selections from a host of disconsolate admirers. A short time afterward—that is say, last week—the furniture of the deceased was sold at auction, and will realize between 5,000 and 6,000 pounds, each article being hotly contested. The husband, a Spaniard, who remains in the background, and who is said to be fighting in the mountains, is awaiting the moment when he can demand the proceeds of the sale, which are also claimed by the brothers and sisters of Mme. Sanchez. Among the articles sold were plate weighing forty kilogrammes, China ware of rare artistic value, and a very varied collection of books. To-day the furniture of her bedroom is to be sold—rosewood and black satin—for, as observed one lady with a knowing air, 'Sanchez was 40 years old, and could no longer endure light colors.' On Monday her drawing-room furniture is to be sold, and on Tuesday her peruques, for her hair was really dark, although on the surface it was blonde. Afterward, her dresses, her linen, her jewels, all will be sold, and when the last lot shall have been knocked down, the forty simpletons who formed the financial academy of Mme. Sanchez will carry away to forty different places their empty hearts and well-filled purses."

A Parisian Alderman's Wife.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, describing scenes pertaining to the Shah's reception in the French capital, says: "The wife of a Radical Alderman—a woman in crimson silk, fat, fair, and forty—came too late to find a place. After a time a chair was found for her, and the lady took it to the throne prepared for His Majesty, and plumped herself down beside it. She was requested to go farther back, but, standing upon her dignity as the wife of a city dignitary, she positively refused to move. She had come to see the Shah's diamonds, and intended to have a good look at them. Moreover, her husband was a member of the Municipal Council, and if there were any observations to make they could be addressed to him in the morning. Completely nonplussed by this assurance, the usher went out to consult a gendarme, and the lady refusing to yield to his reasoning, he called to a mounted sergeant outside. The latter dismounted and politely requested the lady to take her chair further back, and she again refused with insolence, the cavalryman seized her by the chignon and pulled her out of the way. There was a scream and a rush of men for a moment, leading the audience to circulate the report that a pickpocket had been arrested; but calm was soon re-established, the brusque and irreverent cavalryman mounted his horse, and the lady took up a new position, where, if she could see anything through her tears of chagrin, she had an admirable view of the Shah and his diamonds."

Tea.

Matthew Browne tells the Englishmen what is the matter with them: "While we have been turning our eyes," he says, "upon the more obvious and vulgar evils attendant upon the free use of alcohol, we have been overlooking the insidious action of a bland and peaceful liquid which has been sapping the foundations of manhood and honesty. Alcohol sends a few to the jail or to the mad-house. But tea acts through the nervous system upon the conscience and turns us into a nation of sneaks."

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Artificial Sets....................$10 to $20
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TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.
Artificial Sets..........$10, $15, $20 and $25
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Extracting Teeth, each....................50 cents

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HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Summer Arrangement.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.—† Saturday excepted. * Sunday excepted. ‡ Monday excepted. ‖ Arrive Sunday at 8:00 a. m. § Daily.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.

Depot, foot of Lake st., and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket office, 67 Clark st., southeast corner of Randolph, and 75 Canal-st., corner of Madison.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via main and air line)	* 5:00 a. m.	* 8:15 p. m.
Day Express	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Jackson Accommodation	§ 3:35 p. m.	§ 10:20 a. m.
Atlantic Express	§ 5:15 p. m.	§ 8:00 a. m.
Night Express	†*9:00 p. m.	‖*6:30 a. m.
GRAND RAPIDS AND PENTWATER.		
Morning Express	9:00 a. m.	8:30 p. m.
Night Express	†9:10 p. m.	*6:00 a. m.

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger Agent.

CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD.

Chicago, Kansas City and Denver Short Line, via Louisiana, Mo., and Chicago, Springfield, Alton and St. Louis Through Line. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison-st. bridge. Ticket Offices: At Depot, and 122 Randolph-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Kansas City Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	* 9:15 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Express, via Main Line	* 9:15 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Express, via Main Line	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Express, via Jacksonville Division	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:30 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 9:15 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Springfield Fast Express	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
Jefferson City Express	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:30 a. m.
Peoria, Keokuk & Burl'n Ex.	* 9:00 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Wenona, Lacon, and Washington Express	* 4:10 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Joliet & Dwight Accommodation	* 4:10 p. m.	* 9:40 a. m.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

Union Depot, corner Madison and Canal-sts.; Ticket Office 63 South Clark-st., opposite Sherman House, and at Depot.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis Day Express	* 9:30 a. m.	‡ 6:50 a. m.
Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien Mail and Express	* 5:00 p. m.	*11:00 a. m.
Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis Night Express	† 9:30 p. m.	* 4:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

Depots—Foot of Lake-st., Indiana-av., and Sixteenth-st., and Canal and Sixteenth-sts. Ticket offices, No. 59 Clark-st., and at depots.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail and Express	* 7:45 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Ottawa and Streator Passenger	* 7:45 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Exp.	* 9:10 a. m.	* 3:35 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:00 a. m.	* 3:35 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 3:15 p. m.	* 8:15 a. m.
Mendota & Ottawa Passenger	* 4:30 p. m.	* 9:55 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 1:45 p. m.	* 7:20 a. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 5:30 p. m.	* 8:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger (Sunday)	1:00 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Exp.	† 9:30 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 6:15 p. m.	* 5:30 p. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Depot foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket offices, 121 Randolph-st., near Clark.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Express	* 8:25 a. m.	* 8:25 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Line	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:25 a. m.
Cairo Mail	* 8:25 a. m.	* 4:45 p. m.
Cairo Express	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:55 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 8:25 a. m.	* 4:45 p. m.
Springfield Express	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:55 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	* 9:25 a. m.	* 3:10 p. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	† 9:00 p. m.	* 6:35 a. m.
Effingham Passenger	* 5:15 p. m.	* 9:10 a. m.
Kankakee Passenger	*11:10 p. m.	* 8:20 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 a. m.	* 6:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 7:10 a. m.	* 7:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 8:00 a. m.	* 8:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 9:00 a. m.	* 9:40 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*12:10 p. m.	*10:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 3:00 p. m.	* 1:20 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 4:30 p. m.	* 4:20 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 5:30 p. m.	* 5:50 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 p. m.	* 6:20 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*11:10 p. m.	* 7:40 p. m.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

City offices, corner Randolph and LaSalle-sts., and 75 Canal st., corner Madison-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:15 p. m.
Dubuque Day Ex. via Clinton	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:15 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	†10:45 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
Dubuque Night Ex. via Clinton	†10:45 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 a. m.	* 2:00 p. m.
Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 p. m.	* 6:15 a. m.
Milwaukee Mail	* 8:00 a. m.	*10:15 a. m.
Milwaukee Express	* 9:30 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger	* 5:00 p. m.	* 7:40 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger (daily)	†11:00 p. m.	* 5:00 a. m.
Green Bay Express	* 9:15 p. m.	[illegible]
St. Paul Express	*10:15 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
Marquette Express	* 9:15 p. m.	* 6:30 a. m.
St. Paul Express	† 9:30 p. m.	[illegible]

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Depot, corner of VanBuren and Sherman-sts. Ticket office, Grand Pacific Hotel.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenw'th & Atchison Ex	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:45 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	* 5:00 p. m.	* 9:30 a. m.
Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.
Leavenworth & Atchison Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Depot, Van Buren-st., foot of LaSalle-st. Ticket offices, northwest corner Clark and Randolph-sts., and southwest corner Canal and Madison-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express Accom. via Main Line	* 5:30 a. m.	* 6:55 p. m.
Mail, via Air Line and Main Line	* 6:40 a. m.	* 9:00 p. m.
Special New York Express, via Air Line	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express, via Air Line	5:15 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Night Express, via Main Line	*†9:00 p. m.	*‡6:30 a. m.
Elkhart Accommodation	* 3:40 p. m.	* 9:55 a. m.
South Chicago Accommodation	12:00 m.	1:50 p. m.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILROAD.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	* 9:00 a. m.	‡ 7:30 p. m.
Pacific Express	§5:10 p. m.	§ 6:30 a. m.
Fast Line	†*9:00 p. m.	†*8:00 a. m.
Mail	* 4:55 a. m.	* 6:10 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	* 3:30 p. m.	* 9:05 a. m.

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & CINCINNATI THROUGH LINE, VIA KANKAKEE ROUTE.

From the Great Central Railroad Depot, foot of Lake-st. For through tickets and sleeping-car berths apply at our new Ticket office, 121 Randolph-st., near corner Clark; 75 Canal-st., corner Madison; 96 LaSalle-st., corner Washington, and at Illinois Central Depot.

Leave Chicago	* 9:30 a. m.	§ 8:45 p. m.
Arrive at Lafayette	* 2:35 p. m.	§ 1:50 a. m.
Arrive at Indianapolis	* 5:55 p. m.	§ 4:45 a. m.
Arrive at Cincinnati	*10:20 p. m.	§ 9:50 a. m.

Trains arrive at Chicago at 7:37 a. m., 8:25 a. m., and 7:40 p. m. Only line running Saturday night train to Indianapolis and Cincinnati. South End passengers can get baggage checked and take train at Twenty-second-st. Depot.

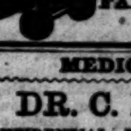
CHICAGO & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

(OPEN TO ELGIN, 36 MILES.)

Depot corner Halsted and North Branch-sts. General office 16 Metropolitan Block, corner Randolph and LaSalle-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express Passenger	9:30 a. m.	7:30 p. m.
Freight Accommodation	5:00 p. m.	10:00 a. m.

SCALES.



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Sea-Side Plumage---Fanciful Feathers for Fine Birds.

Velvet Petticoats---The Disappearing of Bright Colors---A Brace of Ball-Dresses.

CHICAGO.

THE NORMANDY CAP,

so called, which has been so favorably received, and really has, so to speak, become the rage in Chicago, has lost all its native simplicity, and is in many cases as unlike the article it is intended to represent as it well can be. It was not originally designed from the cap of the Norman peasant, for that has a sort of wide wings attached to it, not unlike the head-dress worn by some order of religions. It was really copied from those of the French "bonne," and is frequently seen upon the heads of these people in our Eastern cities. But oh! not "How the mighty has fallen," but how the simple has risen! The simple cap of cotton, with its cotton strings, was made of finer material, lined with silk, edged with lace, and adopted as "*the* thing" for the babies. Next it took upon itself long streamers of velvet or ribbon, and a bunch of flowers carelessly knotted at the side, —daisies, rosebuds, or pansies; and those who still rejoiced in that "beaute des diable" which is worth all else in the world to its possessors, donned the pretty, becoming head-tire, and went forth armed for conquest. But here its simplicity and beauty ended, and all sorts of unorthodox materials were brought into requisition. It was made—not only of black and white, but of all the colors of the rainbow, and flowers of all descriptions, and feathers of every hue, were piled upon it, and still it was called a Normandy cap. What would the peasant who wears the original article say to one of these bedizened things? She certainly would not recognize it. Call them Liberty caps, if you will, and then assert the appropriateness of the name by making them of any material, and trimming them in as outre manner as you please; but it is certainly arbitrary to designate these monstrosities Normandy caps. Some of the new departures are quite pretty, others intolerably ugly, and we are sorry to say that the latter predominate. A variety in shape had a small, slurred front, resembling the old-fashioned "caleche," or "ugly" in miniature. This, with a roll of ribbon under the brim, was quite becoming in shape, and should be made of organdy or Swiss muslin.

Jumping from the head to the feet would be quite an undertaking if Long John Wentworth were the person whose altitude was to measure the leap, or even some of those people they raise in Maine, who are always stretching up to look over hills and tall trees. Not being any of these, but only some fashionable belle's stature which we have to consider, it will not be a serious undertaking to let our thoughts quietly down from a dissertation on her head-dress to a consideration of the fashionable

COVERING FOR HER FEET.

Striped silk hose were introduced some time ago, but did not meet with particular favor, except for occasional house-wear. They seem, however, to be gaining in appreciation, and, for croquet-parties, archery-meetings, or out-of-door sports generally, are in good taste. Ordinarily, ladies prefer cotton or Lisle-thread hose. The latter, in fine unbleached goods of the style called Opera hose, when once used will scarcely be replaced by any novelty. They are so cool and delicate for summer-use that they are, as they deserve to be, worn by all who can afford them. The striped hose, whether in silk or woolen, will be desirable in winter, if they continue in vogue. In this respect the French woman is more sensible than the American. She does not walk forth in all weathers with trailing skirts and white stockings. Who among our own lady-pedestrians has not realized with a shiver of horror the condition of her hose above her boot-tops when, on some rainy day, or when the streets were filled with snowy slush, or the mud "thick and slab," she has gone shopping, or been called into the street by imperative necessity? If she wore pantaloons, she could not step with her ordinary lightness, and the mud splashed. If, instead, she had her foot encased in a thick boot with a sensible heel, still, unless her skirts were raised far above the level recently required by fashion, and almost above that necessitated by decency, they were sure to gather up sufficient filth to soil her shoes and saturate her hose. What mother's and daughter among you cannot recall how utterly demoralized you felt when in this condition! You know that the hat was stunning; that the paletot fitted you to a nicety, showing every curve and sinuosity of your graceful figure; that the gloves were equal to the occasion; but, when you came to cross the street and gave a pull at the string of your dress-elevator, or gathered the whole mass in your hands, letting a corner drop here, a flounce touch there, you felt it was drawn up in another place until you disclosed to that group of bipeds in bifurcations, who were staring you from the opposite corner, the entire nasty condition of those stockings for four or five inches above the tops of your boots. At such a time all the rest of your fine dress goes for nothing, and you inwardly revile the mud, and wish alternately that the ground under you would open and cover you, and that those men on the corner meet with the fate of Pasping Tom. Colored hose would, of course, not act as a preventive of these difficulties, but they would mitigate the trouble somewhat. Like the old woman's dishes, they wouldn't show the dirt quite so obtrusively, and you would look and feel less like the most magnificent Brigham of the barn-yard when he has been caught out in a wet-rain. It is a disconsolate condition of affairs for both of you, but let us hope your forlorn state may be mitigated another year by bright, pretty, suitable hose—not by any means the slate-colored abominations that obtain in the rural districts.

Three kinds of dresses come particularly into notice during this season. These are

BATHING, YACHTING, AND EQUESTRIAN

costumes. For the first of these, fine, light flannel is decidedly preferable, although other materials are used, among which tickings and Cheviots are most worn. Flannel, however, is much preferable, and is made, according to fancy, of either white, blue, or gray, and sometimes of scarlet. The latter is rather too prononce for most ladies. They are made with blouse and drawers; and, when the fair wearer does not object to having her arms kissed by the sun, short sleeves will be found pleasant, as they give freedom to the arm, and, if the bather desires also to become a swimmer, make the latter accomplishment more readily acquired. That all women should—at least know enough to keep themselves afloat when in the water, especially those who enjoy and join in aquatic sports, seems especially necessary. Scarcely any sea-coast but threatens him who ventures into the waves that dash upon it, with its clinging, merciless undertow. Only those who have experienced it can realize the feeling of horror which one undergoes when, just beyond their depth, the undertow catches them with a grip like that of Hugo's devil-fish, and drags them away. One instant's loss of presence of mind, one pulse of terror yielded to, and the monster has you. There is but one thing to do: The very moment that insidious grasp is felt, throw yourself resolutely to the surface of the water, and then you are safe if you know how either to float or swim; but, if not, it is hardly safe to leave the guide-ropes on any of our shores. And now to get back to the dress suitable for this enjoyment,—for no one who has once realized the exhilaration of sea-bathing but will long for the sea-son to come in which it is possible to renew it. Wear short sleeves, then, young ladies, if possible, and do not have your blouses made either too long or full. They should not fall below the knee, and the drawers should not be gathered into a band. They hold too much water, and make bathing an effort which is too exhausting. Make them, then, as light and scant as decency and propriety will admit, and, if you wish them ornamented, add a few rows of alpaca braid, of a harmonizing or contrasting color. The proper thing to wear down to the shore is a long cloak, made of white or gray Turkish toweling, with a long, pointed hood, and a heavy cord about the waist,—a sort of monk's robe adapted to the frivolity of Miss Mc-Flimsy & Co. Your maid of course accompanies you, and awaits your return, when she again conceals your dripping figure with this robe, not of mortification, nor sanctification, but of semi-glorification, especially when the white drapery has scarlet threads through it, scarlet buttons, tassels, and cord. But some of you exclaim, "We have no maids." Then what are you doing at fashionable sea-side resorts? But never mind; you must detail some good chaperon to take these wraps in charge, and then assist one another when you leave the water. It is always a cause of wonderment to strangers who see the long expanse of the lake-shore, with its sands and its blue water, that, although but an inland sea, neither the city nor any private individual has ever turned it to account in the way of a huge open-air lavatory-accommodation. Why have there never been bath-houses erected here, as on the sands at Newport, Long Branch, or Nantasket, with some fashionable hour to bathe? Chicagoans have this luxury at their very doors almost, and they close their eyes and pay no heed to its inviting coolness as a people. It is given up to the sans-culottes after dusk.

Next come

YACHTING COSTUMES,

and these still prevail in navy-blue flannel. This, being de regle among real Jack-tars, Middies, and officers, becomes naturally the uniform, first of the male tyros who are trying their landmen's knowledge of the sea, and then of the dear creatures themselves who "like a stiff breeze, you know." Ladies' costumes are simply made with plain skirt, blouse waist, with broad sailor-collar and sash; or, more elaborately, with kilt-plaitings and ruffles. Silver anchors, or the same emblem embroidered in silk, on the collar and cuffs, is a part of the regalia; while the sailor-hat is of course indispensable. Polka-dotted fabrics are sometimes used, as also the dark Napoleon-blue linen; but the latter is not desirable, as it absorbs moisture, clings to the person, is chilling to the touch, and very soon loses its stiffness and looks draggled. One dress consisted of a blue flannel underskirt, with kilt-plaited front-breadth, and plain folds on the back, trimmed with white military braid; a vest of white duck, fastened with anchors, and a jacket of flannel, with broad sailor collar; a sash of lighter blue passing around the hips, and knotted low on the left side; silver chatelaine to which was attached a small speaking-trumpet, a miniature marine-glass, and a toy-pedrant,—the two former available for service, the latter purely ornamental; Babagas hat, pitched well back on the head, and a general air of don't-care-a-tiveness if the sun does brown and blister one.

Then there came

THE EQUESTRIAN COSTUMES.

These should invariably be made by a tailor, and, if possible, from cloth. Lighter fabrics blow about too easily, and no lady feels comfortable on horseback if, when in a smart canter, she feels that her drapery is streaming behind her, while her foot that is in the stirrup, possibly the one over the pommel, are displayed in all their beauty or ugliness. Much of the charm of a woman on Amazons consists in the fit of the dress and the fall of her skirt. To be sure, these will not stone for a bad seat, an awkward position, or unskillful horsemanship; but grant all the latter, and neglect the former, and the tout ensemble is decidedly marred. Black cloth is the preference, but after the English fashion, with short jockey basque, held down by buttons, coat-sleeves without cuffs, and the body fastened with cloth or heavy silk buttons; flaring linen cuffs and standing collars, held with silver shields, on which the wearer's monogram is engraved. Loud young ladies wear oxydized silver buttons, striped percale linguerie, and coral pin and sleeve-buttons. The gloves of chamois or undressed kid, preferably the latter, are cut with long wrists, which are not now sewed on in gauntlet-shape, but are of the same piece with the glove, and fit closely. The bodies of riding habits are usually slightly padded, or lined with a quilted lining, which disguises angularities, and gives a look of plumpness to the form. What is true that same leanness will always show at the throat, the jaws, and the cheek-bones. *That* is beyond the tailor's art to disguise, though the superintendent of the toilette may somewhat conceal these defects. Don't take any modern Amazon's form on trust, friend, any more than you would the square shoulders of some of your masculine friends. The tailor is a mechanical Talleyrand, who disguises form with artistic clothing, instead of thoughts with words. For the benefit of those of our friends who do not employ a fashionable tailor, or who are averse to shoulder the fractional portion of humanity in their village that makes the fine clothes of the community, we will tell them that the right side of riding skirts should be made longer than the left, so as to fall evenly after the leg is thrown over the pommel of the saddle; —length from a yard-and-a-half to one-and three-quarters, with width at bottom about three-yards-and-a-half or a very little wider. Hats are preferably silk stove-pipes, with rolling brims, and entirely conceal the hair, which is wound in a small coil on the top of the head. In the country, straw hats sometimes supersede the silk hat, and are trimmed with a veil of black grenadine, or a long ostrich plume. Here, also, dark blue and green habits may be worn. The fair demoiselle who takes her exercise in Chicago, on its boulevards, or out to its parks, will, however, prefer the black habit and silk hat. That this subject should be one of interest for our citizens, can admit of no question. In no city on this continent is there a better chance for ladies to become perfect horsewomen than here, and young ladies, at least, should enjoy it to the uttermost. American women in the Eastern cities are fast emulating English women in their love for the saddle, and, with the present introduction into fashionable circles of healthy, out-of-door exercise, we think next generation will be less whiny, piny women than many of their mothers are. A perfectly healthy woman is an anomaly in this country, only counterbalanced by the fact that the men are not in much better condition. The women are nervous, the men dyspeptic, and all overworked in some way. When a little more real life is developed, and there are fewer sacrifices to show and shams, then we may hope for time to live. Now our lives are mostly spent in preparing for that great condition, and then, like the horse who had just found a single straw a day sufficient and satisfactory diet, we quietly or resistingly die, according to the original sin still in us.

PRICES WILL RANGE SMALLER, PERHAPS,

we may add that fans still grow, and, if they continue to increase in size, we shall have to import some cheap Chinese labor to make them available as a raiser of the wind. At present, when it is warm enough to need their air, it is quite too warm to use them. Parisian dresses are said to fit closely at the figure, and to be without fullness, and held down by weights in the bottom of the dress. The polonaise still lives, and is made of ecru lace-insertion and bands of black velvet, to be worn over black, bronze, or mordore skirts. A Frou-frou brown dress in three shades, trimmed with scarlet, had a polonaise of velvet and ecru-yak insertion, caught up with a sash of black and light ecru-satin. The head-dress was a Spanish veil, held by a bandeau of jet, with a scarlet rose nestling under the left ear, and the points held on the breast by another rose with shaded brown leaves. Sleeveless jackets of velvet, jet, and lace, still supplement some silk costumes, especially black ones, and are brightened by colored bows. Fraises and ruffs, like fans, still increase in size; while the chatelaine-bodice is more frequently introduced. Bracelets are coming in and lockets going out a little. Earrings are gold balls or buttons. Veils must be worn in the street, unless you wish to defy fashion. Don't use cosmetics over-freely, and have a little regard for your eyesight. If you are fashionable, however, you do use cosmetics, and you would rather be blind in a month than not to wear a veil when it is *the thing* to do so. You must wear dark-green grenadine for traveling, pinkish-gray gauze in the morning, and a square or pointed veil of net, thrown over the bonnet, with the point hanging below the chin, for full dress. You may catch the ends together behind with a Venetian dagger or an Indian pin of oxydized silver, and then go forth to conquer or surrender, which ever your fate may be.

NEW YORK.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1873.

If one thing more than another is inspiring to the writer upon modes, it is a sojourn at the largest hotel of a fashionable watering-place. The shops, the mantua-makers, the milliners, show you their wares in segments and in wholes, in the piece and in the garment; but the idea you get of them then, compared to the idea you get when the things are worn by living, breathing, moving humanity, is as looking in the twilight and in the sunshine of noon-day.

In the parlors and on the piazzas of a great hostelry, there is such a perfect panorama of dry goods that one has only to observe, analyze, and—chronicle, if that be the end in view.

THE SUMMER CAPITAL—

to use the phrase of the hour—is an excellent spot in which to observe the purely-fashionable world, and to be as inconspicuous in attire as to attract no attention one's self is the way to be thoroughly entertained by the people in general. Should the fashion-editor of the Honolulu *Gazette* be suddenly dropped from a balloon in front of the Ocean or West End, he would need to remain but twenty-four hours to prepare himself to direct the Hawaiian belles in matters of toilet for the next three months. Between sunrise and midnight,—nay, between considerably later than sunrise and midnight,—every woman at the Branch presents in herself an epitome of the season's styles. Breakfast, dinner, the lounge on the verandah, the drive, tea, the hop, or reading, or concert in the evening, all present new and salient points in dress. As

BREAKFAST-COSTUMES

naturally come first in the list, they shall have priority of description. A popular, but erroneous, notion is, that a morning-dress is simple because it is a morning-dress, and also because it is usually made of washable stuffs. But the modish morning-dress is as elaborate in its way as the dinner or ball-dress, and, whatever its material, it is as far from being washable, in fact, as silks and satins.

In the matter of colors, society seems to be divided into two parties,—the buffs and blues. Last year, and a year or two previous, the buffs carried everything before them; but, this year, the blues are in the ascendant, and for the few people who cannot wear any shade of blue, the season may be set down as a failure. Even white, for long years the favorite matutinal garb —is now scarcely a peer of blue. The fabrics are notably linen, Chambery, and plain or polka-dotted cambric; and the shades range from sky to Napoleon and indigo,—the latter being the ugliest and the best blue to wash. The form is almost invariably a polonaise and skirt, though there are a few charming designs with overskirts, and one or two without any. An exquisite suit of sky-blue, soft-finished cambric has a skirt, which rests but a few inches on the ground, trimmed with five graduated ruffles of the same—the widest being ten and the narrowest three inches. These flounces are elaborately embroidered on the lower edge and scalloped on the upper in white nun's cotton, and gathered on a large welting cord an inch from the top. The upper dress, so short as hardly to be a polonaise, and too deep to be a basque, is made with a yoke,—the lower portion of the waist being gathered on a cord and sewed on the yoke (like the old-fashioned yoke-waist),—the standing ruffle being, of course, scalloped with white. The full portion of the body, carried about twelve inches below the belt, is slashed to the waist, half a dozen times, and the tabs thus formed are embroidered to match the skirt. This tunic is gathered at the waist and fastened to a band underneath, while an elaborately-wrought belt of blue, held by a dainty pearl buckle, secures it outside. The sleeves are coat-shaped, with embroidered cuffs, and the neck has a fraise, also embroidered, and making so deep a V in front as to meet at the lower edge of the yoke. Embroidered muslin ruffles in neck and sleeves are worn with this.

A French, but linen costume is trimmed with finger-and-a-half-wide puffings, placed perpendicularly from hem to knee. The puffings are made by turning the edge under an inch-and-a-half, and gathering with two threads close together, instead of on a cord, an inch from the edge. Under these tiny ruffles, or rather frills, are laid scant ruffles of fine Hamburg work. These vertical trimmings, which have a finger's distance between them, are headed by a puff and Hamburg ruffles. The polonaise to this suit is of blue linen, with small white dots, looped very high on the hips, and less so behind, bordered by a puff of the plain and the Hamburg work, and inclosed with ruffles. This is more striking, but not so pretty as the other, in which the blending of the blue and white is admirable.

The white morning-dresses are less noticeable in style than the blue,—there being fewer flutings and more lace used than formerly, and the fabrics being generally of the softest, such as nainsook, fine cambric, and barred muslin, in place of pique and stiff cambric.

One of the novelties of the season, which was introduced at Paris last summer, is

VELVET PETTICOATS.

Thus it appears to have taken sensible American dames a whole year, as well it might, to concede that velvet (belonging, if anything does, to the coldest weather) could be used in midsummer. Had they rejected it altogether, one would have esteemed it wiser in them; but they have two things in their favor,—the coolness of these glorious days, and the practicability of remodeling a portion of their last winter's dress for warm weather,—its serving a second time being only a matter of moment to the persons who wear velvet habitually. Velvet petticoats are generally without ornamentation of any kind, and are worn principally with light polonaises of scru, or equally pale tints of gray, brown, and other low colors. These skirts are chosen for promenades as well as for driving, though why any right-minded woman should voluntarily choose to walk in black velvet,—they are chiefly black,—in July and August, is past explanation.

A thing that is especially striking to a practiced eye in watering-place wardrobes is the

DISAPPEARANCE OF BRIGHT COLORS,

which, a few years ago, were considered the only suitable hues. In place of former blues, greens, lilacs, pinks, reds, purples, we have now the faintest tinges of them all, and employ black, deep shades of plum, Quaker-drab, grays of every degree from pearl to elephant, browns from unbleached to clove,—in short, everything which cannot come under the head of high colors. The latter are excluded from every style of dress, except for evening. This is a long step in good taste,—the example having been set by our models, the French, some time ago. The contrast of colors in an ordinary throng is painful to contemplate from our present advanced standpoint. Whatever disharmonies we are sufferers from nowadays, disharmonies of color are not often among them. Indeed, even in full dress, very brilliant tints are rarely used, delicate shades taking their place in almost all cases. I have observed this particularly this season, and two or three of these pale, spiritual-looking robes are worthy of description.

A BALL-DRESS

of pearl-gray Chambery gauze and faille is remarkably pretty. The skirt has on the back-breadths three flounces of the gauze rolled on the edge, gathered, and headed by thickly-plaited, deeply-fringed ruchings of the silk. The front breadth is ornamented by five narrow fringed ruffles of the silk, headed by puffings of the gauze,—the fringe being so deep as scarcely to leave any of the silk visible. The airy overskirt is edged by the fringed silk and gauze puff, and is looped and held in place by a superb artificial wreath of autumn-tinted woodbine, so lightly fastened as not to seem sewed in any spot. The waist of the robe, of the gauze laid smoothly over the silk, pointed deeply before and behind, is ornamented in heart-shape, by the fringe of silk and gauze puff, which, after meeting in front, crosses the front, and fastens with a bunch of the bright leaves under the right arm. Two or three small leaves are also on the breast where the puff meets. The neck is filled with a film of Mechlin lace, as are also the half-flowing sleeves. A necklace of exquisitely-carved coral, ear-drops, and beads in the hair, complete this lovely toilette,—more effective than many that are richer and more elaborate.

ANOTHER.

An extremely expensive dress is a tint of blue corresponding to Nile-green; but I have forgotten its technical name. The skirt is trimmed round, instead of having two styles. Around the bottom is a ten-inch plaited flounce of the silk. Overlapping it is a beautiful flounce of Valenciennes, eight inches wide, headed by a band of ostrich-feather trimming, the color of the dress. Then a narrow space, another flounce of the silk, not so wide, the ruffle of lace finished by the feather-band, and so up the train till within twelve or fourteen inches of the waist. The waist is cut in deep points, and low in the neck,—the shoulders being concealed by a magnificent fichu of Valenciennes, which crosses on the bosom, passes under the arms, and ties once behind, leaving long sash-ends. The sleeves, nearly tight to the elbow, have a plaited ruffle of silk, with a feather band, and an inner one of the beautiful lace. A fine necklace of strung pearls, ear-drops, and bracelets, and a spray of tea-roses and leaves on the bosom, are the finishing touches to this queenly costume.

These two dresses are fair examples of the really exquisite taste frequently shown in combination with lavish expenditure of money. American women dress better every year. They spend extravagantly, but they are now spending to a good advantage, when, a little while ago, they merely wasted. Quiet elegance, instead of meretricious display, is growing to be the instinct and habit of their life.

FURBELOW.

Miscellaneous Fashion Items.

From the New York Mail.

Blonde hair is worth more than its weight in gold. The metal costs about $18 an ounce, while the hair sells for from $20 to $30.

—Anglo-Indian "puggarees" are a favorite feminine head-gear at the seaside.

—Flowers made of mother-of-pearl are a newly-invented trimming for wedding-dresses.

—Dogs of good social position at the watering-places wear batiste garments, embroidered with a monogram.

—Old fashions are being every day revived in ladies' dress. As an instance, the present style of wearing the hair dates back to a period prior to the invention of combs.

—Two or three Cuban ladies have created a breeze at Saratoga by smoking cigarettes on the balcony of one of the leading hotels. They were quite indifferent to the gaze and audible comments of promenaders.

—Pavilions for croquet parties are the latest. They are neat and jaunty, intended to shield spectators and participants in the game from the sun. They are of white canvas, and are ornamented with a profusion of bunting.

—Redingotes for summer wear are now made of Turkish toweling, and trimmed with wide black velvet. They are made double-breasted, and, without fitting too close to the figure, they outline the form sufficiently to do away with belts and sashes.

SUNDAY LAGER.

This song you hear
Is a song of the beer,
To be sung in the summer gardens
Of the lager shops,
Which the exotic stops
To coddle our grim church wardens.

It is not a song
Of the spigot and bung
Of the fiery whiskey barrels;
Nor the poisoned gin
And the hideous din
And the shrieks of murderous quarrels.

This song of mine
Is not of the wine
On rich men's Sunday tables;
Of the costly Hock,
Whose prices shock
The poor with the sense of fables;

Nor the wines of Spain;
Nor the gay champagne
To the beaker's brim that bubbles;
Nor the rare Tokay,
Nor the Madoc's way
Of lending a balm to troubles,

'Tis a song of the beer,
Whose mild, sincere,
And pleasant frothings cool us,
As we shun the heat
Of the blistered street,
And let soft music rule us.

'Tis a song of the shade
In cities made
For the poor to seek in summer,
When the foul air pent
In the tenement
Their blood and souls encumber.

'Tis a song of the free,
Glad harmony
That softens the wildest spirit,
With thoughts of the best
And dreams of the rest
Which only the pure inherit.

'Tis only a song,
For the rule of the wrong
The poor man's day has barr'd in;
His mind is hushed,
His beer-mug's crushed,
And closed is his Sunday garden.

—*Orpheus C. Kerr in the New York World.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Routledge, in London, has published "The Book of Modern American Anecdotes," edited by H. Paul.

—Matthew Arnold has a new book in press, on "Higher Schools and Universities in Germany."

—The Harpers will publish next month Senor Castelar's "Old Rome and New Italy," as translated by Mrs. Arthur Arnold, of England.

—Forster, Dickens' biographer, is said to be in possession of every manuscript of the great novelist's works, besides a large collection of other interesting MSS.

—The visit of the Shah is bringing his country to public attention. An English translation of Dr. Polak's work on Persia, published in Leipsig in 1865, will soon be printed in London.

—Mr. W. H. Myers, Chinese Secretary to the British Legation at Pekin, has finished his manuscript dictionary of biographical and historical references, embracing the whole of Chinese literature from the earliest period to the present century.

—It is of Julian Hawthorne's novel, "Bressant," that the *Nation* says: "It is bad because it lacks decency. In the place of genuine study of human beings, it gives us a morbid fingering of unclean emotions." The *Nation's* notice will sell a good many of the books.

—The Baroness Tautphoeus, authoress of that charming series of novels so well known to American readers as "The Initials," "Quits," "Cyrilla," &c., is an English woman, daughter of the celebrated Lord Erskine, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England. She is a cousin of Maria Edgeworth, and has lived for the past thirty years in Bavaria, where she married a nobleman, Chamberlain to the King. One of her sons is in the royal household as a page.

—Senor Gonzalez de la Rosa, a learned Peruvian, who is preparing editions of some important Spanish manuscripts for the press (the London *Athenæum* says), has made an interesting discovery respecting one of Mr. Prescott's principal authorities in his "Conquest of Peru." Hardly any author is more frequently quoted in that work than "Sarmiento," whom Mr. Prescott supposed to be a writer who had himself been long in Peru and an eye-witness of the scenes he described. Senor de la Rosa is able to prove that the manuscript in question is really the second part of the "Chronicle of Peru," by Cieza de Leon (hitherto supposed to be lost); that Sarmiento was a lawyer and President of the Council of the Indies, who was never in America in his life; and that the document is merely indorsed as having been sent to him. We may add that a new edition of Mr. Prescott's writings, edited by Mr. Forster Kirke, the historian of Charles the Bold, is in press in London.

—The Harrison (O.) *News* expresses the following sentiments: "If there is one class of individuals more than another toward whom we indulge a most wholesome (or unwholesome) disgust, and for whom we have a pity that borders on contempt, it is the modern poet (?) or the common grinder of very common doggerel. For instance, who has read Brat Harte or John Hay without a feeling of sorry for his relations, and uttering an involuntary thanksgiving that they don't have the same complaint in their family? Why such sorry, silly stuff finds its way into first-class newspapers, and even commands a high premium among the literary journals, is more than we can conceive; unless, perhaps, for the same reason that lotteries and other equally moral (?) money-making mediums are introduced into church fairs and festivals. The morbid man of society craves such stuff, and their money will purchase satisfaction. And intelligent, dignified editors—who die at 40 from extraordinary brain labor—are willing to descend to such disgraceful conduct for the sake of a few paltry dollars! Pah!"

—On the 8th inst. the library of the late Mr. W. C. Macready was sold at auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Wood, in London. Among the lots which attracted most attention and realized the highest figures were the following presentation copies, bearing the autograph of Charles Dickens: "Pickwick," £7; "Nicholas Nickleby," £16; "The Old Curiosity Shop," £6 10s; "American Notes," £6 10s; "The Haunted Man," £3 10s; "Egerton's Theatrical Remembrancer," interleaved with corrections and MS. and other additions by John Philip Kemble, £25 4s; "Caius Gracchus," marked for representation, £5 5s; Shakspeare's dramatic works, &c., £7 15s; ditto, with biography, studies, &c., £4 10s; ditto, of Stanton, £2 10s; "King John," "As You Like It," "Richard III.," "Henry V." and "King Lear," all marked for representation by Mr. Macready, £2 3s. The original prompt books of "Romeo and Juliet," "Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," &c., £2 10s; "Les Mysteries de Paris," presentation copy, with autograph inscription, "A Monsieur Macready, Hommage, d'admiration sincere, Eugene Sue; Paris, 12 Janvier, 1845," £3 15s.

Royal Shifts.

A little history is related, and said to have been told by King Victor Emmanuel himself. The Princess Maria, daughter of the Empress of Russia, was in the dress-circle at the Apollo Theatre. His Majesty had not been forewarned, and was in his box, according to his usual custom, in the most complete *negligé*. As soon as he saw her Imperial Highness, he begged the prefect, Commandant Gadda, to lend his black dress-coat and white cravat for a few minutes. Of course the request was complied with, and His Majesty, having put them on in one of the saloons, went and paid his respects to the Princess. This story is not quite so good as one told by the late Emperor Napoleon. He met Vivier, the horn-player, at Vichy, and asked him to dinner. Vivier excused himself—he was travelling, and had no dress clothes. "We are nearly of the same size," said the Emperor. "Ask my valet, Leon, to lend you some of my evening clothes." After dinner the Emperor complimented Vivier on the excellent fit, adding, "Mind you restore my property." Vivier replied that his honest intentions stopped with the restitution of the clothes, and could no farther go. He could not bring himself to restore the little red ribbon in the button-hole. "Keep it," said the Emperor, and Vivier was gazetted a Knight of the Legion of Honor next morning.

A LAKE TRIP.

From Chicago to Duluth and Back, on the "Peerless."

Free Passes---"Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us."

Amateur Artists---Human Gravitation---Personal---Journalistic.

Juvenile Tourists---The Sick Man from Dubuque---The Steamer.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

This is the way it came about: Some two months ago I received a letter from Gen. Reub. Williams, of the Warsaw *Indignian* (published at Warsaw, Ind.), advising me that Mr. Powell, the President of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association, had done me the honor to include me in a proposed excursion to Bismarck, over the North Pacific Railroad, via steamer Peerless from Chicago to Duluth. A previous trip from Detroit to Chicago, through squalls and fog, gave me a nervous dread of the lakes, and I was about to decline the polite invitation of Mr. Powell, when a friend, who is craft-wise, inquired what steamer I intended to take.

"The Peerless," was my reply.

"The Peerless!" he echoed, and promptly added: "Commanded by Capt. McIntyre. Then you need have no hesitation about going. The Peerless is the finest steamer on the lakes, and her Captain is a splendid man. Her whole officers and crew are not to be beat."

This was high praise, and was taken with some mental discount; but I had enough confidence in my friend's judgment to make up my mind to go. Particularly when, upon inquiry, I found that we would have to pay nearly round-fare rates, and I could thus reserve the privilege of speaking my mind if the aforesaid accommodation should prove unmerited. Liberty of speech does not always go with free passes, you know. I cannot see why, though, for they are given with "conditions,"—the holder "assuming all risks of accidents, and expressly agreeing that the Company shall not be liable, under any circumstances, for injuries," &c. It is a bad rule that does not work both ways; and it stands to reason that a railroad or other company giving a pass should run all risks of the truth being told. The truth never hurts the blameless. It is so pleasant to have elbow-room, as the witty Donn Piatt said when he was a boy.

DONN PIATT IN A SUGAR-HOGSHEAD.

The story goes that he bargained with a lot of other spalpeens to be the first to lose himself in the fat sides of an empty sugar-hogshead. The moment he had made good the sweet passage, and the other hungry urchins crowded after, he struck out on either side, crying, "Give me elbow-room! give me elbow-room, boys!"

FREE PASSES.

Speaking of free passes, it is worthy of remark that they are oftenest abused by those least worthy of holding them. It was thus explained to me by one of the most respectable editors in the present excursion: He said there were at least half-a-dozen first-class businessmen who had promised to join the Indiana editorial excursion without fail. At the last they begged off, and arrangements having been made for a certain number, others were substituted. It is the old story of the rich man's feast, which is sadly incomplete by not telling how ungratefully obstreperous the lame, halt, and blind, no doubt, behaved.

As a general thing, I was told, shippers have a greater dread of excursionists than railroad companies. More is expected of them. A pleasure-party cannot always be made to understand that time is money to a steamboat company, especially to a line that depends upon the profits of freight instead of passenger transportation.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An instance that rather surprised me was cited. Year before last, a party of authors and journalists made the round trip from Detroit to Duluth. Bayard Taylor was the most distinguished one of the number. In the words of my lovely informant:

"My husband and I had always had the most enthusiastic admiration for Bayard Taylor, and I cannot tell you how disenchanted we were to find a beer-drinking American. But that was not all. After making the trip, he wrote a letter abusing all the officers of the steamer; which, however, was not as bad as a caricature he drew of three elderly ladies aboard. They were maiden-ladies of culture and refinement, and it was a shame to ridicule them. The trouble was the boat had not stopped at one place out of the many destined to. You cannot imagine the disorder there was on board. The party made all sorts of unreasonable demands, ordered their meals at all hours, and behaved generally like a set of unruly boys. There were exceptions, of course. There were some who were perfectly agreeable, and who could not conceal their mortification at the behavior of the rest.

"ENGLISH OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

As my party—if two make a party—entered the ladies' cabin of the Peerless, we were very much surprised to find it overrun with musical instruments. The sofas and easy-chairs were occupied by burley-looking men in uniform, and there was positively no place to sit down. On the after-deck it was still worse. Other men, in brass buttons and blue frock-coats, monopolized all of the chairs that were not occupied by a lot of students, supposed to be off on a lark. They hung over the guard, tilted back their chairs, and spat on the floor. Everybody—that is, blue and brass and the lads—spat on the floor, until it was disgusting beyond description. In a group of ladies, with sketch-books in their hands, and as much, apparently, as a dragoon wears dangling from their belts, was a pale-faced, blue-eyed old gentleman, with the unmistakable look of a college-professor, and my attention was still further drawn to him by a remark he made, to-wit:

"Some of these creatures on board are Indiana editors."

All doubts of his profession were quickly dispelled by seeing him gather the youths before mentioned around him, open a large tin-box, and, with botany in hand, proceed to the analysis of half-a-bushel of weeds. We saw him afterward at Detour, where he and his class had their tent pitched on the side of the hill by the dock. He was as brown as a nut, and had collected all sorts of specimens, that he was shipping by the barrel-full to Chicago.

AMATEUR ARTISTS.

It would make a pretty chapter if I had the art to describe that bevy of sketchers, three in number, on board. Two were young and very fair, and their efforts were the merest pastime. The third had passed the first bloom of youth, and was somewhat compensated by an air of intelligence and resolution. She could be seen, at all hours, with a sketch-book in her hand; and, when she was not copying from nature she wrote up the journal she had promised her friends at parting, with an industry that would make the fortune of a news-reporter. Towards the last of her journey (she got off at Marquette) she submitted the sketches to the Captain and Mate, who both pronounced them excellent. Alas! for the loved ones at home! In her haste to leave the boat, she left her sketch-book on the breakfast-table, and that is the last that was seen of it. It must have fallen into the hands of an appreciative person. As, however, there are any number of capital stereoscopic views of all the places of interest on the route, neither she nor her friends should be inconsolable.

HUMAN GRAVITATIONS.

It did not take long to classify the party on board the Peerless,—counting two professors, one preacher, a score of editors, one Silver Band, health-seekers, and bridal parties. It was astonishing to observe how soon the conglomerate mass of humanity found its level. The men in blue and brass that were not gentlemen got tired of giving everybody to understand that they were boss fide gentlemen, left off swaggering, and retired to the fore part of the boat. The gentlemen of the Silver Band left off the blue and brass, and were next seen in quiet, social converse, or writing for a favorite newspaper. It required a day and a half to effect this happy result; but it was nearly a week before the bridal parties realized they would live another day, and mingled with the crowd.

The preacher was a longer time affiliating with his fellow-sinners, and nothing on earth was able to shake the professor with a class out of his groove. The other professor was also a minister of the Gospel, and belonged to the happy number of bridal parties. In a crowd he would have been set down as a foreigner—a German scholar, without doubt. He had a clear-cut, handsome face, set off by long hair, and the gentle, meditative expression of his countenance was intensified by the devotion at all times expressed for the innocent, lovely young bride he was pledged to love and cherish. She was beautiful in more than the combination of regular features, good complexion, and natural curls. She had the grace of culture, and the rare sweetness and freshness of manner given by preservation from rude contact with the world. She was unspoiled by fashion and untouched by care. Judging from appearances, her line of life, as the sooth-sayers have it, has not been swerved out of pleasant places. We did not become personally acquainted until the very last day, but felt an interest in them long before, and solaced the parting by the hope of seeing them whenever we go to St. Louis. It is so unusual to find a professor and preacher in one that is liberal as well as earnest, and altogether companionable, with the extra attraction of a charming wife.

PROFESSOR CLARKE.

Speaking of professors, from Marquette to Duluth we had the pleasure of being accompanied by John W. Clarke, of Washington Heights, Cork County. My first impressions were delightful. I had been on deck taking a parting look at the picturesque harbor of Marquette, and, when I entered the cabin, there was a new light in it, so to speak. It was illuminated by a new presence. Casting my eye along the full length of the saloon for the cause, it rested upon an animated face, and clear, searching, luminous eyes, that were enough of themselves to upset the Darwinian theory. Such fire and intelligence could never have emulated from a lower order of creation; they borrow their light from the divinity there is in man. Happily I did not know he was a distinguished scientist, and the hour we passed in conversation was perfectly agreeable. I afterwards had the good fortune to be seated near him on deck, as we made the passage of the Detour River, and the information he gave me in respect to the face and character of the country would make a charming letter, if I could give it in his own language. It would then want the attraction that was given by the beautiful sunset, the moon on the lake, the receding land that he told me was precisely like the first view of the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and the excitement of passing through a river so narrow and winding that the boat seemed to be always running into the shore.

OUR COUNT.

For very much of our enjoyment we are indebted to Mr. Henry F. Leopold, of Chicago. He was acquainted with most of the ladies aboard, and was untiring in his efforts to please. Handsome, young, and clever, he was dubbed the Count by

...rprising firm of Leopold & Austrian
... reason to congratulate themselves
... selection of officers and men. Ables
... a better-disciplined crew are not to
...he wide seas over. Everything moves
...work, and there is a perfect absence of
...profanity. It is not too much to say,
...as the steamer is peerless in fact as
...name. LAURA BRAM.

...IPERIALISM IN CHINA.

...senty the Emperor During His
... the Royal Tomb and After-

...rrespondence of the Shanghae Courier.

...ys ago it was generally reported that
...Emperor was leaving the capital to
...imperial tombs, he had asked, as he
...the deserted streets, in which every
...window was closed, where all the peo-
...He was told by his attendant Min-
...the eyes of the vulgar had never been
...to gaze on the face of his now
...Imperial ancestors, to which the
...Man" replied somewhat irreverently
...did not see why the people should not
...The hint was considered sufficient to
...he issuing of orders against his return
...treets were not to be cleared of people
...Imperial cortege passed along them,
...ot that these orders were carried out
...firmation to the original rumors.
...ngly, on the day officially announced
...mperor's re-entry into Pekin (the 8th
...company with some other foreigners,
...likely place of observation. Proceed-
...the expected line of procession, we
...streets crowded with an unusual con-
...mandarins and soldiers, and at
...he head of the Imperial pro-
...ppeared; a company of soldiers,
...what seemed to be a matchlock slung
...back, covered with yellow cloth. Be-
...an umbrella of yellow silk, fringed
...carried between two men on horse-
...a short interval came a cavalcade of
...r so, carrying spears tinted into the
...ng Imperial yellow, and having near
...uft of crimson-dyed hair, fastened to
...ger's tail hung down—the intention
...doubt, to suggest their courage,
...e result was somewhat different to a
...server.
...ns mandarins to the number of about
...ly all of the crystal or blue button
...rank. These were armed with bows
...s, and rode in a most promiscuous
...with the preceding tigers' tails, trans-
...e whole array into a burlesque.
...ately behind this mob of officials, se
...esentative of the state of things over
...has begun to preside, came the Em-
...a chair covered with yellow satin, and
...by eight bearers, wearing the usual
...uniform dotted over with yellow
...their turbans fastened with yel-
...bals. Immediately opposite where
...y stood, a halt was called, to
...e chair coolies to be relieved by others,
...come along on horseback. This gave
...portunity of having a deliberate look at
...eror. His face is asleep. He
...uch older than he really is, some going
...h of saying he looked like a man of 40.
...s long and pointed, and has a worn ex-
...: in fact, one of our party said he has a
...l look. But, of course, a man does not
...pect when he is asleep and just return-
...a journey. But if His Majesty really
...see and to be seen by his people, his
...were unreasonable.
...the pause occasioned by the change of
...lies a man who had some grievance
...sh to get near the Emperor's chair to
...petition. He was, however, caught,
...beaten, and then carried off to prison.
...the Imperial chair a body of cavalry
...a section of the procession.
...ediately the Empress-Dowager passed
...rried in a yellow chair, followed by the
...Mother, whose chair was green, both
...ght bearers, and being escorted by the
...ndance of bow-and-arrow mandarins
...s-tailed spearmen as His Majesty.
...rt interval came a long array of eigh-
...w-covered carts, said to contain the
...s of the late and present Emperors.
...me people said the carts were empty,
...he concubines had been sent round to
...entrance of the palace. But what's
...administration and misery had those
...ellow carts to tell! Eight days be-
...wagons had left the city bright and
...ell-appointed; now they passed along
...and battered, bespattered over
...d, and tugged slowly along
...adequate number of wretched,
...ides. The explanation given was that
...er of the ponies had starved on the
...illagers and soldiers had to be employ-
...those that remained to draw the
...k into the city. We saw some of the
...only one wretched mule attached to it,
...traction power being made up by
...se dirty clothes, and trousers rolled
...their thighs, and legs plentifully
...ith dried patches of mud, looked
...but imperial. The Chinese say
...0 horses were collected by the
...and left Pekin for the tombs; but
...at arrangements were so defective
...mense cavalcade speedily exhausted
...on the route, and then large num-
...f starvation. To add to the wretch-
...frost broke up and the rain came
...r twr after they started, and the
...e one continuous quagmire.
...it is just as well that the youthful
...ould have, perforce, learned a little
...s they are.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

...n of his mother, and she was a widow."
...their sandals lay heavy and white,
...ts were damp with the tears of the night,
...sweary, and throbbing with pain,
...d the gates of the City of Nain.

...he pathway a sorrowing throng
...rnfully chanting a funeral song,
...monotone, ceaseless and slow,
...woman came laden with woe.

...ricken mothers, to tell how she wept?
...e vigils that sorrow hath kept,
...he travail of anguish and pain,
...rief of the widow of Nain.

...first of the wayfaring men
...mute burden was lowered, and then,
...the white grave-cloths that covered the

...rank back, but the mother drew near.

...nkled tresses had loosened their strands,
...ell unchecked on the tightly-clasped

...e wild sobbing, and stifled her cries,
...zareth lifted his eyes.

...compassion as slowly they fell;
...softens grief's tremulous swell,
...d tenderly, "Weep not," he said,
...the passionless face of the dead.

...loaned his forehead, loose rippled the
...e'er temples transparently fair;
...le up from the earth to the skies,
...he voiceless one, "Young man, arise!"

...outlines grew fervid with breath;
...losed from the midnight of death;
...ppy mother, and fall at his feet!
...hted promise grow hopeful and sweet

...had passed, and the midday heats

...e pathway the wayfarers turned.
...of kings had conquered again;
...n the house in the widow of Nain.

...ychology of Porpoises.

...way the psychology of porpoises
...ded as a rather unpromising field
...n. Yet a writer in *Nature* contro-
...ion taken by Prof. Huxley, that
...in of the porpoise is quite won-
...s and for development of cerebral
...t is hard to believe that the crea-
...ed with any excess of intellect.
...gines, on the other hand, that he
...eason for crediting porpoises with
...he intellect attributed to them in
...ion, and quotes his observations
...age to Constantinople in proof.
...was frequently becalmed amid
...creatures. "The sailors assured
..." that no sharks were in the
...while the porpoises were near, and
...inged overboard and swam to-
...oises. They usually surrounded
...y circular shoal or company, and
...s their unusual visitor an amount
...ich I may venture to dignify with
...osity. Their respiratory necess-
...d any long-continued scrutiny,
...ng upwards for their customary
...mmonly resumed their investiga-
...es approaching uncomfortably
... darting off to the circumference
...t circ... I am not able to de-
...sion on the *features* of a por-
...collection of that of the eyes of
...ompanions is very different from
...e seen on the large vacant orbs
...fishes."

LONDON.

A Batch of New Books.

Why Lord Stratford de Redcliffe Is a Christian.

Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge ---Her Reminiscences of Distinguished Persons.

Essays by Max Muller---Sir Charles Lyell's "Antiquity of Man."

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, July 5, 1873.

The Shah and the Claimant have had so large a share of public attention in England that new literature has, so far as the daily press at all events is concerned, passed unnoticed, yet several capital books have been published within the last few days.

A DIPLOMATIST IN A NEW CHARACTER.

To-day the venerable Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, now in his 86th year, issues a small brochure entitled, "Why Am I a Christian?" It is addressed to some old friend whose name is supplied by asterisks. "You must remember," writes his Lordship, referring to his long battle against Russian influence at Constantinople, "how we worked together at a most interesting period in that vineyard, which sometimes, as of late, has yielded very sour grapes, if any at all. We were then on Eastern ground, *in partibus infidelium*, so fully occupied with our official duties, amid the stirring events of a world-wide struggle, that leisure for anything else was almost out of the question." Lately, he proceeds to add, their conversation has fallen upon the skeptical tendency of modern society. Lord Stratford's object is admirable, and the spirit of his book is praiseworthy, but it is very poorly written, and, as a controversial production, has no merit whatever. It is below the average of the least scholarly of our pulpits, and will excite a laugh in the breast of the Duke of Somerset.

COLERIDGE'S DAUGHTER.

Of a very different quality is the theological discussion which enters so much into the "Memoir and Letters of Sara Caleridge," which was published to-day in two volumes. Sara Coleridge was the daughter of the great poet, and was brought up under the influence of her father, of Wordsworth, and of her uncle, Southey. There are exquisite descriptions of personal feeling, and many shrewd and subtle reflections, in her letters, quite apart from those which treat of speculative thought and religious inquiry. One wishes, however, that it was possible to have some of the replies of the distinguished people with whom she corresponded.

An admirable article, entitled "The Daughter of Coleridge," appeared in an American journal called the *Literary World*, in July, 1852. It was written by a highly-esteemed correspondent of hers, the late Prof. Henry Reed, of Philadelphia. Several letters to the Professor appear in these volumes. A few of her criticisms are worth pinning down.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"I saw," she writes, "Mrs. Joanna Baillie before dinner. She wore a delicate lavender satin bonnet; and Mrs. I—— says she is fond of dress, and knows what every one has on. Her taste is certainly exquisite in dress, though (strange to say) not, in my opinion, in poetry. I more than ever admired the harmony of expression and tint, the silver hair and silvery gray eye, the pale skin, and the look which speaks of a mind that has had much communing with high imagination, though such intercourse is only perceptible now by the absence of everything which that lofty spirit would not set his seal upon."

MISS HERSCHEL.

"Mrs. I—— says that Miss Herschel, sister of the late Dr. Herschel, is a person of uncommon attainments and abilities, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society. She is now 84. Her letters from Berlin, where she resides, are full of vigor and spirit. She says: 'My brother and I have sometimes stood out star-gazing till 2 o'clock, and have been told that, the night before, our neighbor's pigs had died of the pest.'"

MISS MARTINEAU'S "RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL."

"Miss Martineau's 'Retrospect of Western Travel' I [Sara Coleridge] have read and enjoyed. It takes you through out-door scenes, and, though the politics are overpowering now and then, it freshens you up by wanderings amid woods and rivers, and over mountain-brows, and among tumbling waterfalls. I think Miss Martineau made me more at home with Niagara than any other of the American travelers. She gives one a most lively *waterfallish* feeling; introduces one not only to the huge mass of rushing water, but to the details of the environs, the wood in which the stream runs away, &c. She takes you over it and under it, before it and behind it, and seems as if she were performing a duty she owed to the genius of the cataract, by making it thoroughly well-known to those at a distance, rather than to display her own talent by writing a well-rounded period in a terse paragraph about it."

DR. PUSEY.

"We have had Pusey and Manning preaching here lately [she writes],—the former three times. Pusey's middle sermon, preached in the evening, was the perfection of his style. But it is wrong to talk of style in respect of a preacher whose very merit consists in his aiming at no style at all. He is certainly, to my feelings, more impressive than any one else in the pulpit, though he has not one of the graces of oratory. His discourse is generally a rhapsody, describing, with infinite repetition and accumulativeness, the wickedness of sin, the worthlessness of earth, and the blessedness of Heaven. . . . He still has a statue all the time he is uttering it, looks as white as a sheet, and is as monotonous in delivery as possible. While listening to him, you do not seem to see and hear a preacher, but to have visible before you a most earnest and devout spirit, striving to carry out in this world a high religious theory."

WORDSWORTH IN 1847.

"Mrs. Wordsworth [says Miss Coleridge] is wonderfully active. She went three times to church on the Fast-Day, and would have fasted almost wholly, had not Mr. W., in a deep, determined voice, said, 'Oh! don't be so *foolish*, Mary!' She wisely felt that obedience was better than this sort of sacrifice, and 'gave up what she had set her heart upon,' poor, dear thing! She is very pale in look and voice, and I think it very possible that a real fast might have precipitated her downward progress in the journey of life. I will not say how many steps. Mr. Wordsworth can walk seven or eight miles very well, and he talks a good deal in the course of the day; but his talk is, at the best, but the faintest possible image of his pristine mind as shown in conversation). He is dozy and dull during a great part of the day. Now and then the dim, waning lamp feebly flares up, and displays a temporary, comparative brightness; but *sheu! quantum mutatus ab illo!* He seems rather to recontinue his former self, and repeat by habit what he used to think and feel, than to think anything new. To me he is deeply interesting even in his present state, for the sake of the past. The manner in which he enters into domestic matters, the concerns and characters of maids, wives, and widows, whether they are fresh and gay, or withering on the stalk, is really touching in one of so robust and manly frame of mind as his originally was, and, in a certain way, still is."

The following is a sketch of the present

LADY EASTLAKE.

"Did you ever meet Miss R—— in London? She is, perhaps, the most brilliant woman of the day, the most accomplished and Crichtonian. She draws, takes portraits like an artist, and writes slavishly on painting; she plays with power, and writes most strikingly on music; she speaks different languages. Her essays and tales have both had great success, the former as great as possible. To put the *comble* to all this, she is a very fine woman,—large, yet girlish, like a Doric pillar metamorphosed into a damsel, dark and striking. No, this is *not* the comble. The top of her perfections is, that she has well-bred, courteous, unassuming manners; does not talk upon her to hold forth to the company, a fault of which many lionesses of the day are guilty. At this moment, no less than *four* rise up before me who show a desire to talk to the room at large rather than quietly to their neighbors on the sofa. Miss R—— is honorably distinguished in this respect. She is thoroughly feminine, like that princess of novelists, Jane Austen."

LORD MACAULAY.

"I met Mr. Macaulay on Tuesday, at a very pleasant party at Sir Robert Inglis'. He was in great force, and I saw the likeness (amid great unlikeness) to my father, as I never had seen it before. It is not in the features, which in my father were, as Laurence says, more vague, but besides very much in the look and expression of the material of the face, the mobility, softness, and sensitiveness of all the flesh,—that sort of look which is so well expressed in Sir Thomas Laurence's beautiful unfinished portrait of Wilberforce. I mean that the *kind* was common to Wilberforce, but the species alike in Macaulay and S. T. C. The eyes are quite unlike,—even opposite in expression,—my father's in-looking and visionary, Macaulay's out-looking and objective. His talk, too, though different as to sentiment and matter, was like a little, in manner, in its labyrinthine multiplicity, and multitudinousness; and the tones, so flexible and *sinuous*, as it were, reminded me of the departed eloquence."

MRS. BROWNING.

"Mrs. Browning is in weak health, and cannot remain in the foggy clime. They are to reside in Paris. She is little, hard-featured, with long, dark ringlets, a pale face, and plaintive voice,—something very impressive in her dark eyes and her brow. Her general aspect puts one in mind of Mignon,—what Mignon might be in maturity and maternity. She has more poetic genius than any woman living,—perhaps more than any woman ever showed before, except Sappho."

MAX MULLER.

Prof. Max Muller collects together his four Royal Institute lectures, called "Introduction to the Science of Religion," and prints with them two essays, on False Analogies, and the Philosophy of Mythology. The volume is dedicated to Ralph Waldo Emerson, in memory of his visit to Oxford this year, and "in acknowledgment of constant refreshment of head and heart derived from his writings during the last twenty-five years."

SIR CHARLES LYELL.

The venerable Sir Charles Lyell has issued a fourth edition of his "Antiquity of Man," the first having been published just ten years ago. Many important additions and corrections have been made. The evidence which we have obtained of the existence of man at so remote a period that there has since been time for many conspicuous mammalia to die out, and this even before the era of the earliest historical records, shows also, Sir Charles Lyell points out, that, in spite of the long lapse of pre-historical ages, during which he must have flourished on the earth, there is no proof of any perceptible change in his bodily structure. If, therefore, he ever diverged from some unreasoning brute-ancestor, we must suppose him to have existed at a far more distant epoch, "possibly on some continents or islands now submerged beneath the ocean." And there is the theory that a lower race of mankind inevitably disappears when in contact with one higher in physical and mental capacity. Sir Charles adheres to his long-expressed opinion that Mr. Darwin's theory of the "Origin of Species" is the best explanation yet offered of the connection between man and those animals which have flourished successively on the earth. He contends that, so far from having a materialistic tendency, the supposed introduction into the earth, at successive geological periods, of life, sensation, instinct, the intelligence of the higher mammalia, bordering on reason, and lastly the improvable reason of man himself, "presents us with a picture of ever-increasing dominion of mind over matter."

THE DUNKERS.

A Strange Religious Sect—Their Genuine Love-Feast.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Dunkers are a very curious religious sect, originating in the Old World, and flourishing in various parts of our country, especially in Lancaster County, Pa. They are well-to-do farmers, and, as a friend remarked to me, are likely to be found wherever there is fertile limestone soil. Their ministers are uneducated and unpaid farmers; their religion is a compound of honesty, hard work, and legal rites; their churches are barns, and their chief meetings concentrate themselves in half-yearly services before and after harvest.

Leaving Litiz after tea, we were quickly carried behind our landlord's swift and powerful horses through a real garden land to the place of Dunker meeting—the large white barn of a rich farmer of their persuasion. The lanes leading to the barn were filled with carriages, and the grounds were crowded with spectators, who were grouped under the apple-trees or around the wide-opened doors of the barn. The services were well under way, and the interesting ceremony of feet-washing over when we arrived. With some difficulty we worked our way over implements and hay-piles into one corner of the barn, from which we could overlook the whole scene. The building had been cleared for the brethren and sisters, who sat along narrow tables ranged across the body of the barn. A partition-wall separated the sexes, and over it we could see the serious faces of the sisters, with their white caps and white crapes, while a row of sedate brethren sat so near to us that we could have laid our hands on their hair, religiously parted in the middle.

As we came in they were silently partaking of their love-feast. On the narrow tables stood tin bowls of lambs' broth, with the boiled joint aside of them, bread and butter, and water served out of watering cans. About 250 were partaking of the meal by the light of tallow candles, and never a word was spoken, except in address, or hymn, or prayer.

After the love-feast was over, a speaker significantly reminded us strangers that, as we did not keep the Lord's feast in this divinely-appointed way, we had little to expect on the Day of Judgment. Then came a prayer, the interesting 13th chapter of John, recounting our Lord's crucifixion, and the address of an old white-bearded man, who, with rude but deep pathos, told of Christ's love in His redeeming death.

The leader bade them greet each other with a "holy kiss" ere they tasted their Lord's sacramental supper, and silently and slowly the salutation passed down one side the long tables and up the other. Then the elements were consecrated, and passed from hand to hand. The scene was striking. The barn was dimly lighted by the candles, the faces of all were sober, and some were thoughtful. Many of the men were gray and toil-worn, and some of the women, if not beautiful, had a sweet calm in their faces. Sometimes a German or an English hymn pealed upward among the rafters of the barn, and then there was deep silence again, broken only by slight rustling in the hay and low whispers among the strangers, watching to see what new ceremony would next be started from the crosstable at which the Dunker preacher sat. Here was a strange mixture of the true and false; a ritual rude and yet refined, and as closely observed by these farmers as are the forms of St. Alban's by its fashionable devotees.

PASSED AWAY.

Weep no more; strive no more; let the dream go,
No soft summer showers make plucked roses blow.

The fair vase is broken; the soft scent is lost;
Let the crushed fragments lie; count not the cost.

The bond that is severed no charm can unite;
No magic can make again noon-day's spent light

Weep no more; hope no more; pray not, nor trust;
Oh! fair was our idol; we framed it of dust.

It crumbled before us; the gay colors fled;
The radiance has vanished; the glory is dead.

Yearn no more; look no more mournfully back;
Let the long grasses wave over the track.

Let the soft sunshine steep quiet and calm;
Let the low wind breathe its musical balm,

Till the pang is forgotten, forgotten the tomb,—
Till o'er the crushed leaflets fresh violets bloom.

What! they will not leave fragrance like those we have known.
Hush! think no more; weep no more, Summer is flown!

PAUL VANE.

An Anecdote of Nelson.

I remember having read somewhere an anecdote of the hero of Trafalgar, which, I think, is a good illustration of the difference between the naval customs of his day and the present. On one occasion, when engaged in an exciting stern chase of some Frenchman, he roared out to his Quartermaster, who had the helm, "Thice! Thice!" (put the helm hard up.) "Thice it is, my Lord,' said he. 'No, it isn't,' said Nelson—'nothing' of the sort," "Yes, it is, my Lord." "Then, I suppose I lie," said Nelson. "Yes, you do, my Lord," said the matter-of-fact man. Now, if it were possible that such a thing should happen to a Post-Captain of the present day, he would have had the Quartermaster in irons at once. Not so had the Quartermaster in irons at once. Not so Nelson. He held on until he had caught up with the Frenchman, when he gave him—as he always did every enemy—the most tremendous beating the mind of man can conceive; and in the excitement of victory forgot all about the Quartermaster.—*Once a Week.*

NEW YORK.

The Latest Defalcation—The Old Story Constantly Repeated.

The Probable Facts of the Goodrich Tragedy---The Precarious Health of the Dry-Goods Croesus.

Thurlow Weed Dying---An Incomplete Record of Literature.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1873.

The defalcation of the late Ethelbert S. Mills, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, has caused great uneasiness in financial circles of that and this city. The thing itself is altogether too common to be in any way remarkable; but the reputation which the man enjoyed was so entirely above suspicion that his wrong-doing has given a shock to the community.

THE LATEST DEFALCATION.

No man in all Brooklyn stood higher, commercially or socially. He was supposed to be not only very wealthy, but a pattern of rectitude and honor. His death by drowning at Coney Island startled and distressed his many friends, who were still more startled and distressed by the deficiency in his accounts. The opinion that he committed suicide is not well based, because, if he had continued to live, his dishonesty would have remained concealed. A man is not likely to destroy himself when he knows that his dissolution must lead to an examination of his affairs and the tarnishing of his memory. It was the interest of Mr. Mills to live, at least until he had made good the amount he had taken from the Trust Company. Then nobody would have been aware that he had ever yielded to temptation, and his fair fame would have been preserved to the end. Now the members of his family and all his intimates are in double affliction,—mourning less for his demise than for his dishonor.

Mr. Mills' case is one of many. He did what hundreds of others are trying to do. He was making over-haste to get rich. He entered into large real-estate and building operations, and, as they did not turn out as he had anticipated, he needed money to save him from ruin, and he borrowed it of the Company, without informing any of his fellow-officers of the transaction. Of course, he took a little at first, and then a little more, and so on, until he had rendered the amount of his debt formidable. He was always hoping to be able to put back what he had borrowed; but his expected gain came not, though his death and blasted name did come, and most inopportunely. If he had lived a few years longer, he would, doubtless, have gotten out of his trouble, and the record of his misdeeds have been obliterated.

BETRAYED TRUSTS.

Many officers of banks, insurance-companies, and other corporations, who stand unblemished to-day, are doing or have done exactly as the deceased President of the Brooklyn Trust Company. They go beyond their means. A little money, they think, will extricate them from their difficulty. They can take it where it will not be missed, and soon make everything right. They sink deeper and deeper in, and they despair of getting out. Sometimes they get out; oftener they do not. Much more than the average strength seems to be required not to use funds with which one is intrusted, when one is sorely in need of them. It is said that this sort of unwarranted drawing is resorted to every day in Wall street, and I have no reason to disbelieve it. The fever of speculation renders men delirious. They rush upon courses they would shrink from in their rational hours. Like confident swimmers, they revel in the surf, and are unconsciously carried out to sea, from which no strength of theirs can redeem them.

It is a singular phase of human nature that it should be amazed and alarmed at every new manifestation of itself. Jones proves to be a defaulter this week, and we are lost in surprise, for Jones was thought to be wholly upright; we would have trusted him with anything; he was one of our most valued friends.

Jenkins does the same thing, under the same circumstances, next week, and we are once more startled from our propriety. We cannot comprehend how he could have been guilty of such misdemeanors, for we had entire faith in him, and knew him intimately.

Within a month, Jackson, who is our neighbor, swindles his creditors shamefully, and confounds our confidence. We should as soon have suspected our brother, and we deeply deplore the weakness of our kind.

So it continues from week to week, from month to month, from year to year. In spite of our proclaimed skepticism, our expressed cynicism, we must be very trustful creatures; for, whenever one of our fellows deviates from the ethical perpendicular, we beat our breasts in wonder, and descant upon the evil of the time.

THE GOODRICH TRAGEDY

is still talked of, and the public seem to be tending more and more to the belief that Kate Stoddard did not commit the murder, though she was probably an accomplice. There is very little doubt of her mental derangement, which has been much increased by the exciting experiences she has had for some months past. The probability is, that she knew Goodrich to his injury, and the address of an old white-bearded man, who, with rude but deep pathos, told of Christ's love in His redeeming death.

Richard Henry Stoddard has resigned his position as editor of the *Aldine*,—having stayed there several months longer than had been predicted. The *Aldine* is famous for changing its editors,—having on an average a different one every season. And, when the summer or winter is protracted, the journal averages two editors to the season.

Private letters from Vienna speak in high terms of Gen. P. Sidney Post, our Consul-General, who has become a great favorite with the Austrians as well as with his own countrymen. He has had many difficulties to contend with during the Exposition, but has managed to keep out of quarrels, and to secure the good will of all parties. Gen. Post is an Illinoisan,—being, I think, a citizen of Galesburg.

One of the stories of Wall street is, that Henry N. Smith, the well-known speculator, has lost $1,500,000 in the last three months, but expects to make it up in the next three.

Several Peter-Funk establishments have been recently opened in Broadway, with a view, no doubt, to swindling the strangers who visit the Metropolis at this season. They are shrewdly conducted.

Model-artist exhibitors, which were the rage before the War, until they were suppressed, have been revived lately in some unpleasant localities up town, and meet with pecuniary encouragement.

It is said that nearly 250,000 of our population live in boarding-houses, which accounts for the unpopularity of hash as an article of daily diet. COLSTOUN.

THE LAW OF DEATH.

The song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savatthi.
She had one child, as sweet and gay
And dear to her as the light of day.
She was so young, and he so fair,
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair,
To see them by the doorway play
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky.
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shade his eyes invades;
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades;
His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still.
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

"Master! all-helpful! help me now!
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"
She grovelled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er.
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer;
"Bring me a handful a Lotus tied
With thread from a house where none has died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream;
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise:
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day,
From every door she bore away
With aching heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain, heard poor Kilvany,
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell, and prayed the god again.
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast:
"Ah! thou hast mocked me, Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath died."
And Buddha answered, in a tone
Soft as a ficle at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven and strong as death
To him who hears with ears of faith:
"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!
Bow, and accept the common lot."

Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.
—*John Hay in Scribner's for August.*

Feminine Figures.

The *Pall-Mall Gazette's* discussion of a lady's ability to dress herself on $75 a year, makes proper a revival of the following estimates, published a few years ago:

FASHIONABLE BILL, PER ANNUM.

2 silk dresses—common	$200.00
2 silk dresses—uncommon	400.00
2 walking suits	150.00
2 house dresses	100.00
1 grenadine suit (summer)	75.00
1 black alpaca	40.00
2 Swiss dresses (summer)	100.00
6 cambric dresses (summer)	225.00
1 evening wrap	80.00
2 light poplins	100.00
1 love of a bonnet	50.00
1 not so lovely bonnet	30.00
1 plain bonnet	20.00
1 hat	10.00
Faline hats	100.00
1 velvet cloak	200.00
1 cloth cloak	75.00
1 set sable furs	200.00
1 set ermine, for evening wear	125.00
1 paisley shawl	100.00
1 lace shawl	100.00
Laces	500.00
Other sets	100.00
1 set every-day jewelry	75.00
1 set for parties, &c	300.00
Gloves for a year	120.00
Toilet articles for the year	80.00
Lingerie	300.00
Ribbons	125.00
Other mysteries	149.32
2 pairs boots	60.00
Fans	25.00
Parasols	75.00
Hair-pins and other hair-rigging	20.68
Morning-dresses, slippers, water-proofs, silk umbrellas (one lost each month), and various et ceteras	331.00
Prayer-book	5.00
Total	$5,000.00

LOWEST ESTIMATE.

1 silk dress (made by herself)	$ 60.00
1 nice walking suit (Irish poplin)	35.00
1 common walking suit	10.00
2 house dresses	12.00
1 grenadine suit (summer)	15.00
1 Swiss dress	10.00
1 organdie	7.50
Fans	5.00
2 muslins	7.00
2 light calicoes	2.50
1 evening wrap	4.00
2 light poplins for spring and fall	9.00
1 winter bonnet	10.00
1 spring hat	5.00
1 summer bonnet	10.00
1 fall hat	5.00
False hair, &c	15.00
1 velvet cloak	60.00
1 set of furs	25.00
1 shawl	10.00
1 lace shawl	30.00
Laces	50.00
1 set every-day jewelry (dollar store)	1.50
1 fine set	45.00
Gloves for a year	20.00
Toilet articles	6.00
Lingerie	30.00
Ribbons	20.00
Other mysteries	25.00
2 pairs of boots	20.00
2 parasols	5.00
Morning-dresses, slippers, waterproof, and various et ceteras	50.00
1 Bible	5.00
Total	$545.00

The Pope and Rattazzi.

The Pope has publicly rebuked certain of the Catholic clergy who attended the funeral of Rattazzi, the Italian statesman. "In that act," said he, speaking on the subject, "the priests showed themselves greater courtiers than ministers of God."

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

Facts and Incidents Connected Therewith.

The Perils of the Deep.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The recent loss of the noble steamship City of Washington, of the Inman line, so soon after that of the Atlantic, of the White Star line, calls to mind facts and incidents connected with ocean steam navigation, which may possibly be of interest to some of the many readers of THE TRIBUNE. It is now just thirty-five years since the actual commencement of ocean steam navigation; and while, on the whole, it may be regarded as a great success, still the loss of steamships and the sacrifice of human lives connected therewith have been far greater, probably, than most people suppose. Of steamships, the average loss has been one for every ten months; of human lives, the estimate is at least 100 for each ship lost,—for forty-three ships making a grand total of 4,300.

The following, although made wholly from memory, is a nearly correct list of

STEAMSHIPS LOST:

On the route to Quebec and Montreal—The Russia, Arabian, Anglo-Saxon, Connaught, Canada, and North Britain. To New York—The President, City of Philadelphia, Glasgow, City of Glasgow, Argo, City of New York, Columbia, Humboldt, Franklin, Chicago, Scotland, England, Pacific, Arctic, City of Boston, Colorado, Cambria, Atlantic, and City of Washington. From New York to California,—this side the Isthmus,—The Empire City, Crescent City, City of Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and Cherokee. Between Panama and San Francisco—The Sea Bird, Monumental City, Columbia, Independence, Tennessee, Winfield Scott, John L. Stevens, S. S. Lewis, Golden Gate, Washington, and Continental.

We have said that ocean steam navigation commenced

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

It was in 1838 that the Atlantic Ocean was crossed for the first time by vessels propelled exclusively by steam power; and pretty much all the credit we as a nation can claim at this day is the honor connected with the fact that the project was first conceived, and finally carried into successful operation, by an American citizen. In 1834 we find this gentleman (Junius Smith) in London, engaged in the project of endeavoring to secure the navigation of the Atlantic Ocean with steamships. At first he met with not only opposition, but even abuse and derision. In spite of all, however, he succeeded, in 1836, in establishing a company under the title of the British & American Steam Navigation Company. This being done, a contract was at once made for building two steamships of large dimensions, which, being completed, were intended to be the finest specimens of marine architecture ever constructed. During the delay in building these vessels, in order to give assurance to the public mind, this Company, in the spring of 1838, sent out the small steamer Sirius. This vessel made but one trip, and was succeeded by their afterward famous steamship, the Great Western. I was at the dock in New York, with more than 10,000 others, to greet her first arrival. As soon as the Company's first steamship, the British Queen, was completed she commenced her trips to New York. Then came her consort, the President, which, after crossing the ocean a few times, was lost, with all on board,—no one knows how or where,—on her return trip to Liverpool. Among her passengers was the famous comedian, Powers, who delighted immense audiences at the old Park Theatre, New York, forty years ago. After the loss of the President, the British Queen made but few trips to New York, when she was sold to the Belgian Government. On her last trip home, the writer, one of a large party, on board of a small steamer, convoyed her far out to sea. The Great Western, however, continued on the route to New York for many years, running with wonderful regularity.

Next came what has become the celebrated

CUNARD LINE,

consisting of four splendid steamships, called the Britannia, Hibernia, Caledonia, and Columbia. These ships, having run with astonishing regularity for several years, with only one great misfortune,—the loss of the Columbia (no lives),—were (the remainder of them) sold to other parties, and their places supplied by others, much larger and more magnificent in their construction,—the line now consisting of nine ships, viz.: the Acadia, Europa, America, Canada, Asia, Arabia (side-wheel), and the Alps, Alleghanies, and Andes (stern-propellers),—running both to New York and Boston. On the route to New York, these ships have now given place to still larger vessels, called the Cuba, Malta, Palmyra, China, Abyssinia, Tripoli, Scotia, Batavia, Java, and Samaria. It is a notable fact that not a single life has been lost on this line by accident up to the present time. By reading the printed regulations and instructions posted in all of these splendid steamers, a person would hardly expect the loss of one of these steamships from such causes as led to the destruction of the Atlantic and City of Washington. On a recent occasion, one of the Cunard Captains married a wife, and asked permission to take her to New York and back. The request was readily granted; but, as the vessel was about to sail, he found it in charge of another commander for that trip.

In this connection, I should not fail to notice the greatest ship of all at the time of her construction,

THE GREAT BRITAIN,

different in two respects from all others built in early years,—first, in being constructed wholly of iron, and secondly, with stern-propeller instead of side paddle-wheels. The Great Britain—after making a few successful trips to this country and back, to the astonishment of all—quietly ran aground on the coast of Ireland, where she remained during the winter. She was finally got off, taken to Liverpool, and repaired, when she was again seen in American waters. The last I knew of her, she was running to Australia.

Up to the time of building the Great Britain, about 1845, such a thing as an American-built Transatlantic steamer was unknown. This state of things gave rise to the question whether Americans were going to be outdone in this new field of enterprise. Our pride, our capitalists, said No. England, it was determined, was not to remain mistress of the sea. Soon the

STEAMSHIP WASHINGTON,—

in that day a large and noble vessel,—was completed, the first American-built steamer that ever showed itself in British waters. She ran with great regularity for many years, and was always regarded as an excellent sea-boat. Early in the war she was sent to California with Government stores, and was afterwards lost on the Pacific coast. I happened, on one occasion, to be on the dock in New York when this steamer, her course nearly run, came into port. As she came up, one ragged urchin inquired of another what steamer it was. He replied, "It is the old *tub* Washington." The Washington, however, was but the precursor of much greater and more splendid vessels. She was soon followed by the first of the famous

COLLINS LINE,

which, at the time of their construction, for size, power, and elegance, were wholly unrivaled. By the advent of these noble steamers, it was generally admitted that the spell of British invincibility was soon to be broken, and that the Star-Spangled Banner was to float triumphant on the ocean. This line consisted of the Atlantic, Baltic, Pacific, and Arctic, to which was added the Adriatic. These ships were of 4,000 tons burden, built of live-oak. The Atlantic, the pioneer-ship of the line, left New York on her first trip in the spring of 1850. She was soon followed by the Baltic, Pacific, and Arctic. It was a line of steamers for a nation to be proud of, and, had it received that aid from the Government which it was entitled to, it would no doubt have rivaled the great Cunard line, on which England has lavished so much. But, owing to the want of due encouragement, and the early loss of two ships, the Pacific and Arctic, the Collins line of steamships was a dead failure. While the Arctic was building, her frame then just up, I passed through it, and, seeing workmen engaged in salting the timbers with brine, expressed the hope that the ship would never be subjected to any other process of salting. Just at that moment, Mr. E. K. Collins, her owner, passed by, remarking to some gentlemen with him, that, when the Arctic was completed as he intended to have her

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY—WE SOLD IN drawing of 22d April last the $500,000 prize. Circulars sent; information given. J. B. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers, 10 Wall-st. P. O. Box 4685, New York.

The Chicago Tribune.

Sunday Morning, July 27, 1873.

THE NEW CITY WATER-WORKS.

The people of Chicago have cause for gratification that the measure for the extension of the water-supply, which was interrupted by the fire, has taken practical shape, and is now under construction. The general scheme embraces two distinct works, but both essential to any enlarged system of water-supply. The first is the construction of a second tunnel under the lake, from the site of the present Water-Works to the crib. The importance of this work cannot be overrated. The city is now dependent on the one tunnel for its supply of water. The demand for water is continuous. It admits of no suspension of the pumps. The water cannot be turned off an hour, and consequently there is no opportunity given for an examination of the tunnel, nor to clean it, nor to repair it, should it need repairing. In case of an accident to the tunnel, it would involve an absolute cutting off of the whole water-supply of the city until such time as the damage could be repaired and our people have a painful remembrance of what is involved in a suspension of water-supply and a resort to cisterns and the river, to say nothing of the increased danger from fire. The new tunnel will run parallel with the old one, and, when completed, will be connected with the wells under the pumps. This will admit the occasional disuse of either of the two, that there may be frequent examination and such preventive measures adopted as experience and time may suggest. The first tunnel had a capacity of 55,000,000 gallons a day. The two will furnish 125,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, leaving no question as to the adequacy of the supply from the lake for many years to come. Even when the time comes that these will be insufficient, it will be only necessary to construct a third tunnel, or a fourth, or as many as may be needed. The tunnel will be a fraction over two miles long. More than half a mile has already been constructed, and the work progresses at an average of 16 feet per day.

While this work is steadily progressing under the bed of Lake Michigan, another and equally-important one has just been begun. This is the construction of a similar tunnel, from the land terminus of the lake tunnels to the site of the new pumping-works, near the corner of Ashland avenue and Twenty-second street. This work has been contracted for, and has been actually begun. From its nature it can be prosecuted as well in the winter as at any other time, and by night as well as by day. The time fixed for its completion is 1875, and the time is ample. The whole distance—which will be in an air line—is a fraction less than three miles and three-quarters. The work will be prosecuted at various points at the same time. Shafts 80 feet deep and 10 feet in diameter will be sunk, as follows: 1, on Chicago avenue; 2, on Illinois street; 3, on South Wells street, near Randolph; 4, on Jackson, near Clinton; 5, on Polk street, near Halsted; 6, on Waller street; 7, on Rebecca street, near Centre avenue; 8, on Nineteenth street, near Blue Island avenue; and 9, at the terminus. This number of shafts may be increased hereafter. The miners will work both ways from each shaft, thus enabling two gangs to be employed at each shaft. The general mode of work will be the same as in the lake tunnels,—the men with the picks in the advance, with the bricklayers following close after them; the excavated clay being moved by tramways to the shaft, and thence sent up to be carted off.

At the western terminus of this tunnel there will be erected a duplicate of the present Water-Works. There is no reason why the necessary building may not be constructed and the machinery placed in it while the work on the tunnel is progressing. The city, in the meantime, is taking up on certain lines of street the small mains laid down some years ago, and replacing them with larger ones, thereby making the distribution more equal in all parts of the city. Much of the power now wasted will be then saved. The force of the two pumping establishments will be applied to the whole system of mains and supply-pipes, and the present failure, at times, to force the water above the second story of buildings will be remedied. The consumption of water in Chicago is enormous. The progressive increase is shown in the figures of the amount pumped annually for several years. In 1858, the average daily consumption was 2,991,413 gallons; in 1863, it was 6,400,-298 gallons; in 1866, it was 8,681,536 gallons, the highest being 10,022,164; in 1867, the first year of the lake tunnel, the daily average consumption reached 11,562,273 gallons; in 1868, the daily consumption in July was 16,414,460 gallons; in 1870, it reached in mid-summer over 22,000,000, and now, in 1873, it is nearly 35,000,-000 gallons daily, and a large portion of the city is not yet furnished with service-pipes.

These figures indirectly give an indication of the increase of population in the city. The lake tunnel was first used in March, 1867, the water previously used having become detestable from the washings of the river flowing into the basin off the pumping-works. It will be seen, also, that in a very few years the water demand would have equaled the capacity of the single lake tunnel, and a second lake tunnel would have been a necessity. The construction of a second pumping-works will not only double the capacity to supply, but will give to that supply a force which is not possible with a single operating establishment. By the time the several tunnels and the additional pumping-works will be completed, it will be found that their construction has not been by any means too soon, and that they will be needed to meet an existing demand for water. In addition to all her other advantages, Chicago can truthfully claim to have an ample and unfailing supply of the purest water.

The "Allen County Movement" of the Ohio Democracy, which is virtually a declaration that the Democratic party is a defunct and useless organization, has received the important accessions of William S. Groesbeck, George E. Pugh, P. W. Strader, S. F. Cary, and 120 of the leading Democrats of Cincinnati, who have signed the call for the Columbus Convention of the 30th July. Mr. Groesbeck has written a letter thoroughly indorsing the movement, though declining to accept any nomination from the Convention. The Allen County Democracy, it will be remembered, met in regular Convention on the 16th of June, and declared that "Both political parties have demonstrated that they are powerless to check or control the existing tendency toward the utter demoralization of the politics of the country." They therefore refused to send delegates to the State Democratic Convention.

Mr. Groesbeck says that the Democratic party virtually disbanded last year, and that, to keep up a separate organization now, is not only useless, but detrimental to the best interests of the country. He thinks that there are grave dangers impending from the present administration of the Government, but that the Democratic party is powerless to avert them. They can only be averted by a free union, under a new organization, of all persons who think alike on present issues. Negro suffrage is not a present issue. The negro has the suffrage, and, whether he acquired it too suddenly, and with too little preparation for the safety of the community, makes no difference now. It cannot be taken away from him, and it is not desirable that it should be. There are, however, important issues upon which former Democrats and Republicans can and ought to unite. Some of these he enumerates in his letter published elsewhere.

FIRES AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS.

It wanted only a favorable conjunction of circumstances, such as a protracted drought, a high wind, and a failure of the water-supply, to make as large a fire in Baltimore, on Friday, as those of Chicago and Boston. The summing up of the Baltimore fire, although nearly 100 buildings were consumed, shows a smaller loss of property than took place in a single building in Chicago on the 9th of October, 1871. Nevertheless, the whole country was profoundly shocked by the first telegrams received. We have become so familiar with the burning of cities, that, when a fire has acquired a breast of two whole squares in a densely-populated district, we are prepared to hear that it got beyond control, and that its further spread is only a question of the amount of fuel within its reach.

The greater frequency and destructiveness of fires in this country than in Europe is accounted for in an article in the July number of the *North American Review* by Mr. James M. Bugbee upon two grounds: (1) recklessness of architects and builders, (2) want of discipline and education in the fire departments. As to the former cause, we find in American cities a universal propensity to employ the funds set apart for building purposes, whether public or private, either in useless and dangerous ornamentation, or in attaining superfluous and equally-dangerous elevation. In England, there are laws which limit the height of buildings to a certain proportion of the width of the street in front of them. On narrow streets, fire will, of course, leap from one side to the other much more readily than on broad ones. But if the buildings are low the firemen can more easily master it. The cubical contents of buildings are also limited by stringent building-regulations. If an ambitious builder wishes to cover half an acre of ground, he can only do so by interposing brick walls at regular distances; these walls to rise a certain height above the roof. On the Continent of Europe, severer regulations are enforced. In Paris, every floor must be lined with mortar to prevent a fire, once started, from extending either up or down. In Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Florence, Dresden, Amsterdam, and Madrid, Government architects superintend every building erected, for the express purpose of seeing that the building laws are complied with. No structure of any kind can be erected which does not comply with these laws, and furnish the amplest guarantees against the spread of fire. In short, the experience of European cities has taught the people that an ounce of prevention, in order to be worth a pound of cure, must be systematic and invariable, and must be despotically enforced. Imagine the indignation of a Chicago architect who should find a Government officer interfering with the execution of his superb design of a wooden Mansard roof, six stories high, covering a space of 30,000 square feet!

Fire departments in this country are provided with the best machinery, the most admirable signal system, and generally with the most copious water-supply in the world. Nevertheless, they are, on the whole, less efficient than those of the Old World. The reasons for this are threefold: (1) American firemen are not educated and drilled except in actual battle with fires. In Europe, the training of firemen is as methodical and continuous as that of soldiers in time of peace. (2) Political interference demoralizes the force and weakens the authority of the chiefs. (3) Too much reliance is placed on the steam fire-engines—hand-engines, pumps, and buckets being entirely discarded. "The departments of Paris, Berlin, and other large cities on the Continent of Europe," says Mr. Bugbee, "are organized in a manner so entirely different from ours that they can hardly be compared, except as to the results accomplished. With inferior apparatus, (mostly hand-machines of little power) they accomplish far better results in the preservation of property from fire than the American departments; but how much is owing to superior discipline and training, and how much to the superior construction of the buildings, it is impossible to tell. Their success is largely due, undoubtedly, to the celerity with which they bring their forces to bear. They recognize the fact that a small quantity of water, properly applied, in the early stages of a fire, is more effective than a large quantity a few minutes later.

Mr. Joseph Bird's plan for reorganizing the fire departments of cities is to have them composed of two brigades: the first to have charge of the heavy apparatus now in use (the steam-engine to be altered so that steam may be thrown into buildings where the flames have not burst from the doors, windows, or roof); the second brigade to have charge of the light apparatus. He would have a small engine, three buckets, and one axe placed in every large building used for the storage of combustible materials, or for manufacturing or public purposes, with a card of directions as to their use, at the expense of the owner or occupants of the building. In certain dwellings, workshops, and stores, he would have small engines placed, at the expense of the city, so near each other that one of them can be brought into use within one minute from the time a fire is discovered in any building situated in the thickly-settled portion of the city.

Boston has introduced, since her great fire, a floating steam fire-engine, for the protection of her water front, capable of throwing eight streams. London has several such machines on the Thames. Why does not Chicago have them? Nowhere in the country could they be so easily handled, or would they prove so serviceable. We have some twenty miles of dockage covered with valuable and more or less inflammable property, while a large part of the business section of the city is in such close proximity to the river that steam fire-propellers could be made available as a powerful adjunct to the existing apparatus.

THE OPERATIC CAMPAIGNS.

Every indication promises that the coming musical season will be one of the most brilliant ever known in this city. Everywhere the notes of preparation are heard. Before the leaves begin to turn, the singing-birds will be here in flocks, and their melodious notes will be heard even until the leaves come again in the spring-time. There will be no lack of diversion to mitigate the asperities of the winter nights, and the butterflies who have flown away to the watering-places and the Eastern cities, in pursuit of fashion and discomfort, may lay in ample store for personal adornment, with a realizing sense that there will be numerous opportunities for the exhibitions of toilets. The opera campaigns will rival those of the days of Grisi and Malibran, known only to our grandfathers, and those of 1865, when Parodi, Colson, Zucchi, Amodio, Junca, Formes, and Brignoli were in the heyday of their lyric fame. There will be nothing left in the European operatic world but Adelina Patti. All other artists of prominence are under contract for the New World. The Strakosch brothers—Maurice, who used to play the piano here so long ago that it almost seems mythical, and Max, whose youthful ardor is irrepressible,—head their singing army with the magical name of Nilsson, who has already sung her way into the hearts of the American people. Since her American tour, she has won still greater honors in the European capitals, and the knowing ones say that her voice has gained in volume and improved in quality. The company engaged to support the great artist is in every way worthy of her. Miles. Torriani and Maresi will have all the soprano roles not belonging to Nilsson's repertoire. Torriana adds personal grace and beauty to her vocal ability, which is no small matter, for a pretty bird is always a greater favorite as a singer than a plain one. She has been tested in London this season, and has made a success. Maresi is from La Scala and Genoa, and comes here with a first-class Italian recommendation. Annie Louise Cary will be the prima donna contralto, and, by a happy coincidence, will be once more on the same stage with Nilsson, who first brought her into prominence in this country, and to whom she owes much in the matter of artistic training. Those who heard her sing at Cincinnati, especially in the Orpheus music of Gluck, are justified in expecting great things from our home contralto. There will be three tenors in the company—Campanini, Capoul, and Bonfratelli. The first named is now the favorite tenor of Europe, and will sustain the heavy roles in such operas as "The Huguenots," "Aida," and "Lohengrin." Capoul, the light tenor, is already well and favorably known in this country. The third is a stranger. MM. Maurel and Del Puente, the two baritones, have been singing all the season at the two London houses, and have made excellent reputations; likewise the bass, Signor Nanetti. Signor Muzio will be the conductor of this remarkable troupe. He is no stranger to Chicago, having been here often, both with operatic and concert troupes. That he has improved immensely is shown by the fact that Verdi intrusted to him the direction of the first performance of "Aida," which was written for the Khedive of Egypt. The repertoire of the troupe is a brilliant one, including "Aida," "Lohengrin," "Dinorah," "Hamlet," "Huguenots," "Faust," "Mignon," "Nozze di Figaro," "Martha," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Don Giovanni," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Othello," "Ernani," and "Sonnambula." "Aida" and "Lohengrin" alone should make the success of any season; the one, the last work of the oldest living representative of the Italian school, and the other, one of the brightest and most beautiful works of the great musical genius, Richard Wagner. Summing up, therefore, we have in this troupe one of the three greatest living prima donnas, a strong company in every detail, and a repertoire which has never been excelled. If the Strakosches do not make a financial success under these favorable circumstances, then, indeed, are operatic prospects hopeless in this country.

But Strakosch is not to have the field all to himself. The indomitable Maretzek, who has been shipwrecked in opera more times than any other manager in the country, but who always comes up smiling every new season, has already marshaled his forces, and has his chorus and orchestra hard at work rehearsing in New York. Lucca, who heads his troupe, will be a dangerous rival to Nilsson. She is fresh from the most successful operatic campaign ever known in the United States, and has achieved a reputation which will carry her through a second campaign with flying colors. Ilma di Murska, almost as well known as either Nilsson or Lucca, will support her. Vizzani will take the light tenor roles, and the veteran Tamberlik, the father of the *ut de poitrine*, is in training to win once more the laurels of his earlier triumphs. Jamet, the excellent artist, will have the bass roles. Natali Testa, who has not been heard in Chicago for many years, will be the prima donna contralto of the troupe. With two such troupes in the field, there will be no lack of good music, and we may look for a lively campaign. True, we have no opera-house at present, but we can offer one of the best theatres in the country, and, as it is not only elegant but cosy, we shall probably enjoy ourselves just as much as if we were distributed over the great spaces of an opera-house.

English opera, which, since the departure of the great and good Parepa, has languished, will also be revived, and, for the first time in her experience, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will appear upon the English stage. This will give her friends and adherents, who were so sorely worried during the last Lucca season, an opportunity to show their devotion in a practical way. Her friends long ago advised her to drop the Italian and take to the English opera, and at last she has had the good sense to follow their advice instead of longer battling with the great Italian prima donnas. It is definitely settled that Mrs. Zelda Seguin will be the contralto, which will delight the legion of friends of this piquant and fascinating artist, who has no superior in her line. Madame Van Zandt and Messrs. Campbell and Castle will also probably be in the troupe, and the ponderous Harry Peakes positively. Mr. Hess, the manager of the troupe, is in Europe, and will make propositions to Santley, Foli, and C. R. Adams, the American tenor, who has been singing in Germany many years with great success. It is doubtful, however, whether he will be able to secure either of these three. Santley and Foli are high-priced for English opera, and there are peculiar reasons why Mr. Adams does not care to return to America. The troupe, however, will be made as strong as possible, and the managers promise some novelties from the repertoire of English operas. Let us hope that Mr. Hess will keep his word in this respect. Between the two Italian troupes, there ought to be plenty of room for English opera.

The outlines which we have given of the three operatic campaigns are, it will be seen, full of promise. In addition to these, Theodore Thomas will be here early in October with his superb orchestra. The Temple Quartette of Boston, the best male quartette in the country, and the Beethoven Quintette (instrumental) of the same city will pay us flying visits. Mr. Balatka also has it in his head, as soon as his orchestra is well seasoned, to give some orchestral concerts, and the Apollo Club is busily at work on novelties for its associate members. It is a pleasant outlook on these summer days, so pleasant indeed that we may well request Old Time to turn on his hour-glass, and make no regrets for the slipping sands.

The capture of the Iowa bandits is by no means so certain as the dispatches from Missouri would have the people believe. The same confident prediction was made that the Bender family could not escape detection. The news of their fiendish crimes spread abroad throughout the whole world on account of their exaggerated atrocity, and the organization of the family was so peculiar and so fully described that escape was regarded as utterly impossible. Yet the Bender family is still at large, and the prospect of catching them of course grows fainter and fainter every day. There is an intimation from St. Louis that the Iowa bandits are the same who have robbed several banks of late in Missouri, Iowa, and Kentucky, and that their homes are in a certain district in Missouri where the people would be likely to shield the desperadoes to the last. This intimation recalls the fact that an outlaw named Hildebrand successfully defied the authorities of Missouri through a long term of depredations and murders, and that he was, likewise, protected in his crimes and assisted in his escapes by the people of his district. Now, if Missouri has a knowledge of such communities as these within its boundaries, it is time that it assumed the task of cleaning them out. If they are allowed to assert a practical protectorate over thieves, murderers, and railroad assassins, it will not be long before they will furnish bandits and outlaws for the entire country. The location and character of certain portions of the State of Missouri are well calculated to afford safe retreats and abiding-places for highwaymen, and the fact seems to be admitted that they are largely used for this purpose. The State authorities, therefore, owe it to the whole country and to common humanity to commence a crusade against the inhabitants of these dangerous districts. It will not be a difficult matter to place them under such surveillance and control as to break up their present occupation of harboring robbers and outlaws.

Letters from France have been received in German official circles which show that the French army is far from being perfectly organized. Prussian officials traveling in France state that the cavalry and artillery do not come up to the mark. The horses are not sufficient in number, nor are they well trained; the men are neither well trained nor well disciplined. The Prussians find the secret of this deficiency to be that both cavalry and artillery are constantly engaged in political agitation, and laugh at any idea of a declaration of war by France against Germany. In this connection, the *Deutsche-Nachrichten* of July 5 says: "Travelers just arrived from France and Paris speak of the existence of general fermentation in the faubourgs, of the dissatisfaction of the bourgeoisie, and of the possibility of another street combat. Possibly the coalition may excite the revolutionary passions by new provocations, in order to become completely master of the situation, and proclaim one of the pretenders to the throne. In official regions here the whole matter is regarded with the greatest equanimity."

An experiment has recently been started in London which will undoubtedly attract very general attention. A building has been erected behind St. Mark's Church, at a cost of $30,000, which is to be used partly for church purposes, and partly as a workingmen's club. The idea of the vicar of the church which has been instrumental in erecting the building is, that a social club, independent in its management, ought to exist in every parish as an adjunct to the church and missionary labor. One of the first movements of the Club was to supply its members with beer, because it was found that the members could not be retained without it. There is no bar in the house, and the drink is not obtrusively displayed; but it is always there for those who want it. This is the boldest innovation yet made, and it will undoubtedly arouse a storm from conservative churchmen; but is it not better for the Church to hold men with beer than not to hold them at all?

An essay is in order on "The Revolver as a Plaything." The text is aptly suggested by the simultaneous accidents that occurred in two Divisions of this city, remote from each other, last Friday. In both cases, young boys had possessed themselves of revolvers lying around the house; in both cases, they commenced the play of "The Robbers," and used the weapons to give it a realistic complexion; and, in both cases, one of the boys was seriously, and perhaps fatally, wounded. In the West Side case, the children were only 5 and 6 years old and had not the remotest conception of the danger, or even the nature, of the weapon they were playing with. In the South Side case, the boy who handled the pistol was 10 years old, and, though knowing what the weapon was, had no idea that it was loaded. If there is any guilt in these cases, it attaches to the carelessness which leaves dangerous weapons lie about the house where young children can put their hands on them. Punishment for this neglect will be severe enough in the poignancy of grief under the consciousness that this carelessness was the indirect cause of a child's death; but will the event act as a warning in the future? How many people will, on this account, go over their houses and remove old pistols, guns, swords, and knives from places where children may readily reach them? How much of a cautionary or deterrent influence do circumstances of this kind exert on the community generally? Experience would seem to teach that people are very little impressed by accidents that happen outside of their own families, and, on the principle that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, go on as carelessly as ever in their domestic discipline. It is not uncommon for older persons to set children the example of playing with dangerous weapons. There seems to be a mania, with a grim idea of humor, for pointing with a revolver at intimate friends, to see them squirm. The only wonder is, that the revolvers don't shoot more frequently than they do, and that so few deaths result from this insane practice.

DARWINISM STATED.

BY MARGARET F. BUCHANAN.

So much is constantly being written about Darwinism, that a plain statement of it, divested, so far as is possible, of all scientific terms, may not be unprofitable.

As America was not called for its discoverer, Darwinism is not original with Mr. Darwin. The theory of evolution is venerable as natural science. The external resemblances of all animals was as certain to suggest evolution to Aristotle as to Kant; and that it was quite generally believed by the scholarly minority in purely Pagan days, it is reasonable to suppose, since ignorance of science and the absence of defined relations between God and Nature must have strengthened Materialistic theories to a degree beyond our comprehension. The ideas that prevailed were, however, as Sir Charles Lyell shows, very vague.

Evolution was suddenly revived in the Nebular Hypothesis of La Place, and by the Speculations of Kant in the latter half of the eighteenth century. In the beginning of the nineteenth, Lamarck, Professor of Zoology at the Garden of Plants in Paris, surprised the scientific world with a volume of testimony in its support, and the book would have been hailed with delight in the grove of Academus, for Lamarck demonstrated by evolution that life is a mere physical phenomenon, that the nervous system produces ideas, and that there is no distinct vital principle. As Lamarck went back with his black thread into the labyrinths where the Christian idea is wholly absent, so the latest German disciples of Darwin have gone back to Lamarck. The Garden of Plants in Paris was the appropriate field for the constant debate of the theory. In its favor were Lamarck, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and the young flocks who followed them. To their aid arose a school in Germany, conspicuous among whose advocates were Oken and the poet Goethe, whose discovery of the intermaxillary bone in man, and his volume on evolution of plants, although not original in conception, gave him as high rank in science as "Faust" did in literature. Oken furnished the germ of Huxley's protoplasm, and he is entitled to the distinction of calling it by even a harder name—"primordial mucosity." But Cuvier appeared to reduce evolution to an absurdity in 1830, despite the number and the rank of his opponents; and little was said of it, except in the satires, until Alfred Wallace, the author of pure Darwinism, sent to London, in 1858, the results of seven years' observation in the Malay Archipelago. In this paper he enunciated the hypothesis of Natural Selection, with which evolution, as advocated by Darwin, must stand or fall. Darwinism is essentially Natural Selection; and this latest revival of evolution would, therefore, be more appropriately called Wallaceism. The honor of the name has, somewhat naturally, been transferred to Darwin, because his first publication on evolution was made simultaneously with Wallace's; and because, having legitimately adopted the hypothesis of Wallace, he became, at once, its most eloquent, most persistent, and most successful advocate.

Evolution assumes that all forms of life have been produced by previous forms, through the constant operation of natural laws. The special evolution known as Darwinism assumes that this constant production and constant modification of forms has been, and, therefore, is being, accomplished by natural selection. In a revised edition of his "Origin of Species" (1869), Mr. Darwin is led to admit that natural selection may not have been the exclusive means of modification, but that it was the most important one.

What, then, is Darwinism, or Natural Selection?

This: As all animals and plants tend to increase in geometrical ratio, more are produced than can live; a struggle for existence constantly ensues; the weakest perish, the fittest survive. These survivors, said thus to be *naturally selected*, transmit, by the strong principle of inheritance, their most striking modifications to their offspring. The offspring are never precisely like the parents. Their minute modifications, modified through many generations, produce, in time, varieties, and varieties, in time, become new species.

To a Pagan, observing merely the resemblances among all animals, and the apparent *crescendo* of intelligence from the lowest up to man, it would seem as if the general theory of evolution would be almost instinctive. Christian theology did not impair the possible genuineness of the theory; that is, God was as free to create animals derivatively (*potentialiter*) as to create them all absolutely (*formaliter*); but Christian theology contributed nothing toward an affirmative answer to the problem. It was the revelation of nature—geology, zoology, and comparative anatomy—that was lacking. God surely might produce new species remotely from individuals as to produce any animal proximately from an older one. The question is not one of theology—might He do so?—but one of natural history—*Did* He do so?

It is a mere question of facts. If the theory be true, it was true in the days of Aristotle, and in the days of St. Augustine; but it could not have been satisfactorily discussed, much less demonstrated, at either period, because the progress of mankind in natural science had not supplied facts enough. Had geology uncovered prior to 1830 the wonders it has since revealed, Cuvier would probably have taken the other side; for if, with the knowledge then at his command, he was able to believe the doctrine of Catastrophes—that, at different times, all life had been destroyed by convulsions, and new life been created—he would have required less than half of Darwin's observation to have made him a Darwinist.

Darwin maintains that a preponderance of the testimony of nature is in favor of evolution by Natural Selection. This claim is not lightly to be overturned. But in an article of the length of this it is possible only to indicate the classes of facts, whose existence is not disputed, which are offered in support of the claim.

A diagram of evolution, in a condensed, but popular, form, would be this:

Without Backbone	Living Jelly. Worms. Star-fishes. Crabs. Insects. Oysters.
Having Backbone	Fishes. Frogs. Reptiles. Birds. Mammals (Man).

What proof is there that the formless moving jelly became, of itself, a wriggling worm, that the worm, in time, made itself into a star-fish, that the star-fish evolved a sea-urchin, that insects are the product of fishes? How do we know that reptiles begat birds, and when and how did creatures without backbone become creatures with backbone?

It is not claimed that all these questions can be answered. If they could, there would be no room for debate left. If they could, Agassiz would be silent. If they could, the power of God in His universe would not be overturned,—confirmed, rather. And, if they could, Natural Selection would not, necessarily, be established.

What is the evidence in favor of natural selection? To make a beginning, it is necessary to assume that life, in the jelly form, in order to preserve itself, did so use its modicum of intelligence as to become a worm. Then the worm, to preserve itself against the natural elements conspiring against its life, puts on a coat of mail. Mailed-worms are of recent discovery. They constitute the link between the soft worms and the star-fishes. It is necessary to assume also that the time occupied by the soft-worm in becoming a mailed-worm, is, so far as human knowledge goes, practically infinite. A microscopical class of worms has a case precisely like a crab's, and is the link between crabs and soft worms. Another worm which has a mouth, gullet, stomach, and intestines, is the link between the worms and the species of shell animals. A worm inclosed in a bag distinctly resembles a tad-pole, and has as much of a backbone as the simplest of the backboned creatures. A number of worms, out of the instinct or desire of self-preservation, cling together, sometimes five of them, sometimes forty, and become a star-fish. They unite at their posterior ends. A little worm moves through the water. Suddenly it is discovered to be the larva of an insect. The various minute segments unite, until the perfect insect exhibits three pieces; the spider two. A worm, to save itself, develops, through indeterminate progeny, gills. These come to be used as feet; the feet, after a long lapse, are made to save their owner by becoming wings. The link between the backboned and the unbackboned animals is the simplest fish, which develops precisely like a sac-worm, that swims freely by means of its tail, and, when it grows old, attaches itself to objects by means of a roof-like foot. The common origin of backboned animals, this link being supplied, is supposed to be sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that the skulls of the fish, turtle, bird, mouse, elephant, and man are composed fundamentally of the same bones, arranged in the same manner. The fore limb of all backboned animals, the arm of monkey and man, the wing of the bird, the pectoral fin of the fish,—are all identical in structure. The original ancestor had its posterity modified by different conditions of existence. At certain stages of life it is impossible to distinguish the embryos of turtle, chicken, dog, and man. The simplest fish is a worm, except that it has a backbone. The mud-fish of Africa burrows in the slime after the swollen stream has flitted, and constructs a hole for itself, leaving open only an air-passage. When the water returns, it retires from the mud, and is, therefore, both reptile and fish. The most ancient bird known is very like a reptile, and certain extinct reptiles closely resemble birds. The clamorous birds were gradually improved into singing birds, and the climbing birds into birds of prey and flying birds. The simplest mammal, in which species man is included, has a terminal abdominal arrangement like that of the birds and reptiles. A kangaroo is one of the simplest of the mammals, and carries its young in a pouch; but the proximate link between mammals and birds and reptiles has not been agreed upon. The kangaroo is considered the ancestor of the pig and horse.

The opossum, using its big toe as a thumb, is the father of the monkey. The flying lemur is a link between the half-apes and the bats. Half-apes produced true apes. From the monkey follows the orang; from the orang, the gorilla; from the gorilla, man; and the structural differences between man and the gorilla are much less than between the gorilla and the lower apes.

The struggle for existence, whose outcome is Natural Selection and the survival of the fittest, has been so elaborately discussed by Darwin himself that a reasonable comprehension of its value, in concluding whether evolution be true or false, can only be had by reading Darwin; and, if the result thereof be hostile to Darwin's hypothesis, as it is very likely to be, the labor will have been rewarded by its own delight, for a more marvelous display of human knowledge, of universal and minute observation, of plausible reasoning and beauty of rhetoric, has never been exhibited. Only one of the more striking illustrations may here be alluded to. How, for instance, came the height and the neck of the giraffe? In severe droughts, when ground vegetation had been destroyed, and trees alone remained, only those individuals of the nascent-giraffe species which were able to reach the foliage survived; and at the next drought only the high-reaching of their progeny were preserved; thus the long neck became an inheritance.

The fact that variations may be produced in animals is beyond dispute, animals and plants under domestication furnishing sufficient proof. All that is wanted in the Darwinian theory to develop slight modifications into great ones, individual differences into varieties, varieties into species—is time enough; and, as he assumes past time to be practically infinite, it would seem as if he had it.

It is an inherent part of the Darwinian theory that, with evolution in animal structure, there has been a gradual development of mental power. "The low grade of intelligence of the fish is owing to its low cerebral organization; the mental activity of the dog is due to its comparatively highly complex brain." Ants build edifices, tunnel rivers, go to battle in bands, and sacrifice their lives for each other. They capture slaves; and keep aphides as milch cows. The wonderful revelations that Agassiz has recently made concerning the domestic habits of bees, Mr. Darwin will undoubtedly consider a valuable contribution to his theory, notwithstanding that Mr. Agassiz argues from them an exactly contrary conclusion. The mule of South America is as "rational" as—the inhabitants. Orangs wear clothes, uncork bottles, assist sailors in fixing sails and unloading cargoes, and make fair cooks if carefully watched. The link, however, between real man and real monkey has not satisfactorily been supplied, although various anthropologists believe that savage men, as in the Phillippine Islands and in Borneo, are great families of monkeys.

The question of evolution is, indeed, two-fold. Has there been evolution in animal structure, culminating in the beautiful human body, and has there been evolution in intelligence, culminating in man's reason, and his soul?

It is certain that natural history will never answer the latter question. It is very doubtful that natural history has given an affirmative answer to the former; and if there has been this kind of evolution, it is less than absurd to assume that known facts prove it to have been accomplished by Natural Selection. Despite the progress of science, the situation to-day is very like what it was after La Place had made his great astronomical discoveries and reached old age: "What we know is but little; what we know not is immense," said he. Science has surpassed, as Emerson remarks, the miracles of mythology; but "Science is the topography of ignorance," says Dr. Holmes, who is a better scientist than Emerson.

SUNDAY-LIQUOR REGULATIONS IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: There has been a deal said here about the Sunday Liquor law, but I have never yet seen a reasonable proposition, likely to suit all concerned.

This particular question has been one of the most difficult the English Parliament have had to settle for the City of London, England, and alterations have frequently occurred in the legal regulations. Many lives have been lost in the meetings of the workingmen to regain their Sunday privileges; but a new regulation, passed a few years ago, is now in force, and seems to give universal satisfaction:

On Sunday the saloons remain closed until 1 o'clock p. m., and then open until 3 p. m., close to 6 p. m., and open until 11 p. m., when they are punctually closed, under penalty of a fine varying from $10 to $100. On the second offense the license is revoked.

Should you think this worth publication I should be glad to see it in print, for I really think something of that kind of law would meet the views and wants of most folks, without being severe on those who are fond of a fresh glass of lager for their dinner. Yours very truly,

I. SHERBORNE.

DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

In your article of yesterday, on the progress of cholera, you unfortunately allude to theories of Dr. Johnson, of London, and his treatment deducible from them, as accepted facts, and you refer to the practice of arresting the discharges from the bowels as a popular error. Fortunately for our people in the epidemics now prevailing in this country, the attractive theories of Dr. Johnson are not new. They are old enough to have been well-tried, and I beg of you, in the interest of human life, to publish the results as given in the extracts below:

Statistics, as reported by the Treatment Committee of the Medical Council of the Board of Health of Great Britain, were as follows: with eliminants, 72 per cent of deaths; with chalk and opium, 20 per cent of deaths.—*Hartshorne*, p. 363.

Dr. Macnamara, a writer on cholera, says: "I was acting as house-physician to King's College Hospital in 1854, when Dr. Johnson was treating his cholera patients on eliminative principles. I caught some of his enthusiasm on the subject, and came out to India full of confidence and hope in castor-oil. These ideas were destined soon to pass through a severe ordeal, for, in the following year I was left at Bhangulpore in charge of a field-hospital. I went boldly to work with castor-oil, but it *absolutely and completely failed*; the *mortality* from the disease was *fearful*. I have since, on several occasions, tried castor-oil in cholera; *but I have now fully abandoned it, having never seen any benefit arise from its use*.—*Aitkin*, vol. 1, p. 717. MEDICUS.

NOTE.—The passages in the *North American Review* article on Modern Medicine (by W. O. Johnson, M. D.), to which we referred, are as follows:

With regard to *cholera*, the novelty is in the treatment alone; its nature is universally understood. A poison is absorbed into and infects the blood, spoiling certain of its constituents, which are ejected through the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal. A primary blood-disease is thus produced, undergoing enormous multiplication in the body; and the direct results of the alteration are changes in the function of respiration, while the copious discharges are the efforts of nature to throw off the noxious material, as a necessary process to recovery. From no other cause than a virulent blood-poison does a person in full health become in a few minutes, and utterly without warning, shriveled up, his whole body icy-cold, his face and hands turned purple, while death comes on in a few hours. We cannot refrain from reproducing the quotation very happily brought in by Dr. Aitkin:

"Its effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood."

The well-known and especial danger in cholera is also its proper and distinctive symptom, characterized by the French pathologists by the term "algide," the sensation and fact of *cold* being one of the most remarkable and constant phenomena; the thermometer in the axilla falling to 92°, more than six degrees below the natural standard in health, while under the tongue it is known to have fallen to 79°. Vomiting, purging, and cramps have long ceased to be regarded as essential phenomena. Hale and hearty men have been suddenly seized, and have collapsed, and died within five minutes, without any evacuation; and death has repeatedly occurred within two or three hours after access, without any other cause than stagnation of the blood.

Dr. George Johnson, long known to the profession in connection with the correct pathology of kidney diseases, communicated to the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, in 1868, the doctrine that the poison of cholera was received into the system from without, by inhalation or in food and water, and absorbed into the circulation; that, if the vascular excretion was checked, the risk of fatal collapse was greatly increased; and that the object in treatment should be, not to *excite* discharges from the mucous surface, but to facilitate the removal of matter lodged there, and that elimination of the poison from the system was the condition of recovery.

Half a century ago, the English physicians in India "aimed to get rid of the offensive morbid secretions" in cholera, but it was quite natural to attribute collapse to the drain of fluid matters from the blood by the profuse and repeated fluxes from the bowels and stomach; and the treatment this view suggested was the "locking-up" plan by opium and astringents, aided by stimulants. Dr. Johnson's opinions were not well received, and violent controversy grew out of them. It was soon settled that the collapse was not due to the evacuation, but that these were, in fact, eliminative of the poison. To establish relations of cause and effect between them, it should happen that, the more profuse the discharge, the more decided and certain should be the collapse; while, in fact, the most hopeless cases were those of scanty evacuations or of none at all. Also, the continuance of the discharge should cause a more prolonged, deeper, and more dangerous collapse. But, on the contrary, patients not only emerge from the collapse while the evacuations are going on, but a cessation of them is always a fatal sign. If a vein is opened in cholera, after a moment or so, the dark, treacly blood grows brighter, and the patient has been known to cry out that "It had made a new man of him;" therefore collapse has nothing in common with ordinary syncope, which is relieved by stimulants, but would be disastrously affected by blood-letting. Dr. Johnson's own paper, in the "Transactions," is immediately followed by another, containing details of treatment upon his plan on a large scale, in which the results corroborated the theory, and which demonstrated the remarkable fact that recovery never occurred without a continuation of the discharges, or their restoration if previously arrested.

So great a change in medical opinion was effected by the new views, that Sir Thomas Watson, the President of the Society, upon a careful revision, has fully recanted his own published opinions, and adopted those of Dr. Johnson in the last edition of his well-known work on the "Principles and Practice of Physic," and he pays their author a noble tribute by declaring that "he has, by his methodical display of facts, by his close and conclusive reasoning, now triumphantly established his own views of the pathology and treatment of cholera."

UNWORTHY POLICEMEN.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Added to the late developments of the corruption in the Police Department, and the intimacy of some of its members with thieves and persons of low character, is an event which came to the notice of the writer last Sabbath.

Sitting in my house, in the early part of the afternoon, I heard the sound of music, and, upon walking out, found it to proceed from a body of Christians who were holding services in the open air. A crowd of about 150 were gathered around the leaders of the meeting, who were fine-looking men, and they showed, by their hands and muscular bodies, that they were working-men,—the men who are the wealth of our country. The crowd was composed principally of respectable-looking persons, who seemed interested in the services, though there were some roughs, who have no respect for the views or rights of others, and none for the beautiful principles of the Christian religion, and whose only idea appears to be to create a disturbance wherever they can. There were some, genteelly-dressed, of the latter class, who were particularly noisy and insulting to the speakers, and at last they procured the assistance of a policeman, who, with great gusto, ordered the Christians to stop their noise and move on. The speakers showed him a permit from the authorities for their proceedings, and requested him to keep order in the meeting, as the roughs were then hooting and blaspheming worse than before (I suppose exulting in the idea of having official support). Instead of doing as the speakers requested, the policeman walked away, apparently chagrined that he dared not stop the services, and without complying with the request of the leaders of the services. If he had been a supporter of the law, as he is supposed to be, should he not, when he saw the sanction of authority, have seen that the meeting was not interfered with by ruffians? His action showed his sympathies decidedly with the roughs.

It is a shame that officials of our city, who should be patterns of morality, are the friends of the rowdies, and persons worse than drones in the hive of public industry, whose characters are so bad that they are the outcasts of decent society. I hope the time will come soon, when an influence will be brought to bear to put into power those who will purify the public service of such disgraceful characters.

Let those who take any interest in this express their ideas through the press, and stir up an active public sentiment, and make our city, instead of a disgrace, a pattern of official management and morality. A CITIZEN.

CHICAGO, July 25, 1873.

Concerning Croquet.

From the Christian Union.

We think it is amusing to women, agreeable to men, and fascinating to ministers. For all persons who need gentle exercise it is even better than billiards; indeed, it is a kind of field billiards "gone to grass." Anybody that is too pious to play croquet ought to be done up in starched linen, put in a bag, and hung up like a suit of Sunday clothes, and not let out till meeting time.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The New Grace Presbyterian Church — Dedication To-Day.

The Rev. Charles E. Cheney on the Summer Vacation.

Gen. C. H. Howard and the Indians—Departure of Pastors.

Programme of Services in the Churches To-Day.

A Variety of Interesting Religious News and Personals.

The new Grace Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Vincennes and Oak avenues, will be dedicated this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Presbyterian clergy of the city will conduct the services, the Rev. L. H. Reid, of the Eighth Church, invoking the blessing; the Rev. C. L. Thompson, of the Thirty-first Street Church, reading the hymn; the Rev. D. S. Johnson, of Hyde Park, reading the Scripture lesson; the Rev. B. W. Patterson, of the Second Church, offering the prayer; and the pastor, the Rev. Ben. E. S. Ely, preaching the sermon. The dedicatory prayer will be offered by Prof. Blackburn, of the Thological Seminary, and the benediction will be pronounced by the Rev. J. H. Walker, of the Reunion Church. At 10:30 in the morning there will be a children's service, at which B. F. Jacobs will speak, and in the evening at 7:45 the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, of the First Church, will preach. The day will be a happy one for the members of Grace Church.

The organization of this Society took place on the 8th of May, 1872, with forty-one communicants, most of whom were from the Ninth Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Mr. Ely was called to the charge the following July. He was educated in Delaware College, at Newark, Del., and for several years was prominent at the bar. He was admitted to the ministry in California in 1862, and was in charge of the Presbyterian church at Healdsburg for eight, and of the First Church, Stockton, for three years, and from thence was called to Chicago. His brief work in the new field has been very successful. The membership has been more than doubled, and the Society now has an elegant church edifice that, including the lot, is worth $26,000. It is built in the old English style of architecture modernized, and is 90x42 feet, with the main front on Oak avenue. The materials are pressed brick, laid in black mortar, trimmed with cut-stone and bands of Milwaukee brick. Buttresses are used, capped with Joliet marble. There are two entrances, one from Oak and one from Vincennes avenue, both large, with double-doors, and the usual pediment-cap of brick and stone. The roof is of slate, laid in bands of different colors, having on each side a line of dormer windows. From the vestibule, within, large double-doors open into the main auditorium, which is 60x38 feet, with a seating capacity of 500. In the rear of this is a lecture-room 29x24 feet, and the parlors, study, and toilet-room, etc., all connected by folding doors.

The windows are of stained glass, ornamented with fine inscriptions. The pews are finished in oak and nicely upholstered.

The church has been elegantly furnished throughout, and a new, fine-toned organ adorns the choir department on the left of the pulpit.

The ceiling shows an open timbered roof, decorated in a neat and tasty manner. This is a fine church, and the society worshiping therein has every reason to be thankful. The location is in a growing part of the city, and the building is so arranged that it can be enlarged when necessary.

Mr. Ely stays at home during the summer, and the church will be open, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

THE SUMMER VACATION.

The Rev. Charles E. Cheney has been delivering a good sermon on the "Summer Vacation," which is published in the last Chicago *Pulpit*. The text is from 1 Cor., x. 31, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The preacher regards the summer vacation as a modern institution, which is now pretty well established. More and more with every year is the practice becoming universal in our larger towns of taking a season of relaxation amidst the heat of summer. The question is raised, Are there any religious advantages connected with the summer vacation? It must of course contended that there are, among which are enumerated a nearer relation to the Great Maker in His works. Such as the mountains, lakes, rivers, trees, etc. It is also argued that the summer vacation should be a training for religious work, to the parent, Sunday-School teacher, and to all. He does not see how any one can take his vacation, as many are now doing, on the Continent of Europe, and not learn to come back to this land only to stand like a fossil. Laws and customs consecrated by the influence of the press and the truckling of politicians to foreign influence—to stand like a rock for our American Sabbath. The vacation is also necessary to bodily health. There never was a time when disease was more prevalent from the forcing of overwrought powers of mind than in this day in which we live. How much of ill-temper is owing to dyspeptic tendencies? He does not believe that a healthy body makes a Christian man, but he asserts that, when man is vigorous, it aids the development and full effect of his religion. And, finally, the vacation has its perils. There is danger of neglecting public worship, of relaxing our Christian consistency, and of evil associations. On the last he says:

> The summer vacation *lifts the gates*. We drift out from the home into which no intruder could enter—upon a wide sea where we must sail in fleets and squadrons. Every day of your life you meet men on change and in places of business whom you would never think of inviting to your houses, or asking to sit down with your family at table. But when you get to some great watering-place, to a seaside resort, to a rallying-point of summer travel, you cannot pick your company. The table is not yours. And with yourself and little children, men sit down for whom you have no respect, and whose association you certainly would not choose at home. The effect is unspiritualizing to Christian character. It lowers the tone of religious life. And then, its results for children are often eminently disastrous. The drinking habits which prevail at most of these crowded caravanseries, the excitements of horse-racing, the undisguised gambling, the allurements of balls where they would necessarily meet men and women whom you would not allow to enter your doors—all these are perils that are thick as leaves in autumn around the pathway of those who seek the summer respite from toil. I want the members of this church that they will and must meet with such dangers in his summer. I beg of them to be on their guard. I re-echo the injunction of the Master to Peter—"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

HOWARD AND THE INDIANS.

Gen. C. H. Howard, whose office is in the *Advance* Building, and whose duties call him to look after the Indians, has just returned from an extensive tour among the Sioux. He visited the Grand River Agency, located 100 miles below Fort Rice, on the Missouri River; the Cheyenne Agency, 10 miles above Fort Sully; the Fort Thompson Agency, 100 miles below Fort Sully; the Yankton Agency, 30 miles; Yankton and the Santee Agency, 15 miles below Yankton, at all of which places there is gathered a total of about 15,000 Sioux Indians. The Government looks after the welfare of all the above, feeding and caring for them, etc., except those of the Yankton and Santee Agencies, who are able to feed themselves. At the present time the whole 15,000 are at peace. They are, of course, on reservations, and are in process of civilization, there being churches at Santee and Yankton, and soon to be, it is hoped, at every other agency. Beyond these reservations there are, however, yet a number of wild and wicked Indians who do not heed the words of the white man. They not only harass and plunder, but are a refuge to those that are disposed to run across the lines. Just now the Government is looking into this matter. It is proposed in some way to stop all communication between the civilized and barbarous Indians. No plan as yet has been agreed upon. Mr. Howard is fully convinced that the condition of the Indian is improving. He regards them as a much-abused race, capable of civilization. Certainly all efforts made to Christianize the Indian are very commendable and Christlike, and no doubt should be encouraged, even if the work move slowly, or (as it sometimes seems) does not move at all. One thing is certain, the eyes of the churches are towards the red man of the country at present, and, if anything can be done for their good, it will be done.

STICK TO YOUR OWN CHURCH.

A correspondent sends the following:

> It is wrong for a church-member to leave the church which he has so solemnly vowed to attend and support. I am amazed at the growing tendency of those who call themselves good Christians countenancing such a practice, either in others or themselves. This going about from place to place of a Sunday is pernicious to the individual, and sets a bad example to others. It is a reproach to religion—a great discourtesy to the pastor, and makes the individual very unstable in all his ways. What if your pastor is a little dull and insipid as a preacher and lifeless as a man; what if he never utters a new, stimulating, or progressive idea; what if you have no abiding confidence in his teachings or his life,—that is no reason why you should absent yourself from the Church of God and run about town after these sensational preachers. The latter you can hear during the week. What if you have never heard Collyer, or Cheney, or Swing in your lives, and imagine that they are constantly saying something good that you ought to hear? That is no reason why you should desert your own church, which needs every one of her members. How badly it looks to see empty pews, and how grieved a pastor must feel to be told again and again that so-and-so has gone to hear ——preach. All this is wrong, and tends to bring reproach on the cause of Christ. A man's first duty is to his church, which he should never leave, no matter if his own pastor be a bore (he is the chosen servant of God), and his soul longs to hear some other and perhaps more able and instructive man. The very fact that you have an inclination to go betimes to some other church shows that a restless, evil spirit is gaining the mastery of you, and, for this reason if no other, should you resist the inclination, and firmly resolve to stick to your own church.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Mitchell has left for his summer vacation.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Thomas, of the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church, has gone to the Wisconsin pineries, or some place in that direction.

The Rev. S. Gilbert, of the *Advance*, has just returned from an extensive fishing and pleasure tour on the lakes of Wisconsin.

The Rev. E. F. Williams, the pastor of the Tabernacle Congregational Church, left on last Friday for the East, via the lakes, to be gone six weeks.

The Rev. Dr. Ryder is spending his vacation with Chaplain Collins at Fort Hayes, Kan., hunting buffalo, in which sport the divine is said to be quite expert.

THE CENTENARY M. E. CONFERENCE.

Among the prominent speakers at the late Methodist centenary celebration in Philadelphia were Drs. Fowler, Eddy, Wakeley, Patison Phœbus, and others. The occasion was one of great interest, and was celebrated for three days with love-feasts, jubilees, Sabbath-school meetings, etc., commemorative of the event—the first Methodist Conference in America. The rise and growth of Methodism in the United States were given, from which it appears that the American pioneer of the Methodist Church was Philip Embury, born in Limerick, Ireland, a carpenter by trade, a plain, pathetic preacher, and a zealous man, who, along with Capt. Webb, an ex-officer in the British army, had very considerable to do in the establishing of Methodism in this country. The regular Methodist Episcopal Church was not, however, organized until eleven years after the Philadelphia Conference, in 1784. The denomination had at that time eighty-four ministers and 15,000 laymen. It now has seventy-six conferences, ten thousand traveling preachers, and about one and one-half millions of members.

HOW THEY REFUSE IT.

It is quite the style now for profoundly-thinking divines to send to the School Board of Trustees a polite notice to call them not by honorary titles. Whether the custom is dictated by modesty, the cheapness of the title conferred, or other reasons, is not so potent. The Rev. Richard Hargraves, of Lafayette, Ind., on receiving the title of D. D., lately, from the Indiana Asbury University, in a letter to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees said:

> I am now nearly 70, and fast fading. It occurs to me as a mistake for many years. Very good friends confer this degree over my unqualified protest. In all this I am acting under the dictates of my best judgment and manhood rights. I ardently desire and respectfully request all my friends to abstain from the use of D. D. as addressed to me. Be so kind as to give this declination the publicity that my election to unbearable honors has had, and oblige an old friend.

This is the second time Mr. Hargraves has refused such honor.

Another declination is from Bishop Glossbrenner, who writes to the Otterbein University and Lebanon Valley College that he is not egotistic enough to accept a title which he is disqualified to wear.

Notwithstanding all this, the *Congregationalist* says:

> It is astonishing how such a caudal appendage helps up to high places, especially in windy weather, and how much more "useful" a man is who is able to write himself the Rev. Dearborn Dull, D. D., than when he was merely plain Rev. D. Dull.

REUNION.

The Union of the Jefferson Park and American Reformed Presbyterian Churches, the preliminary movements of which were noted in last Sunday's TRIBUNE, has been effected on the following basis:

1. The church should be known as the American Reformed and Jefferson Park Church.
2. Each church shall keep intact its separate legal organization.
3. New members may be admitted, and can join whichever body they prefer.
4. Should there be any deficiency of income, the deficiency shall be equally borne between the two.
5. Collections shall be equally divided among the respective Boards of Missions of each church.
6. All meetings and services shall be held in the Reformed Church.
7. Sabbath-schools shall be united.
8. All forms of worship of the Reformed Church shall be maintained. No permanent organization at one church shall be effected.
9. All real estate and property to remain as now until such permanent organization, when it will become joint property.

THE WEST IN ADVANCE.

Now comes the Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington and admits women as delegates from its churches. No wonder one of its members claims they are in advance of the "Model Maine Conference" and all other associations, conferences, councils, etc. The delegation of women is said to be very large, and that, as members, they took an active part and were very efficient. One committee was composed wholly of women, and reported in uniting with their sisters in other States in sustaining the Woman's Board of Missions, and recommended that every church should form an auxiliary society. Another new move on the part of this Association is the election of laymen for its officers. The last Moderator and Clerk were both laymen.

MORAL PERSUASION.

A novel work (but perfectly legitimate) has been undertaken by one Rev. Mr. Mulford, an Episcopal clergyman of Troy, N. Y. The example is very commendable, and it is quite likely if any Chicago minister were to undertake the same work in this city, he would have a similar statement to make. This Mr. Mulford has undertaken to interview every saloon-keeper in Troy for the purpose of inducing him, voluntarily, to close his establishment on Sunday. In a published letter he states that he found but one voice among them on the subject—that nearly all were willing to close their bars on Sunday, in case the movement is made general. The public-spirited rector has appealed to the people of Troy to aid him in his new and moral persuasion movement, instead of attempting to stop the Sunday liquor traffic by law and force, as contemplated.

INTEMPERANCE.

The *Western Catholic* devotes nearly two columns to the temperance cause, from which a single extract is given, taken from Dr. Burr's paper on the "pathology of inebriates":

> The formative stage of inebriety continues for a longer or shorter period, when, as is well known, more frequent repetitions of the practice of drinking are to be observed. The impulse to drink grows stronger and stronger, the will-power is overthrown, and the entire organism becomes subject to the fearful demands for stimulus. It is now that the stage of confirmed inebriation is formed, and dypsomania fully established. The constant introduction of alcohol into the system, circulating with the fluids and permeating the tissues, adds fuel to the already enkindled flames, and intensifies the propensity to an irresistible degree. Nothing now satisfies short of complete intoxication, and not until the unhappy subject of the disease falls senseless and completely overcome, will he cease his efforts to gratify this most insatiable desire.

"THE OLIVE BRANCH."

The *Interior* is now inclined to look somewhat despondingly on the reunion of the Presbyterian Church, North and South. It says:

> Our Southern sister will not help us to carry our olive branch. She makes the excuse that it is not a good one. Well, we will carry it a long way, and we expect she will change her mind and "spell" us. But if not, it is not very heavy, and we can carry it ourselves till we all get home.

NOTES.

The corner-stone of a new Catholic church in Aurora has been laid.

Sixteen members have been added to the University Place Baptist Church, in charge of the Rev. A. J. Frost.

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany, pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington City, and formerly of Chicago, sailed's week since for Europe, to be absent three months.

Seventeen members were added to the Holland Presbyterian Church at the last communion. This society, under the new pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Jacob Post, is rapidly increasing in membership, and otherwise flourishing.

Sixty children received their first communion at the Levitical High Mass which was said last Sunday in the St. Peter's German Catholic Church. In the evening, at the same place, they received their baptismal vows. The occasion was one of much interest in the church.

A considerable local interest is felt in a coming discussion at Bushville, to commence on the 6th of August, between the Rev. R. Smithson, a Presiding Elder in the Methodist Church, and the Rev. J. Hughes. The subjects to be discussed are "Universal Salvation and Endless Punishment." Three days will be divided to each topic.

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest have secured Room 51 in the McCormick Block, corner of Randolph and Dearborn streets, where the meetings of the Executive Committee will be held every Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

EPISCOPAL.

July 27—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

July 27—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.
July 28—SS. Nazarius, Celsus, and Victor, MM.; St. Innocent, P. C.
July 29—St. Martha, V.; SS. Felix and Comp., MM.
July 30—SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM.
July 31—St. Ignatius of Loyola, C.
Aug. 1—St. Peter's Chains; the Machabees, MM.
Aug. 2—St. Alphonsus Liguori, B. C. D.; St. Stephen, P. M.

TO-DAYS SERVICES.

BAPTIST.

The Rev. W. W. Everts will preach this morning in the First Church. B. F. Jacobs will lead the Gospel meeting in the evening.

—There will be services this morning and evening at the Indiana Avenue Church.

—The Rev. Florence McCarthy will preach as usual at the Union Park Church. The evening subject is, "Where Else Can We Go?" This will be the last service by the pastor for the summer.

—The Rev. A. J. Frost will preach this morning at the Second Church. The Rev. T. J. Goodspeed will preach in the evening on "Rahab the Harlot."

EPISCOPAL.

The Right Rev. Henry W. Lee, Bishop of Iowa, will preach this morning and evening in St. John's Church.

—The Rev. C. P. Dorset officiates as usual at the Church of the Ascension.

—The Rev. C. H. W. Stocking will officiate as usual at the Church of the Epiphany.

—The Rev. J. F. Walker will officiate as usual at Calvary Church. The evening subject is "The Doctrine of a Future Life Sustained by the Analogies of Nature."

—The Rev. Henry G. Perry officiates as usual at All Saints' Church.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. James D. Williams, of New York, will preach this morning and evening at the Second Church.

—The Rev. Prof. Patton, of the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, preaches to-day at the Third Church.

—The Rev. U. D. Gulick will preach this morning and evening at the American Reformed Church.

—The Rev. Daniel Lord will preach this morning, at the Rev. J. H. Walker this evening, at Reunion Church.

—The Rev. J. H. Walker will preach this morning, and the Rev. Daniel Lord this evening, at the Jefferson Park Church.

—The Rev. James Harrison will preach as usual at the Church of the Pilgrims.

—A vesper service will be held this evening at the Fifth Church, the subject being "Sacred Music." The programme will consist of choice music, congregational singing, readings of selections, and a short address by the pastor, the Rev. C. L. Thompson, who will preach in the morning.

NEW JERUSALEM.

The Rev. C. Day Noble will preach this afternoon to the Second Swedenborgian Society, in Plymouth Church, on "The Spiritual Origin of Disease."

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Rev. E. H. Smith, of Morrison, Ill., will preach to-day at the New England Church.

—Prof. Fisk, of the Seminary, will preach this morning at the Leavitt Street Church, and the Rev. A. B. Vale, of Erie, Pa., in the evening.

—The Rev. Henry F. Campbell will preach this morning and evening in Oakland Church at Oak Park.

—The Rev. William Alvin Bartlett will preach as usual at Plymouth Church.

—The Rev. C. D. Helmer will preach this morning and evening at the Union Park Church.

METHODIST.

The Rev. J. O. Peck will preach this morning and evening at Centenary Church.

—The Rev. S. McChesney will preach as usual at Trinity Church.

—The Rev. W. F. Stewart preaches this morning in the Ruggles Street Church.

—The Rev. Dr. McKown will preach as usual at the Wabash Avenue Church.

UNITARIAN.

The Rev. Robert Collyer will preach this morning at Unity Church.

UNIVERSALIST.

The Rev. A. G. Fish, of Racine, Wis., will preach this morning at Murray Chapel. No evening service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hon. Warren Chase will speak to the First Society of Spiritualists this morning and evening.

—R. B. Tyler, of Kentucky, will preach this morning and evening at the Christian Church.

—The Christians meet this afternoon in Bremner Hall, No. 344 Carpenter street.

—The Rev. A. H. Shoemaker will preach to-day at the Church of God.

—The Rev. F. Richards preaches this morning at the English Evangelical Church.

—Elder D. R. and Mrs. M. S. Mansfield will preach this morning and evening at No. 419 Lake street, and this afternoon at the Seventh-day Lincoln Park.

—Elder C. C. Ramsey will preach this morning and evening in Advent Christian Chapel.

REVIEW OF AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

While the past week has been remarkable for nothing in the dramatic line, save the closing of all the theatres in the city but two, the indications for the present one are lively enough. They promise activity quite unusual for the season of the year. On every hand the managers are making preparations for a season of amusement as brilliant as the summer has been dull. The expected heats of August will be no bar to the vigor of the managers in preparing for the less torrid campaign of September, when the five theatres will all be ablaze with excitement.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE

still deserves the head of the column, it being the only house that has adhered to the legitimate drama during the week. "School," which opened the week so auspiciously on Monday evening, has been drawing unusually large houses at matinee and evening performances. It must be encouraging to the genial proprietor to meet with the success which has attended his determination to give his patrons the best of amusement, in spite of precedent or tradition. "School" was very closely scrutinized and reviewed in THE TRIBUNE on Tuesday, after the first performance, and it is unnecessary to say more about it than that it has improved somewhat, where there were small opportunities, except in one respect. Miss O'Conner has remained in very low spirits, owing probably to the enervating influences of the weather. If she refrains from dissolving into a fountain of tears altogether, "School" will run for the present week. It is certainly to be hoped that the present warm spell will come to an end, for such a dissolution would be very trying to the audience. After Saturday, Hooley's Theatre will close, and be cleaned up and put in order for the ensuing season. What he intends doing afterward will be made known in due time.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.

Dupree & Benedict's New Orleans Minstrel Company have been performing at McVicker's during the past week, and have drawn large audiences. Their success has been marked,—so much so, indeed, as to cause a smile on the part of the proprietor, as well as that of disinterested parties. It seems that if Mr. Myers had remained in town with his very much superior combination he would have found lots of money in Chicago to be extracted by his company. But now McVicker's is closed for the season. The shrewd hiatus of one week, or perhaps a day or two more, before the theatre reopens with a new and excellent company, will be taken advantage of by scrub-women and other renovating artists, and everything done to make the house as fresh and bright as it was a year ago. With the ensuing season opens a new era at McVicker's Theatre, for the manager has secured a company equal, if not superior, to any in the country, and, as the first six or seven weeks of the season will be carried through without the aid of stars, the public will have an opportunity to judge of the merits of the artists who will play to them, without bias or prejudice of any kind. The following is a list of them:

Mr. W. R. Floyd,	Mrs. Thomas Barry,
Mr. James O'Neil,	Miss Ada Gray,
Mr. J. H. McVicker,	Mrs. Octavia Allen,
Mr. Frederick Bock,	Mrs. Mary Myers,
Mr. George Holland,	Miss Marie La Croix,
Mr. Milton Rainford,	Miss May Montello,
Mr. W. H. Seymour,	Miss Eliza Long,
Mr. C. C. Jordan,	Mrs. Clara Stoneall,
Mr. H. M. Brown,	Miss Emma Marble,
Mr. G. W. Shields,	Miss Ella Martin,
Mr. F. Carlos,	Miss Amelia Harrell,
Mr. Edwin Stuart,	Miss Maggie Vall,
Mr. E. N. Wilson,	Miss Eva Vincent,
Mr. W. A. Lovell,	Miss Jennie Bray,
Mr. L. C. Maridelt,	Miss Carrie Bray,
Mr. Sidney Young,	Miss Mary Bray,
Mr. Luke Martin,	Mrs. F. N. Edwards,
Mr. J. M. Barron.	

Mr. Floyd is better known in Boston than Chicago. He held the position of manager of the Globe Theatre of that city for Mr. Arthur Cheney. Mr. O'Neil is very favorably known in the city as a young and studious artist of rare promise. Mr. Bock is also familiar to the Chicago public, and was a favorite. Mr. Rainford played "old man" parts, and was, in these trying "impersonations," one of the best in the country. Mrs. Thomas Barry is well known in Chicago, and Mr. McVicker could not have engaged a more popular or accomplished leading lady. Miss Ada Gray is known as having played a "star" engagement at the Academy of Music last winter. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Stoneall, and Miss Marble are all known here. The remainder of the company are strangers in the city, but from what is known of the rest, it is fair to conclude that the company, as a whole, is a stronger one than Mr. McVicker has had for years, and is capable of supporting the most distinguished stars without suffering, or making the audience suffer, by the contrast. Mr. McVicker has done his duty, and the public will respond, as it always does, generously. Mr. McVicker has not decided yet upon what day he will open. It will be between Aug. 4 and Aug. 11. If he concludes to open in the middle of the week, the comedy "Money" will be given by the company, to be followed on Monday, Aug. 11, by the comedy "Romance of a Poor Young Man." Due notice of the opening will be given during the week.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE

is closed still. The indefatigable proprietor is back in town again, after a long tour through the provinces. Since May 4, when he left Chicago, he has wandered, like Ulysses, through Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa. His bad luck has been wonderful. The only good things he had about him were his company, his enterprise, and his temper. These are generally considered essentials, but the bad successes he has met with show that it is useless, even for a minstrel company, to struggle against fate. Chicago supported his company because it deserved support. The provinces did not, because a perfect shower of misfortunes was poured down upon him. So long as he remained in the vicinity of Chicago his success was complete. Then his advance agent went back on him; then the leader of his orchestra was hurriedly summoned away by imperative domestic necessities; then the citizens of the town who declared they were dying to see a company of which they had heard so much, refused to take their families into the rickety hall which his advance agent had secured. This is a sample of Sam Myers' bad luck. But he has turned up in town again, looking as rosy and good-natured as ever, fully convinced that "Be it never so humble, there's no place like home." Still, whatever his losses have been, the next season will compensate him for them. The past year's experience has shown his patrons, by contrast with other companies, that the best they have seen is the home one; and, fully satisfied thereof, they will do their best for it. While Chicago has always had good minstrel combinations, a sort of fatality seems to hang over them, and prevent their meeting with success outside the corporate limits of the city. Cheer up, Sam, you are no worse off than others. The Opera-House will remain closed until Aug. 25, when it will be reopened with a company of still greater strength, and thoroughly renovated in its appointments.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Mr. Gardiner, having made engagements with some of the leading stars of the profession at his theatre, including Mr. Sothern, Carlotta LeClercq, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and others of similar standing, has determined to render his theatre correspondingly attractive. The work was commenced two weeks ago, and is now progressing with wonderful rapidity, under the supervision of Mr. Tilley, of "Eureka" fame, and Mr. Hume, who looks after the internal arrangements. It was Mr. Gardiner's original intention to leave the brick-front, but, as the circles began to assume shape, and the internal decorations became more real to the fancy, he concluded, and very justly, that so exquisite an interior deserved a more costly front, and determined to build one of stone. It will be plain but handsome, in Cleveland sand-stone, in the Italian style, the openings between heavy pilasters, and the whole facade remarkable for its unity and compactness rather than for elaborate carving. Nearly all the wall has been torn down and rebuilt; the stage has been widened and made by some feet more convenient than before. The peculiar shape of the theatre has necessitated a corresponding peculiarity in the circles, which, viewed from the stage, is very agreeable to the eye. It is especially observable in the upper circle, where it dips in the centre and flares out to the sides, economizing space as well as throwing the whole of the stage before the sides of the circle. The central dome is a novelty, too, and one which will attract considerable attention. It is some twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and will be entirely of glass. Above the point of sight of the audience, will be the lighting apparatus, which will diffuse light through the whole of the auditorium, being itself invisible. In the ventilation, too, this theatre will be unexceptionable, for a new and ingenious process has been applied to it. The seating capacity of the house will be immensely increased by the additional circle which Mr. Gardiner has decided upon, and the appearance of the theatre so improved by the changes that the most fastidious cannot find fault. The seats are to be the iron chairs found in all the best theatres in the country, while, for the orchestra chairs, which are usually neglected, cushioned Turkish chairs will be substituted. There will be 85 of these seats, and their luxurious ease will more than compensate for their unfavorable position in the house. The dressing and gilding will also be of the very highest order. Altogether the house will be one of the prettiest in the country.

THE GLOBE THEATRE

It is a long time since the Globe Theatre was mentioned in connection with well-regulated places of amusement. By some clever intriguing it was reduced to the condition of a very wretched variety theatre, and subsequently became so bad as to shock even those who patronized it. It played its part. Now, however, it has changed hands, and the lessee, Mr. Frank Lawlor, is a gentleman whose name is favorably known in every city in the country. He has leased the building for a term of years, and has at a considerable outlay altered and decorated the interior, in the hope that it will meet the approbation of the people of Chicago. A new and elegant drop-curtain has been prepared, and new and appropriate scenery been furnished. In fact, everything has been done to efface the associations of the old Globe, and render the new one worthy of the lessee, the class of plays to be acted in it, and lastly and chiefly, of the patronage of the public. It will be well lighted from a central sun-light in the roof, and well ventilated. Mr. Lawlor has also engaged a company which will also be acceptable to the public. The following is a complete list:

Mr. Frank Lawlor,	Mrs. W. H. Leighton,
Mr. J. A. Sawtelle,	Miss Cassie Troy,
Mr. T. F. Egberts,	Miss Josie Hight,
Mr. T. J. Langdon,	Miss Jennie Robinson,
Mr. Sam Ryan,	Miss Bessie Clifton,
Mr. Marcus Moriarty,	Miss Sallie Johnson,
Mr. D. R. Allen,	Miss Egberts,
Mr. D. G. Loane,	Miss Mary Williams,
Mr. P. J. Wade,	Miss Adah Foster,
Mr. E. L. Walton,	Miss Josie Peters,
Mr. Emlin Howe,	Mr. C. L. Hart.

Mr. Ryan, the stage manager, is a comedian who was well known in Chicago a few years ago, and an artist of considerable reputation. His accession to the company increases its strength materially. The theatre will be opened on Saturday next with "Aurora Floyd," which will be given by the company, Frank Lawlor appearing as *John Mellish*, Mr. Sawtelle as *Capt. Bulstrode*, Mr. Ryan as *Hargrave*, and Miss Troy as *Aurora Floyd*. On Monday "The New Magdalen," the drama that has created such a profound sensation in London and New York, will be given with John Jack and Annie Firmin in the leading roles. Several popular stars will follow each other in quick succession. Mr. Lawlor has the best wishes of the profession in his new undertaking, especially as he has hitherto been unfortunate.

JOHN DILLON

and the Wallack Combination will not start out until August 11, when they will commence the first starring tour in Mr. Dillon's experience. The route laid out is as follows: Galesburg, Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk, Quincy, Jacksonville, Springfield, Bloomington, Indianapolis; through Ohio to Cincinnati, St. Louis, and down to New Orleans, Charleston, Norfolk, Washington, Baltimore, and even the Eastern circuit to Springfield, Mass., Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Buffalo, Erie, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and back to Chicago. Mr. Dillon prefers to let his light so shine among men in other cities that they may see his capabilities. He carries with him the best wishes of thousands of people, who are ready to overlook any disappointments he may have caused them, and who hope that he will meet with all the success that his talents deserve.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS.

On Aug. 18 the great circus of the great P. T. Barnum, three times as large as if ever was, with all the accessories of museum, menagerie, caravan, etc., will take possession of Green's Garden, corner of Madison and Elizabeth streets, and remain for one week. Mr. Barnum has always been notable for the amount of advertising he does. It is a maxim among professional advertisers that if one has something to advertise, he cannot do too much of it; if he has not, he cannot do too little. The immense success that this circus has met with indicates that it is what it professes to be.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

John Brougham is going to lecture and Anna Dickinson is going to act.

A theatrical manager, who has a nice little place in the country, has put up on his garden fence, since the cherries ripened, a sign-board, reading "Free list absolutely suspended."

"The Enchanted Beauty," a spectacular play, is the present attraction at the Boston Museum. Miss Eliza Weatherseby and Willie Edwon are playing in it.

Wm. R. Mansell, brother of the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, is organizing a company in London for that place of amusement.

The "Black Crook" at Niblo's is to be a most important dramatic event. Matt Morgan's tableaux, the other wonderful spectacular effects, and the Viennoise ballet, are sufficient to make it notable.

Mr. Boucicault's sprightly and partly pathetic little comedy of "Andy Blake," known in another shape as "The Young Scamp,"—both pieces were taken from a French original,—has been revived in London.

As Gen. Ladmirault has interdicted the performance of "Le Roi s'Amuse," a Paris wit suggests to the dramatist to give the play a new title, transfer the scene to Persia, and style it "Le Shah s'Amuse."

A new Irish drama, which, the managers declare, "sparkles with wit, humor, sunshine, and shade," is to be produced in New York at Wood's Museum. *George Francis Train* is the leading character. This is truly "Irish drama run mad."

Victorien Sardon's "Maison Neuve," with Mlle. Desclee as *Claire*, the shopkeeper's wife, who longs for a higher position in society, gets it, and then is sorry for it, has been greatly successful in London.

It has now been definitely decided, we believe, that Mr. Daly's new Fifth Avenue Theatre will be opened in the autumn with the long-promised American comedy of Messrs. Bret Harte and Boucicault.

The *Evenement* states that the goods of the actor Frederick Lemaitre have been seized for debt, and are about to be sold. The journal adds that to permit such an act would be more disgraceful to the theatres and more painful to the public than to the comedian himself.

Miss Clive is the name of a new actress who recently made her appearance in London in "King John." The sum of English criticism upon her acting is found in the following paragraph from the *Athenæum*: "Whatever Miss Clive does upon the stage is fresh, original, and crude."

Alberry, the author of "Two Roses," is writing another fairy comedy for one of the London theatres. Mr. Frank Marshall, who stands "head and shoulders," as the saying is, above his contemporaries in London, is writing a piece in which Mrs. Dion Boucicault will act. Mr. Burnand, the "Happy Thought" man, is also engaged on a new play.

The manager of the Olympic Theatre, London, has created an immense sensation in England by advertising a most vicious drama, in a bill bearing the following words: "Luke xv. 7. The New Magdalen at the Olympic Theatre. Luke xv. 7." It is urged that, while quoting Scripture as an advertisement is at no time a very commendable use to put it, its application to a drama unfit for a decent house is atrocious.

It was stated some time ago that Miss Lotta is numbered among the "stars" that are to shine at Hooley's Theatre in the course of the coming season. Miss Lotta has been living, for the past year, at a place called Altrincham, in Cheshire, England. She will sail for New York on the 23d of July, in the China, and early next season will act in Chicago, Baltimore, and Washington, as well as New York.

Mr. Frank Chanfrau has commissioned Mr. Spencer, author of "Kit" and several other clever American plays, to write him a comedy of American life in which all the characters shall be equally good. Mr. Spencer regards this as a new departure, and if he shall be successful in carrying out his notion he thinks it will lead to a new order of drama in which the interest of the plot and the characterization will no longer be centred in the star, and that thereafter "one-part" pieces, as they are called, will be as scarce as they deserve to be.

Mr. Marshall's Royal Tycoon Japaness troupe, if we are to believe the official circulars, is composed of the nobility of Japan and the Royal Tycoon's household, they having been graciously granted a leave of absence for two years merely to please the American public. They will shortly appear at the Opera-House in a series of purely Asiatic performances, which, the circular hints, will be sure to attract the intelligent public not alone by their unique character but on account of the eminence of the performers.

Wilkie Collins has been reading in England. The first attempt was in a story from his own pen, entitled "A Terribly Strange Bed," which, originally inserted in Mr. Dickens' "Household Words," subsequently appeared in the collection entitled "After Dark." The London *Times* says of his reading: "Mr. Collins does not *act* to so great an extent as the late Mr. Dickens, but the manner in which he represented an old soldier shows that he is fully equal to the delineation of character, and his narration, quietly delivered, riveted the attention of the audience. His success was complete."

Mr. Sothern is reported by the *Alta California* as having thrown from his private car a "six-foot tower" from Peoria, James Lawson by name, for insolence. If this is not a heavy practical joke on Mr. Sothern, it is intended for a heavy advertisement. For the week ending July 5, the receipts at the California Theatre, San Francisco, were $13,856, gold, while for the second week, when he played *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick*, they were larger yet. His engagement ended yesterday. "Of all the great artists who have appeared here since the California Theatre was opened," says the *Bulletin*, "he has proved the most enjoyable, and drawn the largest houses."

The London *Graphic* mourns over Barnum's purchase of the great panorama of London. It says: "The wonderful perseverance of Mr. Hornor, who, in spite of the heats of summer and the wintry gales, spent whole years in sketching London from his little wooden shanty around the ball and cross of St. Paul's, would alone entitle this immense picture to respect. In truth it was a work well worthy of admiration on other grounds, and many an object less national in character has been deemed worthy of a grant from the public funds to secure it from destruction. We have only to hope that the New Yorkers may leave Mr. Barnum, the latest possessor of the Colosseum picture of London, no cause to regret the boldness of his enterprise."

A trapeze act at the Boston Theatre is thus described by a local paper: "One of the performers appears on a platform on the edge of the gallery, holding a lighted taper, while the other, by the aid of a rope, climbs to a trapeze hanging at a brain-turning height above the stage, where he hangs by his feet, holding another trapeze in his hands. In front of the first is a ring to which are attached some fireworks and a number of blood-curdling knives. After lighting the fireworks, he leaps through the fiery ring, knives and all, catches a trapeze, swings across the vast theatre, and catches the other trapeze held by his companion, who is suspended by his feet, where he hangs for some few moments. It is a terrific act, but it is performed with an ease and a confident daring that disarm the spectator of all fear for the result."

MUSIC.

A short time before the Fire a number of gentlemen who had seceded from the Germania Mæennerchor organized a new society called the Chicago Liederkranz, under Mr. Hans Balatka as Conductor. They started under the best of auspices, obtained commodious rooms, and on the Sunday night of the Fire were giving an entertainment to their associate members. The fire drove them from their rooms and destroyed their property, but not until they had sung the last song of their programme, "Des Harfner's Lied," by Zimmerman. After the Fire, its members became scattered. Mr. Balatka went to Milwaukee to take charge of the Musical Society in that city. A few weeks since, however, Mr. Balatka returned to

PERU.

An Excursion from Lima to Villegas.

Dilapidated Haciendas, and Dirty, Lazy People---A Scene for a Painter.

Miles and Miles of Orange-Trees---Bella Vista and its Cemeteries.

Climbing San Christoval---The View from the Summit.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

LIMA, Peru, June, 1873.

Yesterday, in company with a party of gentlemen and ladies, I took a most delightful horseback ride out to Villegas, the largest orange-plantation on the coast. After a residence in a walled city, with flagged door-yards, and neither grass nor foliage to be seen, except as it is grown in huge pots and tubs; with the eye weary of the yellow adobe of the houses, the outlook on to the bleak, barren hills, the stony streets, and the ceaseless roll of the sea,—it was

A MOST DELIGHTFUL CHANGE

to get away from the monotony of it all, and look upon farms, and verdure, and tropical foliage again. Mounting the high bluff that overlooks the sea, we pass through an old Moorish arched gateway, fast crumbling to decay, and dating back, not by dozens of years, but by hundreds! Every successive earthquake has crumbled a little of its stony top and sides; and, as we emerge from its ruins, the open pampas, the green-springing grass, and the the smell of wild brier and fragrant flowers, form a very pleasing contrast to the stifling hum of the busy city. Now we come upon a merry party of Callao people encamped in the open field, their horses turned out to graze, and their luncheon of fresh figs, oranges, bananas, cold meats, and claret, looking very inviting, spread out in their little canvas-tent.

Refusing to stop and dine with them, as we are to dine farther on, we ride along past

OLD, DILAPIDATED HACIENDAS,

the walls tumbling down, the gates long since fallen, and even the very gateways in ruins. A number of dirty Chinamen, and the Peruvian owner himself, sit on the ricketty balcony,—the men indolently smoking; the women and children, swinging in hammocks, and smoking also; while the oranges drop from the trees for want of gathering, and decay on the ground, although they would yield a fine revenue if loaded into baskets and sold in market. In the corral in front of the house, naked, dirty Cholo children, unkempt donkeys, unfed mules, cows, llamas, and fowls, are mixed up with the most rusty and primitive of farming-utensils, and everything betokens a lazy disorder. In the ten years that have passed, nothing has changed, nothing been repaired, nothing improved. And should you ride by, ten years to come, you would see the same neglect, the same indolent Coolies, and only an accumulation of dirt and children to denote any perceptible change for the ten years' onward march of time. No more progress or civilization would be apparent then than now. Yet, from the balcony of that old, tumble-down ranche, what

A SCENE FOR A PAINTER!

The Oriental spires and domes of old Callao; the long, crooked streets; the "distance that lends enchantment to the view;" the quaint houses; the tall masts of ships, thickly dotting the beautiful harbor; the blue, rolling ocean, and lonely, ashy-hued mountains, as a background; in the foreground, an old windmill, that tosses its rough arms, and the silvery waters of the River Rimac, its banks lined with foliage; and away to the right, as far as eye can see, groves upon groves of orange, banana, and olive trees, fields of grain and waving corn, and vintages of grapes.

We are obliged frequently to ford small streams, and we often are compelled to diverge from our road to cross these streams, as they rush down from the mountains, and are used to irrigate the land and the crops. We continually pass small donkeys, laden with grass, fruits, sugar-cane, fire-wood, and sealed jars of native liquor; fields in which celery, onions, green peas, and other vegetables are growing. The old adobe walls surrounding these plantations are all falling down. We pass haciendas whose immense stone-walls, 10 and 15 feet in height, will permit only an occasional glimpse of wide plantain-leaves; and the tops of pineapple trees, fringing the very summit of the wall, tell us of immense orchards and groves of fruit within. Grapes grow almost wild all along the way,—luscious and fine, especially the large white pisco grape; and we pass whole acres devoted to melons, which are delicious.

At length, amidst a crowd of yelling dogs, crying Cholo babies, and lazy Chinamen, we ride through the old stone gateway, and are

WELCOMED TO VILLEGAS.

A large plantation at our left raises only sugar-cane, but Villegas rejoices in its oranges. The house, though very large, has literally nothing of comfort in it. Bare brick floor, stiff wooden settees, and a ricketty piano being the adornments. Immense balconies, supported by pillars of adobe, surround the four sides of the house, and, as it stands on a hill, it overlooks Callao and its network of shipping, and looks out even to the far-reaching blue Cordilleras. At the foot of thirteen stone steps, so loose and tottling as nearly to pitch you down headlong, lie the immense garden and grounds. The land is cut into ridges, into whose furrows rushes along the water used for irrigation. The soil looks the color and has the deadness of ashes; yet not only orange-trees extend

FOR MILES AND MILES

along these furrows, but you can walk under the branches for miles, gathering the luscious fruit, and seeing the oranges falling from the overladen trees, landing in the streams, and go sailing by in yellow splendor, with no one to stoop and pick them up. Around the house, every variety of rose, lily, dahlia, camelia, beautiful in bud and blossom, are growing without care or nursing. Old, decrepit Chinamen are cutting, pruning, and gathering flowers, in all directions, and arranging them in lovely bouquets for market. Others, in hundreds, are picking oranges, working as slowly and as lazily as they please. Their cabins are simply four posts set in the ground, and covered with a coarse, dried grass woven into a mat, which grass they gather themselves and weave into a matting that forms an excellent shelter, is clean and free from insects, and has a peculiarly pleasant, spicy smell. They also sleep upon mats made of the same material, and gathered from the river-banks.

Under a natural arbor, formed by the branches of the orange-trees,

WE RESTED AND LUNCHED.

An old Chinaman brought us queso (native cheese) and chicha (a fermented drink made from peanuts, which will intoxicate) as his donation to our repast, but for which he expected a fee. He also gathered us bouquets of verbenas and other flowers, and expected the remnants of our repast as a return for these favors. Then we walked for miles under the trees, and saw the oranges decaying all over the ground,—the same old Coolie spreading a mat for us when we were weary, under the trees, and bringing us three dozen and more oranges, for which he asked us a rial—10 cents! Never were oranges so sweet, so luscious and fine, for oranges here are a winter fruit; and, as this is our first winter-month, June, they are just in their prime.

Leaving Villegas, we rode over to the immense sugar-estates of

SAN AGUSTIN,

worked by over 400 Coolies; and here we see the same untidy ways and indolence, neither progress nor improvement, although we find the same hospitable welcome. The fortune realized from this sugar-estate alone is immense. Vegetation grows here without care, hardly a thought being expended upon it. This country suggests the primitive days, and is at least half-a-century behind the age.

As we leave the plantation, we ride to the little village of

BELLA VISTA

(Beautiful View), situated directly upon the sea, and having a picturesque set of rocks, a cave, and high bluffs, down whose steep sides the two rivers that surround Lima tumble into the sea. Bella Vista differs only from Callao in that it has wider streets and a still more dirty Cholo population. The children roll out of the way of your horse's feet into the sand, and seem to enjoy it immensely. As

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY

is here, we take a stroll down its finely-kept walks, and look at the graves, covered with flowers in bloom the whole year round. This gives death a relief from the desolate look it usually wears. One cannot but feel sad as he stands by the many, many graves of foreigners, filled up so hastily during the yellow-fever, and thinks of this death in a strange land, away from home and kindred, or even friends. The Pantheon (native cemetery) is also at Bella Vista, but no foreigner, unless a Catholic, is ever permitted to step on the consecrated ground, except once a year, on All Saints' and All Souls' Day, when it is open all day to foreigners.

THE YELLOW-FEVER

is not native to Peru. Fourteen years ago, it was brought there on Coolie ships, the same as in 1870; and, now that almost 2,000 foreigners alone have died in Callao, the authorities have taken measures to have all Coolie ships quarantined at San Lorenzo, and examined.

Some of the ladies of our party expressing a desire to climb the steep mountain,

SAN CHRISTOVAL,

which borders the town, we leave our horses at our excellent inn, kept by an English woman, and begin the ascent. Its sides seem almost inaccessible; but we find a well-worn path among its stones, up which we slowly toil. On and up we go, over the ashy, saltpetre sand, with not a green blade of grass to be seen. The volcanic, earthquake nature of the soil becomes more and more apparent as we proceed. Shells, bones, pebblies, lie all about us; birds wheel in frightened circles; and when, at last, we reach the very summit and sit down to rest, we are quite overcome. On the very peak, we see a large wooden cross, under which an Archbishop's bones repose. I do not know why these priests always prefer such lonely and almost inaccessible burial-places. But we are under the very clouds, and swing our hats exultingly to those of our party who remained below, and who seem like gnats in the far distance.

WHAT A PANORAMA!

We thought Cerro Azul was fine, but this beggars description. Streams leap down the stony mountain-sides, like silver threads. The sun gilds dome and spire of the city far away. All around us are towering hills, and the air is cool and keen. We walk around the summit to the other side. What a change of scenery!—almost as sudden as the shifting of a fairy spectacle in the play. A deep ravine cuts through the mountain on this side, and across the gorge are green forests, verdure in all its tropical profusion, the vast ocean, dotted with white sails, and large estates of coffee, sugar, cotton, rice, and fruits. Then, again, we catch the gleam of rivers, while level plains and pampas extend on and on until lost in the very cloud-capped Andes themselves.

JUST SUCH A SIGHT

must Christian have beheld when there burst upon his enraptured gaze the Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah! Droves of llamas are upon the beach, looking like mere specks upon the sand, and we look far up and down the entire coast, over the ruins of the buried cities, and the sunken silver-mines, and almost into another continent. And so ended our trip to Villegas. WALDA.

THE DIVISIONS OF ISLAM.

The Sunnis and Shia'ahs.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

In order to form a correct opinion of the prevailing religious creed of the Persians, and more especially of the tenets which distinguish it from the mass of Muslims in other parts of the world, it is necessary to understand the theory which underlies Islam, or what is usually called Muhammadanism. Muhammad, its author and founder, aspired to be, and by all true Muslims is recognized as the apostle of God, the seal of the prophets, whose mission was to bring all men back to the one true religion. To this apostleship or primacy was conjoined the office and dignity of sovereign legislator, whose laws are held to be the inspired dicta of the Almighty. Like Moses and Christ, he claimed to be prophet and King; like some of the Roman Emperors, *Imperator et Pontifex Maximus;* and like the Pope, sovereign pontiff, barring, however, any pretension to sacerdotalism, which is utterly repugnant to the teaching of the Koran.

The death of Muhammad leaving these offices and dignities vacant, a Khalifah—that is, a successor or vicar ("Caliph" was formerly the incorrect way of spelling the title)—was elected to succeed him as the head of Islam in religion and politics throughout the world. The first four Khalifahs were: Abu-Bekr, 'Omar, 'Othman, and 'Alay, the latter the son-in-law of the prophet. The Khalifate, after being held for a few months by Hasan, the son of 'Aly, who was murdered, passed into the hands of the Benu-Omeyyah, and from them to the Benu-Abbas, or Abbasides, who held it till the capture of Baghdad, its capital, and the overthrow of the dynasty by the Moghuls under Hulaku-Chan, A. D. 1258. But the spiritual dignity was kept up for about three centuries later by certain members of the family who found an asylum with the Mamluk Sultans of Egypt, until the conquest of that country by the Ottomans, A. D. 1543, when the then Khalifah, el-Mutawakkil, is said to have delegated his office to Selim I. Hence the claim of the Sultans of Constantinople to be the legitimate successors of Muhammad and commanders of the faithful.

Now this question of the Khalifate, which is possibly destined to exercise a powerful influence on the future of Muslim States, was one of the principal causes of schism among the adherents of Islam while yet in its infancy, some holding that, in order to legitimacy, the office should be conferred by election; others that it might be hereditary; some that it was restricted to the descendants of the Prophet; and others, again, that it is not absolutely necessary that there should a Khalifah. The latter belief is that of the Ibadhiyyah of 'Oman and Zanzibar.

Passing over minor schisms—Muslims pride themselves on the assumption that their recognized divisions surpass by one those of any other creed—it will suffice for our purpose to point out the fundamental differences between the Sunnis and Shia'ahs, the two principal sections into which the followers of Islam are divided at the present day.

The Sunnis agree in deriving their code of laws from the Koran, the traditions of the prophet, the concordance of early discipline, and analogy. They are divided into four orthodox sects or schools, the Hanafy, Shafa'iy, Maliky, and Hanbaly, so called from the names of the respective doctors whose opinions they have adopted. With regard to the succession, they admit the authority of the first four Khalifahs, including 'Aly, and generally accept the necessity of a vicar, or living representative of Islam, and the legitimate transmission of the office through the Benu-Omeyyah and the Benu-'Abbas. It is uncertain to what extent they recognize the pretensions of the Ottoman Sultans to the supremacy formerly attached to the Khalifate. As with other creeds, so also with Islam. Its theology is presumably capable of being made subservient to worldly wishes. The Turks are all Sunnis, as are also most of the Muslims beyond the Oxus, in China, India, the islands of the Indian Archipelago and Africa.

The word *Shia'ah* signifies a sectarian or schismatic, and is applied by Sunnis to all whom they regard as heterodox; but in a more restricted sense it is intended to designate the great body of the Persian Muslims. *Rafidhy*, or Deserter, is another opprobrious epithet used in that same sense. The Persians, of course, resent the implied insult, and *en revanche* style themselves *el-Adiliyyah*, or the Upright. It need scarcely be said that the followers of both sections accuse each other of damnable heresies and soul-destroying delusions, and the antagonism on the part of the Shia'ahs culminates once a year at the Muharram festival, commemorative of the death of 'Aly's sons, Hasan and Husain, when they publicly invoke endless curses on the heads of their opponents. Parallel comminations are, unfortunately, not unknown to the Christian Church, which has its fulminating bulls and anathema festivals. In fact, the violence and rancor which have always existed and which still subsist between the Sunnis and the Shia'ahs bear a striking analogy to similar characteristics displayed by Papists towards Protestants, and vice versa. Nevertheless, apart from the slight differences respecting the authority of tradition, divorce, and the manner of performing the prescribed ablutions, the only fundamental dogma which separates the two parties is that of the succession; and believers in and opponents of the so-called Apostolic Succession will be able to appreciate the importance attached to the acceptance or denial of this dogma among Muslims. In opposition to the Sunnis, the Shia'ahs deny the legitimacy of the first three Khalifahs, affirming the prior divine right of 'Aly, as being the kinsman and son-in-law of the prophet, to succeed to that dignity, and the transmission of the same through his two sons, Hasan and Husain, to nine subsequent imams or representatives—twelve in all. The twelfth—namely, Muhammad, surnamed Mahdy, or the director—they believe to be still alive; but as it is not necessary, according to their tenets, that the imam should be visible, he is still recognized as such, and his adherents look forward to his re-appearance, accompanied by the Prophet Elijah, at the second coming of Christ.

The Shia'ah doctrines, which, in common with other phases of Islam, had previously no fixed territorial boundary, became the state religion of Persia about A. D. 974, during the khalifate of Muti'-l'Illah, when the Persians, with a political object, sided with the Buyah Sultan, the Vicegerent of the Khalifah, in opposition to the Sunnis, who confederated with the Moghuls—an alliance which eventually led to the fall of Baghdad and the overthrow of the Abbaside dynasty. Since that time, notwithstanding the effort made by Nadir-Shah, A. D. 1736, to heal this great schism in Islam by inducing his subjects to embrace the orthodoxy of the Sunnis, the Shia'ah doctrines have continued to prevail in the country. It seems needless to add that, under these circumstances, the rulers of Persia, since the fall of the Abbasides, have never laid claim to a spiritual supremacy or assumed the chief ecclesiastical power. That power, according to the Shia'ahs, belongs of right to the Imam Mahdy. During his invisibility it is exercised by the Mushtahids, who appear to exercise in Persia the functions of the Shaikh-ul-Islam in Turkey. They are generally referred to by the tribunals of justice in points of law in any way connected with ecclesiastical matters, and have considerable influence, owing to their real or affected piety and learning. Their conduct, says Sir John Malcom, "is expected to be exemplary, and to show no worldly bias; neither must they commit themselves with the King or the officers of the Government." If this restriction means that the mushtahids are not to meddle with politics, it amounts to what we look for in Archbishops and Bishops.

The Shia'ahs, like the Sunnis, are divided into several schools or sects, holding peculiar doctrines, varying in their divergence from the State religion quite as much as the Nonconformists on the one hand and Mormons on the other as by law established in this realm.

COINCIDENCES AND ACCIDENTS.

Carl Benson in the Galaxy for August.

One of the English magazines recently contained an article on extraordinary coincidences. The writer appeared to be struck with their number, and to be rather surprised at the possibility of the occurrence at all. To me it rather seems surprising, when we consider the perpetual movement of the world's kaleidoscope, that the same figure does not repeat itself more frequently. Coincidences strike us because they are noticed, while the almost innumerable opportunities of coincidences which yield nothing naturally attract no attention. To take a very familiar illustration: we are talking of a person; suddenly he appears; the circumstance is remarked; probably some one of the company quotes the old saying, "Talk of the devil," etc. But no one thinks of remarking the hundreds and thousands of times when we speak of a person and he does not come.

The greater number of examples, the greater the likelihood of coincidences, according to the ordinary rules of chance. Many of the hits of the *soi-disant* phrenologists—or, as they should properly be called, craniologists—may be accounted for in this way. The occasional verification of the *Herald's* political prophecies in former days comes into the same category.

The coincidence is one of the common improbabilities of the sensational romance—improbable, however, not on account of its occurrence, but on account of its repetition. Probably few persons, whose life experience has not been of the narrowest, are unable to recall some one remarkable coincidence affecting themselves, or coming within their observation. The improbability consists in representing a number of such coincidences as occurring within the limited experience of a few individuals during a portion of their lives.

A lady whom I knew was in the habit, when a school-girl, of predicting the future of her playmates, especially in reference to their marriages. She had a fixed idea that one of them would marry "an old man who coughed all night," and she was accustomed to imitate the peculiar cough of the destined bridegroom. Long after, when this friend had lived to become a mature woman, she married a man older than herself, who subsequently to their marriage was attacked with bronchitis, and realized the prediction to the letter. The reader is of course prepared to hear that all the other predictions of the school-girl about her other friends went wide of the mark. If several of them had proved true, it would have been thought, even in this skeptical age, that there was something uncanny about the woman. And if we found a character in a novel represented as habitually uttering true predictions of the future, we should at once cry out against the improbability.

When I lived in Paris, I once received, the day before Christmas, some canvas-back ducks from a New York correspondent. As there were more of them than I could dispose of while they were fit to eat, I sent one pair to a friend who was certain to appreciate them. The epicure was sitting in grave counsel with his sister, making out the *menu* of their Christmas dinner. They had reached the roast. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if we only had a pair of canvas-backs!" The words were hardly out of his mouth when the door opened, and my servant appeared with the ducks. Often in his life has "Jerry" C—— devoutly wished for this or that desirable but absent article of provender; never before or since has his prayer been so patly answered. Herein lies the improbability of the sensational romance, English or French in origin, work of Dumas or Hugo, of Reade or Braddon, that its heroes and heroines are always finding what they want just when they need it.

Indeed, may we not say that all the improbabilities of the sensational school are reducible to the head of too frequent occurrence? The adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" meets with startling verification every now and then. Both physical accidents and moral phenomena occur which wring from us the involuntary exclamation, "How improbable this would seem in a work of fiction!" Probably there is no one single adventure in the most sensational romance to which a parallel might not be found in real life. The improbability consists in bringing a number of these exceptional accidents within the lifetime, or a portion of the lifetime, of one person. It is the "sham-sample swindle" in a rather different sense from Charles Reade's. Middleton said of the legends about the early fathers and saints, that miraculous events were more frequent in them than non-miraculous events; and, similarly, some of our modern schools of fiction adopt the extraordinary as a rule, and only admit the ordinary as an exception. And perhaps they are right, for after all who shall say that the *arete*, the *differentia*, the essence of the romance, as distinguished from the novel, is not its abnormal atmosphere, and dramatic exposition of things exceptional? (Something that has been said above requires explanation. We find in romances many single things which, in one sense, are more than improbable; they are impossible. But this impossibility is of a qualified nature. It consists in their being contrary to fact; growing out of the author's ignorance of some recondite, or at least not altogether obvious, fact—physical, legal, historical, of any class you please. As when certain soporifics which act only after several hours are represented as acting instantaneously, or when certain events which would be illegal in the country where the scene is laid are described as happening by due process of law. If you look at these incidents a priori, without knowledge of the special facts, you would not see anything even strange about them. Thus, in the case of soporifics, we know that there are some which do act immediately. And, to take an instance from the most erratic of Victor Hugo's books, there is nothing very startling or incredible in the supposition that as late as Queen Anne's time one class of English Sheriffs or Constables were called weapontakes—that they carried an iron sword as the sign of their office, and executed their arrests by a touch of the sword. The only objection to it is that it is not a fact, but a pure invention of the author.)

I shall now relate two accidents—one serious, the other trivial—which illustrate in a marked manner the occasional improbability of realities.

One befell a connection of mine, the son of an eminent professor, and himself a scientific man of some note. He was superintendent of a mining establishment. The masses of ore taken from the mine were broken up with sledge-hammers in board shanties and log huts. One day as he was walking among these huts, a fragment of ore flew out through a knot-hole and struck him directly in one eye, which it destroyed, and he came near losing the other eye, but ultimately, after a long illness, regained the partial use of it. Now see how many chances there were against every element of this accident. First, that there should be a knot-hole at the requisite height; then that a fragment should be small enough to pass through the hole; then that it should pass; then that the superintendent should be walking by just at that time; finally, that the curve described by the projectile should direct it exactly to his eye. The chance against any one of these events was great; against all of them together it must have been very great.

The other incident happened to myself. I have never found any one who would believe it, and therefore do not expect the reader to do so; yet, often as I have thought over all the circumstances of it, I have never been able to find any reason for suspecting error or self-deception. When a youth of 15, and still wearing round jackets, I was sauntering one fine summer day in a garden. I noticed a large bee hovering over a flower. Half mechanically, I took out my pocket-handkerchief, tied a loose knot in one corner, and fillipped it at the bee. The insect disappeared. Supposing that it had fallen into the flower-bed, I replaced my handkerchief, without untying the knot, in the pocket of my loose jacket and sauntered on. Some twenty minutes after I had occasion to take out the handkerchief; noticing the knot, I untied it, and to my no small surprise found the bee inside, rather the worse for wear, but still showing signs of life. Now, as I have said, I do not expect anyone to believe this; yet the rationale of the process is tolerably clear to me. The knot, originally loose, was opened still more by the act of striking, so that its folds could admit the body of the bee, if violently thrust into them. And what happened was just the converse of this; the handkerchief lighted so that the knot was thrust violently around the bee, took it up, and carried it off. But the ablest juggler might try for a long while unsuccessfully to imitate this accidental and involuntary performance.

Literary coincidences which appear to be plagiarisms are very common. One very ordinary form of them—probably the most ordinary—is the pun. Some events, some names, suggest puns by their mere mention. Hundreds of people may make such puns independently of one another. But serious popular topics also will often suggest the same ideas simultaneously to men of the same habits of thought and generally concordant opinions.

Even more numerous are what we may call illiterate coincidences. Plausible mistranslations (e. g., mistaking the dative of *solus* for the dative of *sol**) are repeated by generation after generation of schoolboys and freshmen. The bull about the two-legged bird that ate the fruit has been made over and over again by persons unaware of its classicality as a Joe. It will probably be less frequent in future, since the two-legged cat, on which it was founded, is rapidly ceasing, if it has not entirely ceased, to be a common household animal.

I will conclude with a singular instance, showing how a coincidence in reading—or misreading—may throw light on the composition of a work and the working of the author's mind. At least I believe it to be a coincidence; but it is possible that I have only found a huge mare's nest. The reader shall judge for himself.

Flaubert's extraordinary book "Salammbo" is a classic-historical novel, having for its subject the quasi civil conflict between the Carthaginians and their mercenaries after the first Punic war. Among its peculiarities is its minute fidelity to historical truth, in which it differs from all books of its class with which I am acquainted. There is, however, one remarkable exception to this historic accuracy, a fearful episode of the author's invention. We are told that Hamilcar destroyed the main body of the mercenaries in a mountain pass called the Saw. The details are not given by the historian; but Flaubert has filled them in after his own nightmare fashion. He represents Hamilcar as making a grand battue of the lions and other wild beasts, which, always abundant in that country even to the present day, had multiplied beyond their usual numbers during the war. He drives them all into the defile, and they devour the mercenaries to the last man.

How came the novelist, elsewhere so scrupulous, to make this ghastly addition to the facts of his history? An accident suggested to me what I believe to be the answer.

After reading "Salammbo," I was moved by curiousity to look at the original account of the mercenaries' war in Polybius. Polybius is not exactly a classical author; he does not enter into any curriculum or academic course, and those portions of him which a student is most likely to read (the only ones which I had read previously) are the political disquisitions alluded or referred to by Heeren, Arnold, and other historians.

So I turned to the chapter or section of Polybius which treats of this war. A man does not always begin to read a book or subject at the beginning; any more than he always begins to write a book or essay at the beginning; and I happened to dip into Polybius just at this incident of the Saw defile. And there I read to this effect: that Hamilcar, having blockaded the mercenaries in the defile with all his army and the wild beasts (*thersi* dative of *theres*) destroyed them all. Here then was evidently the nucleus of Flaubert's terrible tableau, and I could not but admire the skill with which he had worked up the historian's brief mention of this strange and hideous mode of warfare.

But when I came to read up the history in order, I soon found that wild beasts (*theres*) was the term regularly employed by Polybius for the Carthaginian war elephants. Only in one place (as far as I can recollect) does he use the word *elephantes*, and then he immediately explains it by *theres*.

It now struck me that when Flaubert conceived the idea of writing this book (suggested in all probability by the Sepoy mutiny), and began to read up his subject, he had first opened his Polybius just in the same place as I did, and had conceived at once his terrible vision of Hamilcar's great man-hunt and more than gladiatorial show; and that afterwards, when he came to find out what Polybius really meant by wild beasts, he still thought the tableau too good to be lost, too valuable for literary purposes, and therefore retained it. Of course, as I said, this may be only a mare's nest, but please to observe that the hypothesis accounts exactly for the fact, and that no other hypothesis will explain the fact so well.

**Solo* for *soli* occurs in the old statutes of the University of Cambridge.

FRAGMENTS.

Somebody thought a little thought,
  And wrote some little lays;
His neighbors kind, with friendly mind,
  Awarded him some praise.

Then he began to idly muse
  And dream his life away,
And think that he would doubtless be
  A Shakspeare some fine day.

Somebody carved, of marble white,
  A baby's dimpled hand;
A little praise the flickering blaze
  Of his ambition fanned.

It burst into a roaring fire
  And burst his very heart;
His hopes all fled, and then, half-dead
  He cursed the sculptor's art.

Somebody drew a little face,
  With all its shadows true;
But far away, that very day,
  Praise with his senses flew.

And from that day he idly dreamed
  Of Italy and Rome,
And tried to shirk the honest work
  About his humble home.

Somebody made a little speech
  That did a little good;
A neighbor heard the kindly word,
  And thanked him, as he should.

Then he who spoke the word began
  To think himself a saint,
And did not care to breathe a prayer
  To blot out sin or taint.

Each "somebody" was in a boat,
  And floating at his will,
While self-conceit, his bread and meat,
  The extra space did fill.

And when he earned a little gem
  His little work to crown,
Not one more hair the boat could bear,
  And so it drifted down.

L. R. H.

CHICAGO, July 21, 1873.

Great French Surgeons.

"I have seen Velpeau in his class,—Velpeau, that intellectual giant; a mechanic until he was 20, but rising thereafter to the highest pitch of scientific eminence, the author of works which a century of progress will not supersede; one of the very few who have been equally great in experiment and in theory. A 'plain, blunt man,' but his pupils adored him. I have seen him come upon them when convulsed with laughter over a caricature of his own quaint person, seize the paper, applaud the resemblance, join in the mirth with the utmost zest, and gayly criticise the drawing; then turning to his class again he identified the culprit at a glance, and grasped him by the ear. 'And it was you, you dog, who did it! I know your hand!' I have seen the same man accosted when on his hospital rounds by another, great in place and power, who began pompously to congratulate him on the success of a difficult operation just performed on a member of his own family. And the man of science waved the man of station aside silently, but not discourteously, and continued his own exposition. Wist not the dignitary that this worker must be about his Master's business? Ah, that was a man!

"How well I remember," he continued, "going one Sunday morning—an autumn day like this—with a friend to one of the principal hospitals. It was the vacation term at the Medical School, and there were but few students or visitors about. As we passed into the hall, we heard groans, evidently of a child in great pain. The door leading to the sick-ward was ajar, and as we approached we heard the voice of a man talking earnestly with the little sufferer. There was something very affecting in the tones of the child's voice and the tender and sympathizing replies of the physician, and it seemed to us no breach of etiquette to witness unseen through the crack of the half-open door the scene that was passing within. On a narrow pallet near the window lay a fine boy, 9 or 10 years old, dying of cancer developing itself between the eyes and behind the nose. It had not yet shown itself externally, but had destroyed the sight, and was attended by excruciating suffering. By his side sat a stately, white-haired man, holding with one hand the two of the little patient, while with the other he caressingly smoothed his hair. The child the story of his pain, '*Ah, je souffre tant!*' to which the old man listened patiently, promising to devise some relief. Then he rose to go, but first bent over the boy, and with tears dropping from his eyes kissed his forehead lovingly as a mother. The white-haired man was the world-renowned Nelaton,—Nelaton, lately summoned to attend the fallen Emperor.

"Another reminiscence of another Sunday morning in Paris. I saw brought into the hospital a young working-girl, whose leg had been crushed by a heavily-loaded omnibus, and so badly as to require instant amputation. The surgeon on duty was the famous M. Richard. We were asked to assist that time. I gave the anæsthetic, and I remember he charged me to keep the 'poor child,' as he called her, unconscious not only during the operation, but until every trace of it had been removed. He intercepted a blundering attendant who would have brought the tray of instruments within sight before she slept; and anything equal to his patient soothing of her pain and terror, the delicate care which banished all that was unnecessarily agitating from the scene, the deliberate and exquisite pity which softened his every look and movement, I hardly hope to see again. That also was a man."—"*Love in the Nineteenth Century,*" by Harriet W. Preston.

AN ECCENTRIC KING.

The Play of the King of Bavaria.

From the Vienna Presse.

The eccentricities of the young King Louis II., of Bavaria, have of late become such that the question whether or not the present representative of the House of Wittelsbach is insane, is more anxiously agitated at Munich, and especially at the Imperial Court at Berlin, than ever before. The former curious freaks of the King have all been forgotten; his expenditure of $6,000,000 for imitating at his castle of Hohenschwangen the hanging-gardens of Queen Semiramis; his attempt to build a pyramid like that of King Cheops on the famous Lechfield; and his numerous flirtations with royal Princesses, whom he jilted most unceremoniously, when they had most reason to look for an offer of his heart and hand.

But that which engrosses at the present time the attention of the good burghers of Munich is the singular mania of the young King in regard to theatrical affairs. It is a well-known fact that King Louis II. looks upon the theatre as the prime source of popular education; that he considers Frederich von Schiller and Moliere the two dramatists without whom the stage could never have acquired its present eminence; and that he, the Wittelsbach ruler himself, has written a play, which he not only, as might be expected, values very highly, but which, in his opinion, is a combination of all that is praiseworthy both in Schiller and Moliere. This wonderful play is entitled "The Fan of the Marchioness," and there exists but a single manuscript copy of it. It contains three acts, and it was written in Alexandrine verses. That is all that is known about it. No profane critic has yet cast eyes upon it, but one person has seen it performed on the stage, and yet the whole company of the Royal Theatre of Munich knows it by heart; and the play has, moreover, been performed already upward of a dozen times, with scenery and decorations such as have rarely been bestowed upon the tragedies of the greatest masters.

The explanation of all this is a very simple one. King Louis II is a man of the most retiring character. Most of the time he lives in utter seclusion. The pomp and splendor of royalty are most distasteful to him; and, rather than appear at a gala review of his army, he will plead sickness, or, without cause, bury himself in the Alpine retreats of the Hungarian Highlands. The stage is his favorite pastime, but to witness public performances when everybody rises from his seat and bows to him as soon as he makes his appearance is so distasteful to him that for years he has not set foot in his own theatre at Munich, except on the occasions which we are about to specify.

About four months ago the actors of the Royal Theatre, in the above mentioned city, received from the management of the stage the cast of a play entitled "The Fan of the Marchioness," whose author, he said, wished to remain unknown, but which was to be rehearsed immediately. A week afterward the first rehearsal took place, and a few days later the actors and actresses who were to appear in it were startled by the notification that they were to play the piece after midnight on the 3d of March. The most rigorous secrecy was enjoined upon them, and immediate dismissal was threatened to those who should talk about the affair. Who had ever heard of such a theatrical performance? The actors were all there, and when the curtain went up they vainly looked for an audience. No one was present to witness their performance but a young man dressed in a loose suit of gray, his handsome face adorned with a small well-trimmed moustache. The young man was seated in the left proscenium box, and he seemed to follow the performance with rapt attention. The experienced actors did their best to play their parts well. None of them had ever performed under more singular, not to say discouraging, circumstances. Applause there was none. The curtain went down, and it went up again, before a dark and empty house. The only spectator present was, to all appearances, highly interested, but not even once did he clap his hands.

Finally, as the neighboring clock of St. Catharine's Church struck 4, the play was over, and the actors went home. This singular performance has been repeated since then a dozen times. The actors are almost in a state of revolt, for it seems unnatural for them to play to no audience without marks of applause or disapproval; simply before one young man, who, if he wears a crown, profits by his royal prerogatives in a very curious manner.

The Coroner's Triumph.

Max Adeler in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Butcher, when we knew him, was Coroner up in Williamsport. Business that winter was dreadfully dull. Nobody died suddenly or was drowned or murdered, and Butcher not only had nothing to do, but he made no fees, and was as poor as Walt Whitman's poetry. Suddenly a mania for committing suicide by poison seemed to break out among the people. Mrs. Brown fed herself with strychnine; both the Smith girls stuffed themselves with arsenic; Aleck Jones took a dose of laudanum; Johnson's colored girl swallowed some bug poison, and Mrs. Murphy's little son ate four boxes of phosphorus matches. These tragic events occurred at intervals of a few days, and in each case no sooner were the facts discovered than Dr. Bumm was at once on hand with his stomach-pump. He emptied Mrs. Brown all of a sudden; he pumped out the Smith girls; he tore the laudanum out of Jones; he separated the poison from the colored girl, and he nearly turned Mrs. Murphy's boy wrong side out. All of them recovered. The Coroner viewed these proceedings with regret. He went to Bumm and suggested that he would give $100 if the doctor would close out his pump, and $50 more if he would go out of town for three or four weeks. The Coroner said he did not wish to seem importune or obtrusive, but was tired of having doctors meddle with his business. Then Dr. Bumm affirmed that he would not only not sell and not leave town, but when the next poisoning case occurred he would buy a steam engine, attach it to the machine, and pump the patient throughout the unending ages of all eternity if he wanted to. That night Butcher bribed the doctor's boy to bring him the pump for a few moments. Then he rubbed some nitro-glycerine around the end of the piston and sent it back. The next day Mary Jane McGuire took oxalic acid. The doctor came; he inserted the aparatus down her throat and plunged the piston down. A snap, a shriek, a loud explosion, and Mary Jane, oh! where was she? Forty-seven pieces of her were found, and they picked up twelve fragments of the doctor, so the Coroner had a chance for fifty-nine inquests, the fees of which enabled him to buy a barrel of flour, get his wagon fixed, and give his wife a pink silk dress. He was the most enterprising Coroner they ever had in Williamsport.

PILGRIMAGES IN FRANCE.

The Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial.

Numerous Attendance---The Parisians' Day---Description of the Ceremonies.

Paris (July 2) Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

Among all French phenomena the Religious Revival now in ever-accelerating progress is, to take the lowest view of it, one of the most curious, I was about to write, astonishing. To epitomize a record of its merely outward and visible signs, so numerous are they, would outgo the limits of a single letter. In this I will only pretend to speak of one class of them, the pilgrimages, and, indeed, mainly of but one pilgrimage or series of pilgrimages, where thousands daily journey from all parts of France throughout the just past month of June, to Paray-le-Monial. So far as some reading and other inquiry as these limits enable, I try to state, not discuss, facts. Let me beg readers to keep in mind that this French religious movement is, in itself, a very important event. Whether a hopeful or dangerous time for France, a dawning real vitality or the disturbed ghost of the dead past, foreboding death, or idle transient product of diseased nerves, and political intrigue—these are questions that as many classes of minds and parties here have ready-made answers to, with which for the moment I have nothing to do. They do not affect the patent present existence of the fact.

I already spoke in the autumn of last year more than once of these numerous pilgrimages to different French shrines of Our Lady. These are continued this year, more numerous, more thoroughly systematized, more fashionable, so to speak—by which I do not mean less sincere. Yet we are not at the "height of the season," which does not come till after harvest. It is a return, as more than one enthusiastic reporter writes, to the good old times, with modern improvements—the railway ticket substituted for staff and scollop-shell, and reduced fares with cramped knees in crowded cars for parched peas and locomotion with genuflexions. But what distinguishes the pilgrimage to Paray is the fresh impulse it received from and gives to the worship of (or devotion to) the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Paray, a small town of Burgundy in the Bishopric of Autun, is the seat of that Convent of the Visitation made illustrious two hundred years ago by the holy life, miraculous conversation, and death within its walls, of the since semi-canonized Marie Alacoque. Hitherto ignorant persons, curious to know particulars of the marvelous worth and works of that saintly lady, are referred to her Life by Languet, to the quaintly sincere Memoire of her by the two "Contemporary" sisters, to her published letters, and then if they will (but better not) to Grasset and sneering Voltaire. Enough now to say that, owing to repeated interviews granted her in personal presence by Jesus, and to our Lord's constant pressure, Marie Alacoque, made partaker in a sort of His Sacred Heart, did obtain at last the public institution of the worship of the Sacred Heart about 1689, almost the exact precentennial anniversary of the Great Revolution and transient Satanic triumph of 1789.

The pilgrimage to Paray ran through all the days of last month. Beside the general throng-ing from near and far, almost every day was particularly marked by the arrival of one or more worshipful bands representing the faithful of this and that great town or remoter diocese. In large part, these came with red crosses or figures of a heart visible on their dresses. Of the proceedings on two of these great days I have taken some pains to obtain the best orthodox accounts. Of the first of these two, June 20, which was par excellence the Parisian day, the Abbe Rouquette, giving himself the scantiest needful hours to rest from the fatigues of the railway journeys (each of half a day or whole night), and of the intermediate whole day of proceeding, praying and singing *in loco*, sat himself straightway to write out an account, quickly published in a pamphlet of nearly 100 pages, which for graphic, racy, readable quality need put the common laic run of "our own correspondent" to the blush. The Abbe is human, though, for our consolation. With all the remarkable cleverness and higher merits of his account, it has its trade-mark, its "our ownness." To take a figure from our elder political time, it is a Jackson man's report of a Jackson Democratic meeting. It is truthful and sincere in its way, but not utterly so from the cool Adams Whig point of view. However, if the Abbe may have raised numerals something to the height of his own exaltation, and colored other facts with something of his own warmth of feeling, these very exaggerations, though not strictly materially truthful, become truthfully characteristic in the general.

The Abbe estimates the whole number of participants in the ceremonies of the 20th at 20,000. I should say to the crediting of this cipher, that other well-accepted authorities rate the throng that day at 30,000, of whom 1,200 were priests, and 5,000, priests and laymen, were Parisians. All the parishes of the capital were represented, each by a delegation with its distinctive banner borne in advance. The others came from widely-separated parts of France and of Alsace-Lorraine. There were 150 banners, some of costly material and very cunning handiwork, representing parishes, congregations, and other pious associations, guilds, cities, bishoprics. The one from Orleans bore the Sacred Heart on one side and Jeanne d'Arc on the other; that of our deep sinning, repentant Belleville, these words: "Mon Dieu, Pardon!" The sense, with slight variation in phrase, of numerous mottoes was: "Sacred Heart! Save France. Free the Pope!" One from Alsace was in black and gold, having the cross in crape, a sword piercing a dragon, a cross and anchor, with the motto, "In hoc signo vinces," and below, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, Save France. Restore to us our Country!" From Metz, black and gold, craped, came the words: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, Save us!" Two banners came from Spain, one with this inscription; "*Corazon de Jesu. Liberta a Pio IX y Salvada a Espana.*" One other banner merits exceptional notice, one not made for this occasion—its pristine elegance something frayed and faded with winter wind and weather, and gloriously discolored, "for," as our Abbe writes in his figurative way, "it has been inundated with smoke and dust, and even blood;" was the standard under which ex-Pontifical Zouave Gen. Charette and his Bretons fought in the war of 1870–'71, and which now he and a delegation of 150 of his followers depose as an expression of gratitude on the shrine of the beatified Marie Alacoque—"Perhaps to resume and bear it high again one day in battles better prepared for, but not more glorious."

The long June day, till after evening fell, was, except a brief vacation for a frugal meal or two, busily devoted to religious ceremonies. Mass beginning at midnight, was celebrated at more than twenty altars, in the parish church, within the monastery and without. Each of these altars was surrounded by a dozen priests, counting the minutes while awaiting their turn of office. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon masses were still going on. The Bishop of Autun had authorized all priests present (1,200) to administer the Sacrament of Penitence; so that every here and there, by a column of the church or behind a door, might be seen the edifying spectacle of a priest giving absolution to pilgrims. There were processions defiling through the monastery and its grounds, past the various places made holy by the works and ecstatic visions there of the Beatified Marie Alacoque or the personal appearance to her there, 200 years ago, of the Lord Jesus. Among these places was "the little plot where she was charged to keep the she ass and its foal that, while our Lord was talking to his spouse, straggled away to browse in the reserved garden; this constrained this child of exact obedience to quit the Divine Master and His heavenly converse to run and attend to those animals as she had been ordered. But the Savior of men withheld her, and told her that they would do no harm, as indeed it proved, for there was found no expected trace of the havoc they had made." [See *l'Univers* for June 3 of this year.]

There are sermons and other pious discourses, full of unction, listened to in sympathetic, devout silence, pauses sometimes filled with great murmurs and even loud applausive shouts. One of these was an eloquent improvisation by the eminent pulpit orator, Father Felix. His text was the refrain of the great Hymn of the Sacred Heart, the Marseillaise of this religious campaign:

Dieu de Clemence
O Dieu Vainqueur,
Sauvez Rome et la France
Au nom du Sacre Coeur.

"We applauded and we wept," writes the Abbe, "especially at that portion of the discourse where the speaker addressed himself directly to the Zouaves. And, as always when one meets that chosen battalion, the thought of the Pontiff for whom they were first raised up presents itself to the mind and heart. I confess with pride to have taken here the initiative of a triple shout, '*Vive l'Eglise! Vive l'France! Vive Pie IX.!*' 'Oh, brave survivors,' exclaimed the orator, 'guard well this flag, for a something tells that you will have one day to bear it again on the field of battle, which then will be the field of victory. You will save France by your flag.'" Further on, Alsace and Lorraine were exhorted to wait in trustful hope of restoration. At the close of each of the five or six divisions of this address, a thousand voices broke out in chorus, "*Dieu de Clemence,*" etc. Here, translated into rude prose, are the first two stanzas of this hymn, whose notes from myriad voices unceasingly rose heavenward through the June air. "Pity, my God! it is for our country that we pray at the foot of this altar. Her arms bound and her face bruised, she has raised her eyes to Heaven. Pity, my God! On a new Calvary groans the Head of your Church in tears. Make glorious the Successor of Peter by a triumph equal to his sufferings." The formal ceremonies were closed by an address from the Bishop of Autun, the great congregation, at five different pauses, all responding, "Lord Thou art our Father; Thou shalt forever be our King;" and at the close: "Vive Jesus Christ, Savior of the world! Vive His adorable heart! Vive the Immaculate Virgin, Queen of France! Vive our Holy Father the Pope, Pius IX.! Vive Catholic France, eldest daughter of the Church!" But singing, proceeding by torchlights, went on till night, when, after already one ride of twelve or more hours since yesterday, and all the doings of this day, through the glad fatigues of which they were upborne by the joy of their hearts, the Parisian pilgrims took cars for their long return ride.

If, as the good Abbe pointedly insists, the pious fete of the 20th of June had a distinctively Parisian and popular character, those of the 29th were otherwise as marked by a peculiarly solemn, select, national zeal. On that day, fifty members of the National Assembly, with the rallying badge of the Pilgrims of the Sacred Heart on their deputed breasts, and bearing their proper banner, came, for their own part and in the name of 150 detained subscribing colleagues, and, by a sort of self-deputation, in the name of the Assembly and of France, to consecrate themselves at the shrine of Marie Alacoque to the worship of the Sacred Heart. There is room left to mention but the two distinguishing features of the ceremonies that day. After mass, and communion in the Convent Chapel, in which all the Deputies took part, M. de Belcastle (a forward chief in the ranks of the Legitimist Right at Versailles) rose and uttered "with visible emotion, but in firm tones," the following declaration: "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, we come to consecrate ourselves to you, ourselves and our colleagues who are joined in sentiment with us. We ask you to pardon us all the evil we have done, and to pardon also all those who live estranged from you. For such part as we can take in it, and in the measure that belongs to us, we also consecrate to you by all the strength of our desire, France, our well-beloved country, with all its provinces, with its works of faith and charity. We ask you to reign over her by the omnipotence of your grace and your holy love. And we, pilgrims of the Sacred Heart, adorers and copartakers of your great Sacrament, most faithful disciple of the infallible See of Saint Peter, whose fete we are glad to celebrate to-day, we consecrate ourselves to your service, O Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, humbly asking of you the grace to be entirely yours in this world and the world to come. Amen. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

From the address of the Bishop of Autun, responsive to this remarkable declaration, I will quote but briefly: "Yes, you represent here the National Assembly; our Catholic Deputies are the head and the heart of it, and it so is, despite of all our social apostacies, of all our revolutions, of all our misfortunes, that after all, the truly French Assembly can but be Christian and Catholic. Blessed be ye for thus raising up again the old faith of our fathers. Many times since you are assembled at Versailles you have asked pardon of God for the crimes of France. Many times you have made *amende honorable* to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for our long ingratitudes heaped up above all in the last eighty years. One of my modern predecessors [Talleyrand] in this glorious see [of Autun] had the misfortune to betray the Church and become the man of the Revolution. Divine Heart of Jesus, pardon, pardon for that guilty Bishop." It may or may not seem strange to you that, in accord with the Abbe Rouquette and other reporters of the Paray and other pilgrimages, the returned Deputies repel with impatient warmth, with an almost suspiciously peppery heat, the charge sometimes brought up by the worldly-minded, that the performances have in them a notable political party.

A RHYME OF NEW ENGLAND.

New England, I love thee, and oft, in my dreams,
Return to thy valleys, and hill-sides, and streams;
Though years have swept by me, and I have grown gray,
Since I left thee, one morning, and wandered away,
The home of my boyhood, just under the hill,
Is the holiest place in my memory still.

I am talking, dear mother, in fancy with thee,
Beneath the old roof, which so long sheltered me;
The songs of the birds, and the murmuring rill,
My senses again with their melody thrill;
Again I am searching each cranny and nook
In the moss-verdured cot on the bank of the brook.

My father, and brothers, and sisters are there;
The old-fashioned clock, and the ancient arm-chair,
The wary old watch-dog, asleep on the floor,
Growls and barks, in his dream, at some thief at the door.
And the cat sings its song of content and repose,
As it basks in the sun, in a basket of clothes.

The weather-stained school-house is still to be seen
In the shade of the elms, at the head of the "green;"
The "master" is there, with the well-seasoned "beech,"
His adjunct, kept always within easy reach,—
So sure and conclusive, when brought to his aid,
To enforce or deter, to convince or persuade.

I see the old "master," so hirsute and tall,
So earnest and anxious, and just to us all;
His gaunt form comes back to my memory now—
As I watched for a smile or a frown on his brow;
But alas! he is dead, and the grass-covered sod
Is all he needs now of the manor of God.

I awake from my dream to the desolate truth,
That little is left of the home of my youth;
The birds sing their song, and the murmuring rill,
But the hearts that once listened are silent and still;
For death has been there since I wandered away
From the home of my childhood, one morning in May.

GRANT P. ROBINSON.

Chinese Philosophy.

In ancient times there lived a man Shien. During a traveling tour he had occasion to rest the night at a road-house. The weather was insufferably hot, and within the room mosquitoes swarmed by thousands. Shien fortunately had provided himself with curtains, but unfortunately the curtains were insufficient to resist the enemy. His efforts to keep them out were in vain, sounds of buzzing in unpleasant proximity still continued, and writhing under the intolerable torment of their stings, his thoughts transplanted themselves to his own peaceful home. He reflected on the spacious halls, cool couches, and the crowd of handmaids to fan and wait on their lord; and, continued he to himself, how is it that I should have suffered one moment of *ennui* in such a paradise? Why leave to seek pleasure and find misery abroad? During these meditations he observed the keeper of the post, who had no curtains, pacing the room with the mosquitoes swarming around him. But what seemed to him inexplicable was that the man still appeared to be in perfect good humor. Shien, still writhing in misery, exclaimed: "My good fellow, you are one hundred times worse off than myself, but how is it that, while I am in torment of mind, you on the contrary seem happy?" The keeper replied: "Sir, I have just been recalling to mind the position I was once placed in; when a prisoner, bound hand and foot, I was a helpless prey to these murderous insects, unable to move a muscle, they preyed on me with impunity, and the agony was unbearable. It was the contrast of that horrible period with my present condition that produced that feeling of contentedness within me." Shien was startled by the mine of philosophy herein unfolded. Would, he thought, that the world in ordinary life would but daily keep in mind, and carry out such a principle of analogy. How vast then would be the result to man?—*North China Herald.*

Time and Modes of Suicide.

A writer in a French medical journal, who has examined about 900 judicial accounts of suicides in Paris, thinks himself warranted in assuming the following conclusions: Philosophical or premeditated suicide takes place usually during the night and a little before daybreak; accidental or unpremeditated suicide takes place during the day, because it is then that the occasional causes arise, such as quarrels, bad news, losses, intemperance, etc. At every age, too, men choose particular modes of committing suicide. Thus in youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for firearms; in proportion as vigor declines, or old age advances, hanging is generally the mode.

PERSIA.

The Shah as a Ruler---His Court.

Teheran as a Residence---The Persian Women.

Manners and Customs---Ceremonious Visiting---Cities of Refuge.

Paris (July 7) Correspondence of the New York Herald.

The little dark man in spectacles, about whom so much fuss has been made, was, and still is likely to be for a short time, a very terrible person indeed upon his own territory. There is no one to oppose him---no middle class, no nobility, no rich men; for the theory of the Persian law is that His Majesty is the universal heir of everybody in his dominions. Every one who holds any sort of power or authority is merely a creature of the Shah's breath. He could make a Prime Minister out of a water-carrier by a word, and hurl him down as easily. His wrath is altogether a surprising thing to modern nations. Now and then he causes some solemn-looking Khan to be seized and tied with his face to a donkey's tail. In this pitiable plight he is marched about the capital, and his mouth is filled with human excrement at every street-corner.

Few of the public men in Persia have escaped the stick, and they actually seem to like it. It is a terrible punishment, consisting of blows with stout sticks, wielded by stout arms, and applied to the soles of the feet. It makes the very nails of them fall off, and obliges the sufferer to keep his bed (or rather his carpet) in a recumbent position for weeks or months. Nevertheless, it carries no disgrace with it, and a Persian Minister, once speaking even in private with a British Envoy, said, meaningly, "The Shah is a very great King; a very great King, indeed. Look at my feet!" There was not a nail upon either of them.

Not long ago the Shah used himself to sit in judgment after the fashion of David and Solomon. By a simple horizontal motion of the right hand he ordered people's heads to be cut off by the dozen, and one of his courtiers sagaciously observed that he always felt his head to know if it was really on when he quitted the royal presence. One day, however, when the Russian Ambassador received an audience to present his credentials, a bloody head rolled under his feet and so startled him that he begged such sights might not be forced on him again. Since then the Shah does his killing privately---but he does it. Some years ago he had a culprit cut into forty pieces. There is really no law in Persia but his will, and this energetic sovereign is the potentate whom Europe has delighted to honor.

THE COURT OF PERSIA.

The Persian court is the most brilliant in Asia, and if any one desires to know more precisely what that may mean, in the present day, it may be briefly described. When a foreign envoy is about a day's journey from the capital he halts his caravan, and fifty-three of the principal officers of the court go on horseback to welcome him and to conduct him to Teheran. They are very well mounted, but will not sell any of their best horses to the Franks. In Persia a man's rank is estimated by the size and height of his horse. The Persian magnates all ride tall horses of the Turcoman breed, splendidly caparisoned, with golden bits and saddle-cloths wrought with embroidery and precious stones. Each magnate has a cloud of armed servants mounted behind him, and these fellows gallop round and round in circles to show off their horsemanship. Their horses' tails and their own beards are often dyed a bright red, like to nothing in nature. Their hair is also dyed from their earliest youth with a mixture of indigo and henna. Most of the court dignitaries wear the star of the Order of the Lion and the Sun, a decoration first invented by Sir John Malcolm, an English General.

When the new Ambassador has been duly escorted to his residence according to custom, the courtiers send him presents of fruit, money, loaves of sugar, tea, and sour cream. Shortly afterward he is summoned to the presence of the King of Kings. The Shah receives him in a rambling, desolate building, very little better than a barn in a civilized country, and says a few words, of course, to him, his Ministers looking gravely on the while. Nothing of importance passes at the interview, which lasts about ten minutes, and then the Ambassador returns on horseback, as he came, to his own residence. He does not see much of the Shah after that, unless he requests an audience on some special occasion. There are no court festivities, no invitations to dinner except upon some great event. It must be admitted that when such invitations do come they are well worth accepting. When the Shah proclaimed his second son heir to the throne there was a very grand banquet. All the diplomatic corps were present, and feasted with the Ministers in a room apart, the Shah dining alone, that superior being, as he is. After dinner---which took place in broad daylight at an early hour, and which, by the way, was abominably bad, and served in the Russian fashion---the diplomatic corps were entertained with a Persian play, performed entirely by men, and which was the most astonishing exhibition conceivable. Nothing probably had been seen like it out of Persia since the destruction of Gomorrah. A good deal of wine, especially of indifferent champagne, was drunk during these proceedings, and toasts were proposed and honored in the same way as elsewhere. Then there was a brilliant display of fireworks; but the Persians are an early people, and all the court festivities were over at about 10 o'clock. If the court of Persia, however, wears but a dingy look on gala-days, it is still more dingy at other times. There is no court dress, no splendor belonging to it. Whenever the Shah sends for one of his subjects, that subject is bound to rush off at once to the royal presence, whatever he may be doing, and courtiers appear out of breath and covered with dust from the haste they have made to obey the royal mandate. The expenses of the Shah's household are not great. He can hardly spend more than £25,000 or £30,000 ($150,000) a year for the support of himself and wives, with all their attendants. His *anderoon* (or harem) is very poorly kept, and the ladies have been known to complain that they have not enough to eat. They are also ill-dressed. The Shah himself is a spare eater. A little rice and roast, with some sherbet and a couple of stews, comprise the whole of his daily fare. In his own country he drank no wine, but has gone to the bad in this respect since he went abroad. It is said that he got his English doctor, Sir Joseph Dickson, to order him fermented liquors medicinally, and the Doctor has just been knighted for his readiness to understand a hint. As the Shah has been reigning now since 1848, and spends so little money, he must have immense savings, for his revenues, of which he has the uncontrolled disposal, exceed £2,000,000 yearly. He is very avaricious and grasping. There must be an enormous treasure hidden away somewhere. Perhaps the Russians will get it when they seize Teheran, as they certainly will do, some day or other.

TEHERAN AS A RESIDENCE.

It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate place of abode than the capital of Persia. It is a straggling collection of houses, rarely more than one story high, and there is no part of the city, if it can be called a city, which deserves the name of a street or a square. There are no places of public amusement, no buildings of any importance. The money which should or might have gone to make Teheran habitable is all in the Shah's pocket. Indeed, it would be in the highest degree dangerous for a Persian to live in such a manner as to indicate to his Government that he might be squeezed with good results. Now and then a sly person treats himself to sort carpets and delicate food, and he hangs a few flawed and generally worthless jewels about his womankind; but he takes care to preserve an appearance of the utmost squalor outside his house, in order that his luxurious mode of life may at least attract no attention. There is indeed no way in which money can be spent in Teheran. There is no social life there---no parties, no balls, no park or prater or promenade. When a man has bought a few shawls and made them into long robes, when he has got together half a dozen horses and a few wives, there is practically the end of his tether. He may multiply his female establishment if he chooses to do so; but he very seldom does choose to do it, because a custom exists of taking wives upon lease, or marrying for a definite period. Concubinage, in the sense of a disgraceful intercourse between the sexes, is almost unknown in Persia. The Mahometan religion allows of four wives to begin with, and these wives are divorceable upon easy conditions and for a variety of reasons. Then a Persian may contract as many "legalized" marriages as he pleases. That is to say, he may take up ladies at short dates and get rid of them for a trifling pecuniary sacrifice, as soon as they become too numerous, or he has not room enough in his house for them, or whenever their presence becomes in any way inconvenient to him. Therefore his establishment frequently changes without increasing materially in the number of persons whom he has to maintain at the same time. These arrangements, of course, have a marked effect in weakening family ties and utterly destroy hereditary rank and property. A Persian gentleman may sometimes count his children by the hundred, and one of the predecessors of the present Shah left nearly four hundred of his recognized offspring when he died. Some of them made their way in the world, and became Prince Governors of provinces; some wandered about the country as utter beggars. Persian children, as a rule, have no claim on their parents, and tumble up anyhow with few clothes and no education, which materially diminishes the expenses of a family man. A Persian generally marries at about 14 years of age, or as soon as he arrives at the age of puberty. If his family are in good circumstances and care anything about him his mother probably presents him with one of her maids, and there is a legalized marriage, terminating at will between them. The result of these early marriages is very noticeable. The passions being allowed absolutely free sway, and being neither unduly excited and prematurely forced by high living and strong drinks, or repressed by any consideration of conventional morality or local custom, produce a race of men and women nearly all of the same height and size. A natural phenomenon is very seldom seen among them. There are few or no very tall or very short people; sickly and deformed children, children with six fingers or six toes, children subject to fits or infirmities are almost unheard of. A Persian has no need to hoard up money to provide for his family. He knows that they will always find enough rice and melons to satisfy their hunger, and he leaves the rest to chance. He may dress them, and his wives also, if he pleases to amuse himself, in some scraps of red and yellow satin; but there is no public rivalry in dress or equipage between families. There are no wheel-carriages to flaunt fine feathers about; no tailors' or milliners' bills to pay. If a Persian loves to dress his wives gayly, he only does so for his own satisfaction; and they remain, nevertheless, shut up, or are supposed to remain shut up, in the anderoon or women's apartment, far from the eye of enterprising man. As a matter of fact, however,

PERSIAN LADIES

are terrible gadabouts, and in this respect they present a remarkable contrast to the Turkish women. Even at Constantinople, where there is so large an influx of foreigners, a love affair between a Frank and a Turkish woman is almost if not quite impossible; and whenever it does happen by some extraordinary chance (such as an abuse of confidence on the part of a Frankish physician who may have been admitted into the harem), it is nearly always followed by murder. The Persian ladies, however, have no scruples at all in their dealings with foreigners, and no sooner has a smart young attache or Indian officer arrived at Teheran than he is pursued by letters thrust into his hands in the streets, and declaring in the choicest language that he is a pearl, a pomegranate, a rose, a star, and that a lady who is dying for him would be glad of a shawl worth fifty tomans, and burns to have a private interview with him. Some of the Shah's wives play these tricks, for shawls are among the current coins of Persia, and the merchants buy them back at a fixed price, scarcely differing more from the first cost of them than a French or American bank note after it has passed through the hands of a money changer. The poetical love-letter therefore merely means that the sender is in immediate want of about five and twenty pounds, and is ready to come to any terms for it. Now, if the young attache or Indian officer, being moved by too much youth and reading, or by divers romantic fancies, is disposed to fall violently in love with a lady whom he has never seen, upon the strength of an epistle which has been penned by her *meerza* (a servant kept for literary purposes), this is commonly what happens: The first time he goes he will meet an old woman, who will sign to him to follow her into some unfrequented part of the town, and presently the lady who is bent upon his conquest will pass by, rapidly uncover her face and disappear. After this he will be able to recognize her, and when he comes home in the evening from his constitutional ride he will probably find crouching somewhere about his stable a bundle of rags containing a female voice, which whines piteously for alms. His servants, who know very well what is going on, will tell him mysteriously that this is a poor beggar woman, and she will follow him into his house, crying aloud for charity. Once inside, however, a singular change takes place in her appearance. She throws off her rags as suddenly as Columbine in the transformation scene of a pantomime and stands before him confessed as the lady of the letter, who wants a shawl of definite value. She is usually a queer customer, and opens proceedings by laying her hands on every article of portable property within reach, intending to carry it off with her. She is little better than a young savage in wide satin trowsers, and nearly unclothed to the waist. She is painted all over. Her eyebrows are artificially blackened into the size and shape of half moons as big as the rims of a dollar and half an inch wide. More blacking has been forced under her eyeballs. Her hair is dyed either the color of ink or a bright red. Her hands, feet, finger nails and toe nails are stained a deep nut-brown by henna. Her lips are painted scarlet, and she probably wears some glass beads and sham jewelry. She can sing a little, and usually does so very oddly with her eyes shut. She can chatter a great deal, but she has no manners, no accomplishments. At home she passes her time in eating sweetmeats, pulling about her dresses, and torturing her maids with red-hot pincers whenever she has a fancy for it. Very often this craze comes upon her, and she does not always confine her operations to her maids. Not long ago, a bag of gold tomans was missed from the house of a European who had taken a Persian woman on lease. He charged her with the theft which she had not committed, and she suspected one of his servants, who was equally guiltless. Being determined to clear herself, however, she enticed the suspected servant into her apartments, and shortly afterward horrible yells proceeded from it. She and her maids had thrown the man down, trussed him like a fowl, and then placed a pan of burning charcoal beside him, in which they heated a pair of tongs. With this instrument they began to take pieces out of his body, adjuring him to confess as they did so. He was at last got out of their hands more dead than alive.

Persian women are kept very much like dogs in Europe. A room or an apartment is allotted to them. They are left alone there and fed scantily at fixed hours. All the wives of an establishment never live together, for they would certainly fight if they did so. Sometimes, but very rarely, two of them agree well enough to keep company, but it is generally found safer and quieter to lodge them apart.

The best Persian houses are little better than the stables at an inn. The worst are more abominable than the kennels of a dog fancier. They are a

VERY DIRTY PEOPLE.

They have no domestic conveniences; no windows, no doors that will shut. The houses are usually built of a kind of friable mud, and sometimes a room or two of them is washed away at a time by a heavy rain; and the walls are liable to be first split and then shaken down by earthquakes, which are very frequent all over Persia. The furniture used by the richest people is very mean and scanty. A few cushions and carpets, a few door curtains, a few looking glasses, a little crockery, make up the sum of it. There are no tables, no chairs, no bedsteads, no wardrobes, no pictures or ornaments, though sometimes the whitewashed walls are prettily painted. Every one, from the Shah to the muleteer, squats on his hams and eats with his fingers. They have no fixed hours for lying down or rising up. They are awake at all hours and asleep at all hours. During the winters, which are very severe, they may be generally found rolled up like dormice, near a pan of charcoal, and in the summer they never seem to have done with a water-pipe or a melon. Every house is as full as a rabbit warren with servants, and the servants of those servants. The master of the house calls them all indiscriminately "badja," which signifies "children." Though there is no social life consisting of balls and dinner parties in the Persian capital, there is a great deal of

CEREMONIOUS VISITING;

and Persian visits are interminable, lasting three or four hours at a stretch. The estimation in which a guest is held is marked by the length of time the host retains him, and he is crammed with sweetmeats and deluged with tea before he is allowed to depart, if a person of any consequence. First comes a water-pipe with a gold and jeweled mouth-piece, which the guest usually brings with him, and which is presented by one of the five or six servants who accompany him on his visits. A junior attache or an Indian lieutenant of native infantry would hardly go abroad with less than five attendants. After the first kaleon, or water-pipe, tea is served, sometimes in very delicate porcelain cups; then sweetmeats made of gum and sugar, colored with the juice of the melon or the pomegranate. They are very good. After them comes more tea and more pipe. A visitor of consequence is seldom let off till he has drunk at least four cups of strong tea without milk, milk being a rare commodity in Persia, and seldom taken in a liquid form. If the visitor is a Frank he has no sooner left the house of the Persian who has received him with such extravagant demonstrations of respect than the cup from which he has drunk is broken, because his lips are supposed to have defiled it, and the carpet upon which he was seated is hung out in the air to purify or huddled away out of sight till some other Frank comes to use it again. Meantime the Frank, unconscious of the abhorrence with which he is viewed by the fanatic Shutes around him, probably considers himself a very mighty man indeed. As he passes through the bazaars he is hemmed in by his servants. Three of them precede him and two walk behind. They all carry sticks, and the servants who walk before him call out in a terrible voice, "Sahib! Sahib! Sahib!" and ply their sticks briskly on the local shopkeepers' shoulders to clear the way for him.

Moreover, it must be observed that only a very small swell, indeed, will walk about with only five servants, or condescend to walk at all. The Shah sometimes rides abroad with 18,000 horse; and when one of his provinces has displeased him he and they travel down to it by easy stages and eat it up. They literally consume every edible thing that they can wring or torture out of the population, and when all the offenders are reduced to a state of starvation they ride away again. An ordinary Persian official, riding out to garden within sight of the capital, will often have as many as a hundred mounted and armed followers with him; and when a Kahn pays a visit the neighborhood of his host's house looks like an encampment. All the splendor of the Persians is confined to horses, servants, and water-pipes.

Life in Persia, and especially in the capital, is a thing which should be taken coolly. It is an awful ordeal for a business man in a hurry, for if he wants so small a thing as a new bolt to his door the chances are ten to one that his chief butler will consult a judicial astrologer to ascertain that it is a lucky day before having it made; and if the smith who is at last sent for to put it on should happen to meet an old woman or a squinting man or a red-haired man when he is setting out to perform the job, he will assuredly turn back again and wait for a good omen. Like most godless and dissolute people, the Persians are

SUPERSTITIOUS,

and although, as a rule, they do not believe in God, they do believe very devoutly in the devil, and in bogies, giants, and supernatural appearances. Thus the gates of the capital are painted all over with rude drawings of monsters, intended to frighten away a besieging army, and they doubtless would have the effect of striking consternation into the very souls of Asiatic invaders. There are griffins and dragons, and shapeless creatures with many heads and eyes, among these military devices. It is probable that the manners and customs of the Persians have changed very little since the time of Cyrus. It is true that they neither know how to draw the bow or speak the truth, there being neither bows nor truth in the country. But, possibly, the description formerly given of them was merely a romantic and friendly one. They were and are bold horsemen, free livers, and great braggarts.

CITIES OF REFUGE.

About two leagues from Teheran is a city of refuge, and there are several other cities of refuge in Persia. There a murder or an offender against the Government may take sanctuary and consider himself out of danger, unless he has very powerful enemies. He must reside there in close hiding however, and never venture beyond certain limits until the head of the high priest who happened to be in office when he first took sanctuary. Then he may come out, and is considered absolved from his offenses, unless it is worth the while of any private enemy to punish him.

Murder in ordinary cases may be atoned by a money fine, but it sometimes happens that the relatives of the murdered man, who are his judges, will not accept compensation; and then they are authorized to put him to death in the same manner as he killed his victim. The behavior of the relatives of murdered men is sometimes horribly bloodthirsty. Some time ago, not very long, the son of a tailor was murdered; his throat was cut for a few silver coins which he carried about with him, and in due course the murderer was found out. He had made money and become a personage of some consequence, so he offered several times to the tailor to buy himself off, but the tailor would in no wise listen to him. He cut that murderer's throat, imbrued his hands in the murderer's blood, and then gasped out, "Now my heart is cool." The Persians are extremely fond of picturesque language. Upon the whole, perhaps, it is hardly safe to trust in the protection of a city of refuge. A fugitive is very often kidnapped, and various devices are adopted to catch him by any one who really wants to catch him. But there is the city of refuge, with a mosque having a gilt dome, which looks pretty in the sunshine, and it is kept up as a Persian institution in the same manner as among the ancient Israelites.

GRENVILLE MURRAY.

A SHANGHAI DENTIST.

Thrilling Description of Tooth-Carpentering as Practiced in China.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Dr. William C. Eastlack, a practicing dentist of Shanghai, China, made a professional visit with the Drs. Taft of this city, yesterday, on his way from the "Land of Flowers" to the East and England. Dr. Eastlack has been practicing dentistry for the last fifteen years in China, but says that, with the exception of a few persons of rank and distinction who sought his services, the "Celestials" have no understanding nor appreciation for dentistry.

The native dentists are the merest charlatans, and practice as magicians and cure alls. They insert artificial teeth filled out of cubes of the teeth of the sea-horse, which are kept in place by copper-wire wrappings or fastenings to the adjacent natural teeth, and charge about three cents per tooth for the operation.

Teeth are extracted by a hocus-pocus process which the dental imposter calls "coughing up." The method of extraction is this: The dentist applies to the gums of the troublesome tooth a white powder, represented to be the salt extracted from the sweat of a horse. Dr. Eastlack found this white powder to be nothing more or less than arsenic, which causes the gums to slough, when the tooth is easily removed by the operator's fingers.

But the Chinese method of curing toothache was what puzzled him most and longest defied detection. The operations, it should have been stated, are all performed in a temple or in the space in front, under a large umbrella, the idea being that religious ceremony is in some way connected with them. Toothache is caused by a maggot which gets into the tooth somehow or other while the patient is asleep, or while he is laughing immoderately. It must be removed alive, or the patient will go mad. He is, therefore, placed on a seat and his head thrown back. The dentist inserts a long pair of forceps, and after fumbling around for a few seconds, produces between the nippers a little wriggling black maggot---the cause of the whole trouble. Dr. Eastlack witnessed this operation repeatedly, but it was only after obtaining surreptitious possession of the forceps that he discovered the trick. He found that one arm of the forceps only was of iron; the other was of bamboo, painted to resemble the other. In the hollow of the bamboo were found a number of little black maggots, probably obtained from decayed vegetables or other decomposing matter. When necessary to do service, the operator simply squeezed the bamboo above and a maggot was ejected from the small end of the instrument to the mouth, and then adroitly taken between the nippers and held up triumphantly before the gaze of the astonished and grateful patient. Dr. Eastlack could never satisfy himself on the point of the patient's relief. The operations he witnessed were dispatched with astonishing rapidity, and the patients hurried away as if that part of the performance was essential to the success of the operation.

OH!

A MYSTERY.

The rivers flow,
The breezes blow,
The flowers grow,
The sunsets glow---
But why, I truly do not know.

Our debts we owe,
And there is snow,
And herring's roe,
And heavy dough---
But why, I truly do not know.

We've grass to mow,
And cash to show,
And things to know,
And walks to go---
But why, I truly do not know

We've many a foe,
And one big toe,
And its fel-lows,
And rows to hoe---
But why, I truly do not know.

OH!

---London Fun.

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.

I am not less a devil-worshiper than the rest of my species; but I hate muscular depravity as I admire intellectual rascality. Dick Turpin I have always despised. A man who could only escape for a time, and at the cost of a noble "Black Bess," was not worthy the name of thief. Were I Lord Chamberlain, I should be very hard upon the Jack-Sheppard drama. To exalt the brainless, dare-devil villain above the calculating, systematic scoundrel is an insult to our progress and enlightenment. A man who does all and more than a Dick Turpin could do, gets a flattering postscript put beneath his name on his tombstone, and leaves a good round sum to his rejoicing friends, is a rascal that obtains my profound respect. There is all the difference between the objects of my aversion and respect that exists between a great blundering donkey that breaks into my garden, tramples down my geraniums, and escapes by his heels or calmly takes a cudgeling for his misdemeanor, and a subtle fox, whose crime is only known by the scattered feathers of one other martyred goose.

The most admirable devil of my acquaintance is a Picture of Health. When I first knew him, he lived in an alley adjacent to our house, and within ear-shot of our upper window. This window was the coolest and airiest place one could find in the summer time, and the fact relative to distance was impressed upon me with wearying tautology. As soon as I perched myself on the sill with a book, that interesting boy would appear at his window with a tin tube in his mouth, looking like a monumental cherub with a fractured trump. The Picture of Health was the son of a weazened, care-worn little laundress---a restless, eager, anxious little woman, with a strenuous expression in every line and action of her body. He was as unlike her as a fine full-blown cabbage-rose is to the brier it grows upon. My mother was the first to call him "the Picture of Health," which she did in an envious tone, as she looked from his ruddy chubbiness to my sallow flabbiness. We were about of an age when we first became acquainted, and that age was 6---a period of life when we least regard social distinctions.

"What or you got in your pocket?" were the first words he spoke to me.

"I've got a fourpenny-bit in my pocket that my gran'ma's given me," I replied, with some pride.

"I don't believe you've got a fourpenny-bit in your pocket that your gran'ma's given you," he retorted.

I pulled the silver out and displayed it; he hastily took it from my hand and transferred it to his pocket. Instead of returning it, as I desired, he proceeded to corrupt my innocent mind.

"My mother's got a great copper that she biles closes in," he said, "and it's full er bitin' water. Do you know the sweep?" I did know the sweep, and dreaded him with a paralyzing fear. I faltered an assent, and he continued: "That sweep is my friend." (I found afterwards that this was fiction), "and if you don't tell your gran'ma you gave me the fourpenny-bit, I'll make the sweep put you in my mother's biling copper." I avoided the Picture of Health after that; but it happened that when I again saw him, it was to be once more a sufferer by his delinquency. By going out of my way down a by-street in returning from school I could refresh myself, after the fatigues of study, by looking at the cakes in the confectioner's window. My eyes were the only organs that indulged in these luxuries; for I was bilious, and my father forbade them me, and I was so ugly a child that my aunts and uncles had for me no bowels of compassion. But I used to spend delightfully sad half-hours in looking at the delicacies, and seeing them disappear down the throats of little boys not bilious nor ugly. Just this in later days, reflected on a partner, I have lived in happy agony watching my divinity smiling and whirling in another's arms.

This day business was dull at the confectioner's. Nobody was sitting on the tall cane chair, and the confectioner's young lady was not scooping the patties out of their pans. I noticed that the fat new buns had replaced the buns of yesterday, and observed that the ginger-cake, with the pieces out of the side, had not gone yet, and then I became conscious that somebody else was observing the shop's contents. I could not mistake that ruddy, chubby little face. It was the Picture of Health. His little twinkling eyes were working restlessly, and in their pink fat beds appeared to me like the shining earwig that one finds in a ripe apple. He looked all over the shop, up and down the street, at me, across the road, and at a tin of pies on a shelf, then we met again, some three or four years later, I he was gazed up at him. About this time I was seeking daily bread in return for my valuable services. I succeeded in obtaining a situation in a Manchester house of business as foreign correspondent. I was to share the duties with another clerk; that clerk I discovered was my quondam acquaintance, the Picture of Health. I knew him directly, and he knew me; but we were both wise, and kept our little knowledge to ourselves---the very best thing we could do with the dangerous commodity. He was unaltered except in height (he was taller than I am); but his eyes seemed more than ever restless and like earwigs. I found him still a robber; but he robbed legally. He took nothing that could be found in his pockets. He robbed me, say I rather in sorrow than in boast; I am a modest man, and careless about trifles. In a subtle way he contrived to appropriate all the praise attending our joint efforts, and to transfer to my shoulders all the blame. I hadn't the impudence to show that some of the praise was mine, nor the energy to show that at least some of the blame was his; so that at the end of a year he went up a step in the firm, and I went out of it altogether and opened a shop over in London. Now I thought, and indeed hoped, our connection would cease; but we were linked by Fate, and three years after we again came in contact. My residence was in a small suburban village. Every face was familiar, and few incidents occurred unknown to me or any other of our little community. We had a village belle and coquette, and not a heart amongst us had escaped her witcheries and cruelty. She dotted us all round one after another; some of us went up and down and were vanquished again and again. One whom every one knew as Mr. Brookes' Joe was thought to be the Belle's favorite; certainly he had been plucked more often than any of us. He took his abasement with the equanimity that accompanies familiarity with misfortune, and a dogged resolution to try again. Such men generally take their degrees at last. Whenever our beauty had no one else to persecute, she lured Mr. Brookes' Joe to her feet; and there complacently he groveled. His varying fortunes were expressed by his whistle; for though Joe could not be considered a musical genius (he could whistle but one tune, and that "Pop goes the weasel"), he put such expression into his tune that his similation was more conclusive than words. He had been whistling so long in a major key that I thought he never again would whistle the minor, and I presaged happy things for Mr. Brookes' Joe; but one morning, as I was running to the train, I met him with his basket on his arm (Mr. Brookes was a grocer), and he was whistling his only air very flat, in hymn-like time, with melancholy turns. It was the most funereal whistling I ever heard, and doleful to a degree. I knew what had happened, and was only curious to know who occupied the shoes he lately had been whistling in. That evening my curiosity was gratified, but not in new ribbons, and with her very sauciest smirk, the belle passed me leaning languishingly on an arm of speckless cloth, and looking bewitchingly into her lover's little eyes. Again I recognized the liquid depths at the bottom of those wells of fat. It was the Picture of Health. Both saw me, and would have passed me; but I chose that they should not. I stepped in their way and greeted them as old friends, passed a remark upon the weather, and made my old acquaintance promise to call upon me before catching the last train to the city. The train leaves at 10:10; at 10:05 he had fulfilled his vow; so I put on my hat, ran down to the station, and, just as the train was moving on, jumped into the same carriage with the Picture. We had a little talk and arrangement before I left him to walk home, in consequence of which we met the following evening at the house where dwelt the parents of our coquette. There my old friend made a solemn declaration of his intentions, which were of the most honorable character, and begged the hand of our coquette. He was rich---had become partner in the firm I had left. I knew he had robbed his way up to that position; but that was no business of mine. I felt I had done my duty when I left him that evening, with the nearest approach to a scowl on his amiable features that I had ever seen there.

In the course of time there were three disappearances in our village. First, the Picture of Health vanished; then, Mr. Brookes' Joe's whistle permanently ceased to make itself heard; and finally, our beauty left our village in shame and grief. The firm to which I have alluded had dissolved, and the partner we wanted was abroad. We were not rich enough to buy justice. So the Picture of Health and his promises were but a memory cursed by all save her who had suffered by them. If I had the knack of writing sentiment, I might make a long article out of her woman's grief, and forgiveness, and unreasonable love. Of the latter there was a faint counterpart in Mr. Brookes' Joe, who would have made her a wife, and have become a father to her child. But she was as constant and serious now as she had been fickle and frivolous before. Perhaps she refused to link Joe's fate with hers from a feeling of rectitude, possibly from a lingering hope that the false one would yet come to redeem himself. Anyway Joe carried about his basket of groceries in silence.

Last week, as I was passing St. ---'s Church, a bridal company were stepping from their carriages. The bridegroom had come up only a minute before the bride, so I had the felicity of seeing both the happy young people. Once more the Picture of Health was before me. Had I been less lethargic and opposed to "scenes," I should have walked up the aisle in a melo-dramatic style, and there and then have forbidden that marriage, thereby making myself appear a hero to some and a fool to others; as it was, I merely asked a coachman to come and drink at my expense and tell me who these happy young people were, and where they were going this fine spring morning. The coachman was communicative, and told me that the gentleman was awful rich, with speculating or something, and that the lady too was awful rich, though a bit plain to look at, and that they were going to have breakfast at No. 1 So-and-so square. It seemed very hard that an acquaintance should not have bidden me to his marriage-feast, in which he must have known I should feel deeply interested. I felt it must be his memory that failed him rather than his affection; therefore, to relieve his mind from the affliction the knowledge of his neglect might afterwards occasion, I determined to attend his breakfast unasked, and be an uninvited guest. I thanked the coachman and bade him farewell, and quickly made my way to So-and-so square. I found no difficulty in getting admittance, and when we all went into breakfast the confectioner's man (how he reminded me of old times!) slipped me into a seat between two ladies, as if the arrangement had been made beforehand. Being, as I have said, a modest man, I was so overpowered by a sense of my own temerity that for some time I knew nothing---a feeling I imagine an unblooded soldier must experience when for the first time he sees nothing between himself and the enemy; and with just the courage that comes to him in that position I presented nerved. I opened a brisk conversation with the ladies on either hand, and swallowed whatever food was set before me, perfectly regardless of the fearful consequences. After a time I lifted my eyes from my plate, and looked about me. Very little removed from me on the opposite side of the table sat the happy man. He, too, kept his eyes on his plate. His cheeks were pale-looking, as if those radiant apples had turned up their nether side. Of course he had seen me. I was happy in my jokes, and the ladies beside me, being single and tolerably advanced in years, were appreciative and pleased to laugh consumedly. Laughter is catching---especially on such an occasion, where silence is sometimes broken by a whispered conversation that verges on the melancholy. I became the funny man of the table. I saw all eyes but the earwig ones; they resolutely avoided me.

Said one of the ladies: "O, Mr. ---er?"

"Nemesis," I said.

"Mr. Nemesis,---what an odd name!---have you known the bridegroom long?"

"From his innocent boyhood; and you?"

"But lately. I have known the bride from her girlhood."

I was delighted; nothing I said would be wasted. What the bridegroom did not hear directly from me, he would indirectly through his wife.

"What a trying occasion this must be!"

"To some; but the happy bridegroom has had more disagreeable trials than this."

He dropped his fork.

"How well he has borne them!"

"Men with strong moral principles do not permit themselves to be agitated by the unavoidable misfortunes that happen to themselves or to other people."

"He has never told us of these trials."

"He is so modest."

"Such modesty is a great virtue."

"Except when it excludes a wife or a wife's friend from that confidence without which marriage cannot be perfect happiness."

"Did you know his family?"

"I knew his mamma extremely well. I used to see her every day, and she visited us regularly once a week. She loved her son with a fervor and depth rare even among mothers; she toiled, though differently, as hard for him as ever he has toiled for---himself."

"She is dead?"

"I was with her when she breathed her last. And her last breath formed these words: 'My son.'"

"Was he present?"

"No; he did not know of her death until after. He had been studying hard for some time previously for an appointment under Government, had passed his examination, and, at that time, was engaged in the onerous duties of his office."

"How shocking! Tell me of his other trials."

"Not now."

"Will you presently?"

"Yes; when I propose the bridegroom's health."

I looked across the table. The happy man's full nether lip hung bloodless on his chin, displaying his teeth like a dog that is being strangled.

"But you are not the 'best man.'"

"No; but I'm good enough for that."

I looked up again. He was speaking to a waiter.

"You will be doing so quite out of order."

"On the contrary, I shall be doing so in order---to please myself."

(The waiter was working his way round the table.)

"I expect you are very vain of your oratory."

"When I look at the bridegroom ought I not to be proud of my species? Excuse me one moment."

The waiter gave me a hastily-folded piece of paper. It contained a second piece that cracked as I opened it. It was a note for £50. I looked up once more; what little expression the fat face was capable of was of abject supplication. I knew the significance of the £50; and if, as I before hypothesized, I should have melodramatically constituted, I should have risen and hurled it in its sender's teeth or eyes. Instead I fumbled it about nervously on my lap until decision tardily came to me.

"You look quite disturbed," said the lady beside me.

"I am very much affected. I have received a note."

"A nice note?"

"The very nicest---a fifty-pound note. It is from the bridegroom."

"How odd!"

"Would you like to know why he sent it?"

"O, no; ha, ha!"

"Very well, then---you shall. The note is a desire that I should spare his blushes, forego my little biographical oration. The money is half of a little annuity he allows a poor friend of mine, a little broken-hearted woman with a child."

"And shall you forego your speech?"

"Well (a sigh), I suppose I must. One cannot have one's way with these dreadfully charitable people."

Hardships and sufferings come to all of us in one way or another. If we have been guilty, we call it retribution; if we have not, we call it by some sentimental name. The Picture of Health had been guilty, and the retribution came to him mainly in a disarrangement of his feeding apparatus and a swelling of the legs; my doctor tells me this. His wife is a virago and a tyrant; so I hear from my wife. With his offsprings mine will hold no converse. I know he is wretchedly miserable; this I see myself when I call on his wedding-day for the never-failing annuity.---*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The Four Chariots.

From La Vie Parisienne.

One fine morning in June, 1872, the Count Oblonowski entered the establishment of the most celebrated carriage manufacturer in Paris.

"I have come," said the Count, "to order some new chariots. I leave the matter entirely with you. Build them according to your own taste. Put nothing upon the panels---neither cyphers nor escutcheons nor arms. But build them in such a way that next winter they shall be the handsomest chariots in Paris. I am going to my country-seat to-morrow. I shall not return to town until November. Then let these carriages be ready."

"They shall be ready, M. le Comte," replied the great coach-builder.

And so the Count withdrew.

In the early part of November he made his appearance again.

"The four chariots," said he.

"They are ready."

"Show them to me."

The carriage-builder led the way. The Count inspected them, and declared himself perfectly satisfied. Two of the chariots were painted a lovely blue, one in maroon, and one green. The Count said to the maker:

"A lady will call here to-morrow. You will show her these four chariots. She will make a choice."

The carriage-maker bowed. The lady came to our house looking paler than usual, and asked if a little place could be found for her Billy---a little place where he would be treated kindly, and---my mother would listen to no more, and accused the little woman of pursuing a course with reference to her son that must inevitably make him selfish and bad, and relieved herself of certain opinions she had long pent up. At first the little laundress answered only with tears, but there followed a confession that forever silenced my mother's opinion of her. She admitted that her Billy was in the habit of taking things, that she was his slave, and that she could no longer endure her thraldom. He procured from her everything he wanted by threatening to steal it publicly. She could hide nothing from him. If there was nothing else, he stole the linen, and in some mysterious way disposed of it. To get a "little place" for an assistant of this kind was no easy matter; to recommend him for a trustworthy servant would be as disastrously kind as supplying gunpowder for a useful fuel. The poor mother herself was too honest to recommend him. However, the difficulty was removed by the Picture of Health finding a little place for himself. Our laundress now appeared radiant, her cheeks began to plump, and the lines in them and her forehead became less definite; she was cheerful, delighted, and happy. Her Billy was quite another boy; he came home at night and started to business in the morning like a man, and he was a dear good fellow, and she felt that Heaven had answered her widow's prayer. The next thing that happened was this,---the Picture of Health found for himself another situation. This time it was in the dock of a police-court, and he received such a character from his late master, that the worthy magistrate before whom he stood was induced to offer him a temporary "little place" at Pentonville, with constant employment and everything found him. But, in consideration of his mother, who stood trembling and red-eyed near her son, and in consideration of his looking the picture of health, his acceptance of the "little place" was not insisted upon. So the next day found him cheerfully shooting peas at me; so did I. The little laundress bent over her wash-tub day after day, and the brief sunshine went for ever out of her eyes, and her back seemed as if it only once again would unbend. Yet she never spoke an ill-word of her sorrow, never spoke of him but in kindness, with motherly excuses. Sometimes she took his sins upon her own poor head---God knows the sins she had committed she had expiated with bitterest suffering and cruelest self-punishment; always she expressed hope that he would yet become a good man. I believe it was this hope that kept her from madness. To her eye alone was there anything in her Billy's behavior to encourage hopefulness. I used to think that somehow the wrong body must have been given to his soul, and that if he had been a pig his mother's hopes would have been realized, and she would have had her care compensated by seeing a first-class medal awarded to her son as some agricultural show for his fatness, fairness, and general humility. He ate always, and grew and grew. When both hands were not required in feeding, one warmed itself in his trowsers pocket. At last his mother fell ill. Health is a capricious lover, that attends most those who seek his attendance least; fond of bright looks, straight limbs, and glowing cheeks, he refused to have anything to do with this little woman, so old and withered, and shrunk and bent had she become with her thirty years of existence in this flowery world. When she was no more to be seen arching over her work at that back window, I wondered how it would go with her son; but when in the evening I met him, and noted he had both hands in his pockets, I wondered no more. The next day he was placed again before the magistrates; for his very first serious attempt to get a living on the sleeve expense of an actual stranger was attended with ill success. His appearance again saved him from the ignominy of correction; he was humanely sent away for reformation. The parochial author

THE SUMMER-SEASON.

Washington to Cape May--The Presidential Pike-Road.

An Old Canal, and Life upon It.

The Capes of the Delaware--People, Inns, and Shines.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CAPE MAY, N. J., July 23, 1873.

"Here we are again," said I to my horse, which is known by the name of Bismarck,—which I take to be the German for "Mark Twain,"—"here we are again, in pursuit of *change*. The same old summer want of new air for the children, the housekeeper's cry for relief, and the fluttering pulse of ourself, not averse to distant occupation, lead us over the Presidential pike. There are

THIRTY-SIX MILES

between us and Baltimore, and half the miles must be behind us by bedtime."

So we took the old Bladensburg road, good enough at this season of the year, and passed that groaning-looking village of hip roofs, and the dustling dell, and the great flat lawn of Benedict Calvert, and then two or three abandoned taverns, much frequented in stage-coach times. Here was the Rossberg Tavern, all yawning and roomy, with not a lost dog to howl in its serene desolation; and here the Gentleman's Inn, converted to a dwelling, and its manifold barns and feeding-sheds unresounding to hoof or halloo, except when we drove between. Here were the plashing fords of the sources of the Anacostia and the creeks of the Patuxent, and rabbits played tamely near the brink. Here were new hamlets, like Bellsville, and old ones like Vanville, gone to sleep these forty years,—some in level places, some on hill-tops; and, in the air, the spirit of the stage-horn seemed to linger an instant, to make succeeding silence more appealing and profound.

"Forty horses stood in harness right before this door when I was a boy," said the old fellow at Vanville who gave water to the nag. "Every night in the week, some great man was in town, and we heard all the news. But it ain't any use to talk about it."

BALLOON-FANCY.

Perhaps the day will come when some like lonely traveler will go over the grass-grown track of the railroads also, and hear the echoes of decaying stations, and tread with uncertain step upon bridges and platforms decrepit with neglect, while overhead, in the amber light before twilight, the balloon-train will whistle warning and commiseration, and philosophic travelers will look down and say: "That was a rum old age, not to be acquainted with these paths of air, while making roads at $50,000 the mile."

LET STEAM BE FORGOTTEN,

and who can explain the railway?

Yes, in yonder bog, the Father of his Country had stuck, and been pried out by poles and fence-rails in the hands of Col. Jarboe's black men. At that bottom of the hill, Mr. Randolph has exercised his splenetic wit to frame a remark rude enough to utter when he got to the top. In this inn, the great Nick Biddle had stopped over night.

Here had proceeded the mighty circus and moral entertainment, with the elephant at its head, to the wonder of the parsonage-boys at the roadside, who expected free tickets on grounds of some necessary connection between the clergy and the animals. The slave-gangs going mournfully on, with careless singing, toward the Gulf, had counted these milestones; and the impotent geography more wonderful to comprehend than the idea of eternity. The panorama of the Western world, from Lords Proprietors to popularly-elected Presidents, had unfolded down this old venerable pikeway, where now the very pikeman had departed, and the road was made free and empty together. Little or nothing except the sense of association now remained; for there were few causeways or culverts, or things durable or monumental in the road-work. The mud-holes and corduroy-patches no more existed. It was merely a good, plain road of dirt, leading right on to the north-east, through slashes of pine, and groves of oak, shot poor farm-lands, with here and there where starlight twinkled down lonesome, coon-haunted aisles of marsh, or the rising moon burst from some yellow hill-top and gave benediction to "My Maryland." The fast night-trains, to and fro, drawing heavy Pullman coaches with muffled lights, screamed and vanished down the gorges, and never heard as we did, the barking dogs which complained of them long after. A pair of Maryland planters occasionally passed, riding blood and touching their hats. At night we pulled up at Laurel, on the Patuxent, a town of one street a mile long, and some cross lanes built to take advantage of the water-power heresbout, where the Caprons, Snowdons, Ellicotts, and others had long worked in surface-ores, and wools, and cottons, on

THE PATUXENT.

This is the largest town in Maryland between Frederick and Baltimore and Point Lookout, except Annapolis. It is studded with the villas of Washington clerks, and contains a large summer-hotel, where we supped and slept. In the morning, the proprietor told us all the news out of the paper, beginning with the local intelligence of Baltimore as most important. We were hitched up and off by 6 o'clock, and the road somewhat improved between Patuxent and Patapsco. Two little towns, one named Waterloo, a Methodist camp-ground, a deserted gold-mine, and the straggling landing-place called Elkridge, where Com. Joshua Barney once lived, were all we saw until

BALTIMORE

came to view, with its unequaled profile of spires, factories, and houses, compact as a regiment with spears, bayonets, and batteries, advancing to the water's edge. This was the first-born municipality of the Republic. It was of so little moment in the Revolutionary war that Lord Howe's fleet sailed past it, up the Chesapeake. By the War of 1812, it was the most aggressive marine city in the country, the Venice of them all, scattering its clipper-ships from the Mediterranean to the West Indies, and it begot the first system of turnpike-roads, and the first trunk-railroad to the Ohio, and now, with relatively-diminished enterprise, it enjoys the reward of those early sacrifices,—rich, but canny,—demure, but sure.

There is a short

CANAL

between the head of the Chesapeake and the Delaware Bays on which, for twenty or thirty years, there have been flying, betwixt Baltimore and Philadelphia, daily steamers of the "Errickson line;" these steamers are exactly accommodated to the locks on the canal, and are of about 360 tons burthen. They start from Baltimore about 3 o'clock, and run through to Philadelphia by 5 a. m., stopping at various landings on the Chesapeake, and in the Canal. In the beneficence of cheap freights, they prove the abiding use of canals; and I was struck with the abundance of freight, with the perfect adaptability of the boats for all its uses, and also with the large number of passengers; the latter are carried through for one-half the railroad-fare. The boats stand up high and narrow, and get their added passenger-capacity by building upwards.

ON BOARD.

I have heard it said by a shrewd English traveler, that a Mississippi-River steamboat was the most admirable performance he had ever known. Freight below, where easily handled; spacious passenger conveniences above; and adaptable draught and beam to any shoal or any weight. I had myself confirmed this opinion by traveling from St. Paul to Winona on the "Belle of LaCrosse," only two weeks before, and felt the almost conscious strength and sense of nativity displayed in that huge construction, as her brazen gong signaled the landings on Lake Pepin; and at the levees she lay like an alligator in a gutter,—amphibious, omnivorous, sedate. But, in this apparently small affair on the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal, there seemed to me to be equal sufficiency for the end and use. It was stuffed full of freight as a woman's Saratoga trunk; it was high, like a modern lodging-house, and we birds of the air roosted in the branches thereof; it must draw no more than the canal's depth permitted, and move no faster than the canal's safety required, and yet move as fast on the open bay as would make the trip of nearly 100 miles in the one and the night. So, in the old-fashioned craft, I saw Bismarck locked away with several other horses and plentiful bleating sheep, and was plagued all night with the idea that he would eat the next horse's head off.

We moved out the Patapsco in the pleasant light, seeing on every side proofs of growing ships and money, and landed up the Chesapeake, among the inlets, for the Sassafras landings and the River Elk. A good supper in the old Eastern-Shore style gave pungency to this journey; and then from the garret-roof, so to speak, of the boat, the wooded landings and long coves appeared in the mild rudeness and long cove appeared in the mild rudeness of the evening; and, gliding under Turkey Point, where Howe's army landed in 1777, we went soon in Beck Creek, in the locks of Chesapeake City, under the dizzy bar of Buck Bridge, in the "Deep Cut;" and so on through thousands of acres of adolescent peaches, greenly resisting the summer, until night and morning met in a truce more than twilight, and more impressive than the day.

INQUISITIVE BUCK BLACK.

On this boat a Washington stableman was taking to Cape May twenty or thirty teams and carriages for fashionable livery. He had the misfortune to add a volunteer negro to his company at Baltimore,—a negro possessed of the devil of inquisitiveness, who was constantly examining into everything. Amongst the cargo were several curiously-perforated and hinged boxes, containing Baltimore terrapins and snapping-turtles, going forward also to the Capes for wistful gourmands there. In the dead of night, when the negro hostlers and stablemen were fast asleep, the inquiring negro released the terrapins and turtles, which straightway went on discursive tours of observation, rambling up and down the lobbies and into the cabins, wearing that begoggled and imbecile look of surprise and anxiety, and moving with that fitful, backaction, snap-headed, and all-legged locomotion, interspersed with dead stops and head-waggings, peculiar to terrapins. The horses apprehend that something larger than roaches are under their feet, and stamp and kick hindwise. The sleeping negros, lying amongst the harness, snoring like donkey-boilers, push away the scaling goblins with their paws, and cry:

"My Lord! What dat feeling over me?"

A little more bewildered, and therefore more imbecile than ever, the terrapins increase their speed forwards and backwards, and climb up on the water-coolers, get in the tin-can, race up and down the dining-tables, and surprise the belated supercargo, who is writing up his invoices late, with the noiseless apparition of a red-eyed, diamond-backed demon coming down the open page of his blotter. Following the terrapin is heard the heavy thud and suction-like croak of an o'er-ambitious soapper who had arranged to climb like the terrapins and had tumbled on the floor.

"I've got them," said the Purser. "I've got them things. They're after me!"

Pretty soon the whole boat's crowd was up, and, if a man would tread on a rope's end, he would take a spasm. It seemed that the delirium tremens had become an epidemic. Half the turtles and terrapins went overboard at last, and the inquisitive negro dropped to rest, wholly satisfied. Mr. Nailer, who owned the horses referred to, told me that at Cape May he exchanged this negro for a dog, and the dog for a brush-heap, and then burned the brush-heap.

At Philadelphia, transferring Bismarck to the steamer Ironsides, we began speedily to retrace our way along the Delaware.

THE SHIP PENNSYLVANIA

was lying in the stream, with Mr. Thomas Scott on board of her,—a large, portly, revered, and very slow ship, but the forerunner, we may hope, of swifter things. The Delaware, like the Patapsco, is full of English and German merchant steamers, making no fuss, picking up cargoes, and running with economical compound engines, whereby no more coal is consumed per diem than in a hotel. They confront restriction in its own roadsteads with opulent commerce. They come and go, and make money to reinforce themselves with other ships, while we are crowding around our one extravagant goaling, like the boys around Noah's ark. There is no wish spared from any man but that these Delaware steamers may carry the flag, and, what is more, carry it with some profit to merchants and underwriters. Perhaps Protection, as it is called, may be able to cover the globe with ships, if it is subsidized to do it. But ships are carriers, not monuments, and all the subsidy in the world can never make the spirit of the merchant-Captain who sailed his Republic, enlisted in any profitable service, and made and put a market where he would, like these English steamers of to-day. They are no longer concentrated at New York, as formerly; but the Antwerpers have gotten in on the Delaware, and even the Canadians on the Patapsco. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, having settled an honorable peace as to competition by the late proceedings of Stockwell & Co., is about to meet on the Pacific, with all its bloated subsidy of $1,000,000 per annum, a private iron steamship line bravely engaging to challenge it for the 6,000 miles of transportation.

The Pennsylvania Railroad may be able, with its enormous advantages, to invite immigration by its line of

STEAMSHIPS

connecting with its railways. If this line be successful, each of the great railways will either follow the example, or, as the Baltimore & Ohio Road has done, take half-stock in steamers carrying more liberal flags.

The Pennsylvania, initial ship, burns 35 tons coal per diem, and cost $600,000.

It is the theory of Pennsylvanians in general, and of many Americans as well, that the paucity and exhaustion of English and foreign coal and minerals will, at an early day, cause the transplantation of mining and manufacturing capital and industry to America. That grisly Shadow of Trade—the residue of superstition, the mare's egg—will then be in our favor, and we shall sell to the world, and make the dictum for it. How? If such a period arrives,—and it is not improbable,—we shall want the ports of the globe made free for our wares. Illogical either way presented.

PROTECTION IN THE ASCENDENCY

in our political economy. It has not caused the failure of English coal, but rather prolonged the production there by dividing the market. It may support fleets at the expense of railroads, but who supports the railroads? Thus your world is supported on tortoises, who stand on elephants,—the ships being below enough, and the railroads elephant enough, to bear out the figure; but who supports the elephant? It is the American people at last, relinquishing their rights to confer them upon corporations. Our pride, our patronage, our compassion, our very franchise, is disposed of voluntarily to these material institutions which have been the common property of all civilizations. Ships we have had, and ships we shall have again, like Tyre and Venice; but the commercial truth, which is more lasting than the greatest armada, goes for naught amongst moon-calves like Bill Kelley, and parvenues in Federalism like E. B. Ward.

So we drop past the Horse-Shoe; past the rotting iron-cloth at League Island, built on contract at Protection-prices; past Gloucester Point mills, said to have been made profitable private property by the depreciation of stock in widows' and orphans' hands; past Chester and rising Wilmington, and the long, beachy woods, and monotonous blue expanse of bay, until we see the light-houses at May and Henlopen slowly appear in the sky.

GATH.

Story's "Jerusalem" in London.

From the New York Evening Post.

Mr. W. W. Story, sculptor, whose studio has for many years been one of the things to be seen at Rome, has deposited for a short time at Holloway's galleries in Bedford street Strand, London, a beautiful figure of "Jerusalem." The statue is on its way to Philadelphia, where it is to be placed in the new building of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, having been acquired for that purpose by Mrs. N. McClellan Grigg, an aunt of Gen. McClellan. The statue is cut in a fine block of white Carrara marble, slightly toned, and stands on a pedestal of gray marble from the same extensive quarries. The city, we might rather say the nation, is represented by a female figure clothed in flowery drapery, having the phylactery on her head with a letter on it, which, perhaps, was used because it is the initial of Shiloh. The band of the phylactery at once gives a national characteristic (there being some authority for saying that phylacteries were at one time worn by women as well as men), and also takes the place of the turreted crown which is technically appropriate to Milton's "towered cities." The large eyes of the face, which is inclined slightly upward, look into space, the muscles of the nose are slightly contracted with passion, the pitiful mouth sinks at the corners. But neither the expression nor the pose is that of frantic abandonment, nor is there any listless weariness of despondency in the beautiful face's intense despair. A soul inhabiting a perfect human tenement acknowledges irresistible misery, and that is all. There is no afterthought in the face; at that moment Zion does not seem conscious that her Redeemer liveth, and this is only suggested (if at all) by the ambiguous token of the letter on the religious ornament she wears on her forehead. Her right arm is bent and leans upon some of the stones of the Temple, her left thrown upon the fold of her drapery. She sits on ruins, like living figures which may be seen at the present day in the Wailing Place of Jerusalem. A sitting posture is similarly assumed by Judea Capta on the well-known coin, and Niobe in the Museum of Naples has a sitting position. The statue must be observed from all sides to trace the fringe of the Talith, the blind worm creeping round the horsleaf ruins, the acanthus and the ivy clothing, and completing the decay. Underneath two verses from the Lamentations have been written in the quaintly bad Latin of the Vulgate, which is neither the language of the Prophet nor of the sculptor. Englishmen and Americans should rather hold fast to our own version, proverbially pure in style, and in accuracy not beneath the Vulgate:

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she becomeas a widow! she that was great among the nations, and Princess among the provinces! how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her; they are become her enemies." (Jer. Lam., i, i.-ii.)

In the same gallery is a bust of Beethoven, by Mr. Story, in which he has well expressed the master in a Pythian frenzy of composition.

THE PLAINT OF A COMMONPLACE PERSON.

I believe that editors from time immemorial have been looked upon as the proper confidants for the woes of the persecuted, the misunderstood, or the unbearably aggravated members of the community. Much-abused Congressmen, much-oppressed but strong-minded women, shrieking for that universal panacea, the suffrage, misunderstood authors and slandered actresses—all come (metaphysically speaking) to sob out their sorrows on the shadowy shoulders of that impersonal myth—the editor. So I, Mr. Editor, have come to-day to call upon you to listen to the woes of that much-abused and misunderstood being—a commonplace person.

Now, I beg that you will not at the outset begin by misunderstanding my social and mental status. I belong as little to the vast multitude of the illiterate or brainless, who possess no literary or artistic tastes at all, as I do that favored few who soar triumphantly into the celestial ether of highest art. I am a person who reads and goes to the theatre, and likes music and pictures, but who wants to do all these things, and exercise all these tastes, in a comfortable sort of a way; and who wishes to be amused and interested as well as to be kept on an esthetic kind of strain all the time. If my mental stature be too short to accommodate itself to the Procrustean bed of the most elevated style of art, I do not want to be stretched to fit it, nor to be abused because of my deficiencies. Like the distinguished ex-President of the late Southern Confederacy, all I ask is to be let alone. I am peaceful in nature; I have my little likes and dislikes in the way of food and clothes, books and music, plays and pictures, and I wish to travel quietly through life, warring with no one, and having a good time generally in my own way. But I have a host of enemies who will not let me be happy after my own fashion. They sling venomous ink at me; they spear me upon pitiless pens; and they hold up my quiet mode of living, my unobtrusive tastes, to the scorn and derision of the community. If they wish to do a profitable bit of illnature for the newspapers on any of the literary or esthetic questions of the day, I am the chosen butt for their wit—the target for their sharpest shafts. These enemies of mine are by some called critics, and by others connoisseurs; but I, Mr. Editor, have privately christened them bores.

For instance, I go to the opera. Being a common-place person, I like a little variety in the way of musical entertainments, and (I dare confess the heinous crime to this unreproachful page) I am fond of Offenbach. I can, it is true, appreciate and thoroughly enjoy a fine rendition of any of the works of Mozart or Meyerbeer, or of that grandest of all operas—Beethoven's "Fidelio;" and like Verdi and Donizetti, and have a profound admiration for Gounod. But I must own that I am a little tired of "Trovatore" and "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Linda di Chamounix." The first 900 times that I heard "Il Trovatore" I liked it; but the nine hundreth time occurred about six years ago, and since then I have grown rather tired of it. And, as to the great works of the great masters, we so seldom have artistes capable of interpreting them that murder most unnatural is generally presented to my ears whenever "Les Huguenots" or "Don Giovanni" is placed upon the boards. I declare to you that I would rather hear "Barbe Bleue" or "La Perichole" well sung than "Les Huguenots" more vilely murdered than ever they were in the St. Bartholomew. I state unhesitatingly that I would rather hear Aimee in "La Grande Duchesse" than Madame Lavielli in "Lucrezia Borgia," and Juteau in "Le Cent Vierges" is one more agreeable than Abrugedi in "L'Africaine."

But my enemies abuse me for this, my humble opinion. "There is no melody in 'Genevieve de Brabant!'" they cry; "no fun in 'La Belle Helene.' You wish to be amused; amuse yourself with Beethoven's 'Symphonies,' or Schumann's 'Sonatinas;' or either, in any quantity of minors. If you wish to relax, your mind and to rest your wearied brain, attend a Rubinstein recital, and refresh your unscientific ears with Bach and Haydn. To cheer your drooping spirits, we would recommend the contemplation of such cheerful spectacles as the caldron of 'La Juive,' the stake of 'Il Trovatore,' the funeral-pyre of 'Norma.'" And as to morals, oh, horrible, horrible, most horrible! Go, depraved thirster after the abominations of 'La Perichole' and 'Les Brigands,' and learn purity of taste from the *finale* of the first act of 'Don Giovanni,' the flirtations of the characters in 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' the pious third act of 'Faust,' or the saintly heroine of 'La Traviata.' We, who know every thing, know also that such perverted tastes were only created to be trampled under foot by such superior beings as we, and their common-place possessors must hide their diminished heads in unspeakable confusion."

And Rubinstein! The tortures that I have suffered on account of that man are scarcely to be described. I went to hear him faithfully, and—I tremble as I confess the atrocious crime—*I did not like him.* I could understand that he was an incomparably fine performer, but the music that he played wearied me terribly. I have no doubt that it was very glorious, but the glory was not apparent to my senses. Gottschalk was to me a revelation. Tellberg was a marvel. Even Hoppe and Miss Mehlig were admirable. But there I had to stop. Rubinstein was beyond my comprehension, beyond my powers of enjoyment. I know the fault was mine, but nevertheless it is no sin, I should think, to be incapable of appreciating fugues and symphonies, etc. I boldly declare (but I do it, however, with the feeling of a daring desperado) that to me Rubinstein was a BORE. (Please print that last word in large capitals.)

It is the same with books. I have read with delight and admiration the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, and I enjoyed with keen appreciation "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola." But I do not like "Middlemarch." I do not think it is really a good novel, or a perfect piece of work as a whole. As a picture-gallery of detached characters, or as a fragmentary mass of fine and original passages, it is unequaled. But I do not call such works really good novels. Of course I am all wrong. I always am. But I mean for once in my long and persecuted life to say my say, and have done with it.

As for poetry, I have long since given up that point in despair. I find in Longfellow's sweet, tender verse a pure and delicate poetic feeling, a gentle fancy that flings an exquisite halo of poesy about the facts, the feelings, the sights, and the sounds of everyday life. But it is very bad taste to admire Longfellow. "The Bridge" is bosh, "Excelsior" is tosh, "Evangeline" is nonsense. The four mighty volumes of "The Earthly Paradise" were forced into my unwilling hands for compulsory perusal, and I read and find an earthly purgatory in the multitudinous pages. Or else, "The Ring and the Book" is proffered to me as a pleasing substitute; and if, driven to madness by much persecution I fall into fiend rebellion, I am exhorted to turn from the poisonous fount of modern verse, and to quench my poetic thirst at such perennial springs as the "Iliad," "Paradise Lost," and the "Inferno" of Dante.

If I go to the theatre, and, striving to conciliate my foes as well as to please myself, I am present at one of Edwin Booth's peerless Shakspearean revivals, my merciless tormentors wax eloquent in their horror. "Call you this Shakspeare?" they cry. "Did he ever dream of such stage-moonlight when he wrote 'Romeo and Juliet,' or imagine such gorgeous scenery when he gave 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cesar' to the world. This is canvas, electric light, and fine clothes. Shakspeare is only truly Shakspeare when the costumes are shabby and incorrect, and when the scenery is totally neglected, the same Grecian-pillared hall doing duty on different nights as the senate-chamber in 'Othello,' the palace of King Claudius, the banqueting-hall of the Capulets, and the castle of Macbeth. Then does the spirit of the divine poet descend to vivify the robes of moth-eaten merino and cotton-velvet, and to lend a glory to the faded trees and tallow-candle moon. These costumes of historical accuracy and costly materials, this exquisitely-painted scenery, these wonderful atmospheric effects—pshaw! these are but clap-trap. Give us again the sign-boards and blankets of Shakspeare's time, the dress of the present day as in the days of Garrick."

Of course any other form of dramatic amusement is strictly forbidden. The ballet is an abomination, and sensational plays (that is, plays with some plot and incident) are a desecration. The pious works of Ford, Messinger, etc., are commended to our managers by the high-minded adorers of high art. I would like to see one of those æsthetic gentlemen read aloud a list of the titles of Ford's works merely, to an assemblage of the ladies of his acquaintances—that is all.

And, after all, what is high art—particularly on the stage, whether operatic or dramatic? Wachtel, with his glorious voice, as fresh as swift, as steady in its grand leap as the first upward dart of the Emperor fountain at Chatsworth, when the imprisoned waters are at a touch set free, was a charlatan, not an *artiste*. Nilsson was not high art, I believe. I suppose Sontag is so considered now, but when Sontag was alive she was not so considered, in this country, at least. I remember a writer in *Putnam's Magazine* calling to the public "to whisper to themselves, as they put on their rose-colored opera-cloaks in the silence of their dressing-rooms, that this" (meaning one of the performances of Mme. Sontag) "is not high art." I suppose *artistes*, like game, do not get high until they have been dead for some time.

And as to pictures! O Mr. Editor, my life is a burden to me because of pictures and statues! Thank Heaven, we, in this country, are spared from much infliction of the old masters (vide Wilkie Collins' "Miscellanies" and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" for particulars concerning such infliction). But if I, being a commonplace person, and fond of good eating, venture to treat myself to early peas, Southern strawberries, or a dish of delicate game, a howl goes up from my foes. "Wretched being!" they shriek, "what a sinful waste of money. You should have bought pictures with the sums that you squander on the transitory and gross joys of the palate!" Vainly do I argue that I, being a person of limited means, cannot become the possessor of a Meissonier or a Merle, and that I am fond of a good table and a social life, and that such enjoyments are dearer to my soul than would be sketches by Messrs. Daubem & Co., worn-out engravings, or fly-specked plaster casts, the only works of art which I could afford to purchase. "No matter," cry my enemies, "live on bread-and-water for months, if you must, but fail not to encourage Art" (art always with a capital A). "A picture on your walls will elevate your mind, refine your feelings, and, in short, do everything for you, except clean your teeth and order your dinner."

Nor are my woes lessened or my foes diminished in number and virulence if I, being a commonplace person, happen also to be a woman; an every-day womanly sort of a woman, with a taste for pretty dress and a fondness for looking as well and being as fashionably and elegantly attired as my means will allow. Woe is me! No true woman, no real lady ever was stylish," sneer my foes. "No woman was ever better off with an India shawl than without one. No true woman ever crimps her hair, wears false braids, buys French dresses, or looks at a fashion-plate." But I, being a free-born American *citoyenne*, as well as a commonplace person, insist on my right to be, if I choose, what I suppose my enemies would call, an imitation-woman or counterfeit-union to the "real" one they are always talking about; that is, a female of honest feminine tastes, a woman fond of laces, diamonds, India shawls, French dresses, and the latest fashions generally. I do not care a button for the suffrage. I do not want to be a doctor, a lawyer, a soldier, or a clergywoman, and above all, I do not want to be continually abused and vilified and misrepresented.

I do not know the facts of the case, but it does seem to me that commonplace persons have some rights. I think that a great many people of fair average ability like to read the novels of Miss Braddon and Wilkie Collins, to listen to the music of Offenbach, and to go to see sensation dramas, and I think that they fail to injure the community by so doing. I think that if a man likes good dinners and does not care for pictures, that he has a perfect right to give and to eat good dinners, and to leave pictures alone. I think that if a woman wishes to dress well, and can afford to do so, that she is a boon to the world at large, because she makes of herself a beautiful object for every eye to rest upon, and, in so doing, she is worthy of commendation instead of blame. I think—but what matters it *what* I think? I belong to that melancholy majority who have no rights that a persecuting minority is bound to respect—I am a commonplace person. At that dismal recollection, my heart sinks, my pen, upset by inklstand, and I, Mr. Editor, take a tearful farewell.—*Penning Williams, in Appletons' Journal.*

FREE PASSES ABOLISHED.

Meeting of Railroad Superintendents and Managers, at St. Louis.

From the St. Louis Republican, July 25.

An adjourned meeting of General Managers, Superintendents, ticket and passenger agents of Western roads, was held in parlor No. 5, Southern hotel, yesterday, to consider the subjects of commission, passes and other matters of general interest.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which, after some discussion, were adopted:

Resolved, That from and after the 1st day of August, 1873, the whole system of issuing free passes over and upon the roads represented at this meeting shall be abolished and discontinued, and that after that date no free passes or clergyman's half-fare tickets, or other tickets by which regular passenger fare is not paid, shall be issued, directly or indirectly, in any form, by any Railroad Company here represented, or its agents, over its road, or any part of the same, to any person or persons, or for any purpose whatsoever; and that aside from the officers, agents, or employes of said Railroad Companies, while traveling on their own road, and while employed in the service of their own respective Companies, all persons and classes of persons shall alike be required to pay the usual and established fare, except as hereinafter provided.

1. This agreement shall not extend to cases in which any of the Companies signing this agreement are entitled to free passes by virtue of leases or by existing written contracts.

2. It is understood that to constitute an employe entitled to the privilege of passes under this agreement, the person employed shall receive a regular salary on the pay-rolls of the Company.

3. That all passes and half-fare permits, which have been issued prior to this date, may remain outstanding and in force till the 31st day of December next, unless they sooner expire; but none to be renewed or others issued.

4. In case any complaint of violation of the provisions of the foregoing resolution or agreement shall arise between the parties hereto, the same shall be referred to a Board of three arbitrators to be nominated by the Chairman at this meeting, and confirmed by a vote of the Executive Committee, whose decision upon such complaint, and their decision shall be binding, unless appealed from by the party or parties aggrieved; and in such case a meeting of representatives of all the lines party hereto shall be held, at which meeting such complaints shall be submitted for final action.

The arbitrators may at their discretion require answers under oath. In case of absence or failure to act of one of the arbitrators, the other two may select a third and disinterested party, who shall be the President or Superintendent of one of the roads parties thereto.

5. The Board of Arbitrators appointed shall consist of the following named persons: Robert E. Carr, President; Thomas Allen, of the Iron Mountain Railroad, and J. F. Barnard, of the Kansas City, St. Jos & Council Bluffs Railroad.

6. This agreement to take effect Aug. 1, 1873.

The undersigned Railroad Companies hereby agree each with the other, to keep strictly, to observe, maintain, and carry into effect the provisions of the foregoing resolutions to their full meaning and intent.

Chicago & Alton Railroad, by J. C. McMullin, General Superintendent; St. Louis, Kansas & Northern Railway, by W. C. Van Horn, General Superintendent; Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, by O. L. Lyford, General Superintendent; Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company, by E. H. Goodrich, Assistant-General Superintendent; Leavenworth, Lawrence & Galveston Railroad Company, by Charles B. Peck, Acting-Superintendent.

O. S. Lyford, of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, was appointed delegate to visit roads west of the Mississippi River and obtain signatures to the agreement.

The Difference.

Meet a fellow man when the thermometer is up among the nineties, and you see him mopping the sweat from his face, digging the dust from his eyes, his paper collar wilted, his linen coat streaked with sweat, and he exclaims: "Hot! Why, I never saw such weather!" He tells you how the rubber in his suspenders has melted and run together; how he could wring pints of water from his clothing; how he has lost five pounds of flesh in ten days; how the sun has crisped his boots and ruined his eye-sight, and he starts off with the remark: "I never saw anything like it." Now meet a lady, and what do you see? Clean white dress, dainty collar, jaunty tie, hair nicely combed, eyes bright and shining, no dust—everything as tidy and orderly as if the weather was October. She doesn't hurry a bit, stops now and then right in the sun, cuts the air with her parasol as if she had no use for it, and always passages to just escape the furious cloud of dust coming up or down the street. There are no inquiries about the state of the thermometer, no longing looks at soda-water signs and ice-wagons, and no application of the handkerchief. She does not hurry, does not dash for the shade of a six-foot swaing and hang to the spot waiting for a cloud to pass over the sun, and when she takes a car it seems to matter little whether all the windows are up or whether they are down. How on earth do they manage it?—*Detroit Free Press.*

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, July 26.

There has scarcely been a change worthy of note in local finances and trade during the past week—or, for that matter, for the past two weeks. Bankers and other money-lenders continue to discriminate against long loans, because there is a general disposition to prepare for a stringency next fall and winter corresponding to what was experienced in that season of last year. There can scarcely be a doubt that the prospect looks more favorable now than it did at this time last year, but it is well to keep the stringency of money and the general unsettlement of confidence which, last December, amounted almost a crisis still in view.

Money is still abundant at the banks and approved borrowers get all they require without difficulty.

New York exchange was firm to-day at 25c per $1,000 premium.

The clearings of the Chicago banks for the week were:

Date.	Clearings.	Balances
Monday	$3,962,595.08	$407,866.79
Tuesday	3,363,754.64	268,234.23
Wednesday	3,839,187.80	354,788.93
Thursday	3,475,579.61	293,364.15
Friday	3,507,966.75	340,277.61
Saturday	3,014,099.23	305,316.31
Total	$21,158,176.10	$1,969,428.01
Corresponding week last year	18,575,990.84	1,910,001.64

The following quotations of local stocks are furnished by Messrs. Hammond & Gage, financial agents, 76 Washington street:

	Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank	150	156
Third National Bank	135	140
Fifth National Bank	125	---
Union National Bank	150	---
Commercial National Bank	145	---
Merchants' National Bank	200	---
German National Bank	122	---
North-western National Bank	220	---
Corn Exchange National Bank	119	120
City National Bank	145	---
Cook County National Bank	103	110
National Bank of Illinois	103	110
National Bank of Commerce	105	---
Chicago City Railway	155	160
West Division Railway	176	180
North Division Railway	95	100
Pullman's Palace Car	---	113½
Chicago Gas Light and Coke Company	113	115
Chamber of Commerce	94	96
Traders Insurance Company	98	100
Cook County 7s	90½ & int.	100 & int.

SALES.

$5,000 Traders' Insurance Company at 98.
$2,000 M. S. L. & T. Company at 148½.
$3,500 Corn Exchange National Bank at 120.

Messrs. Lunt, Preston & Kean quote as follows this p. m.:

	Buying.	Selling.
5-20s of '62	116¾	116¾
5-20s of '64	117¾	117¾
5-20s of '65	118	118
5-20s of '67, Jan. and July	117¾	117¾
5-20s of '67, Jan. and July, ex. int.	118¾	118¾
5-20s of '68, Jan. and July	118	118¼
10-40s	115	115¼
U. S. 6s (new issue)	115¼	115¾
Gold (full weight)	115¼	115¾
Gold Coupons	115¾	115¾
Gold Exchange	---	115¾
Sterling Exchange	109¾@110¼	
Mortgage Bonds Gold 7-30s	100	& int.
Chicago City 7s	100	& int.
Cook County 7s	100	& int.
Illinois County and Township 10s	---	96@98
Land-Warrants:		
160s war 1812	178	180
120s war 1812	136	143
160s not war 1812	176	187
120s not war 1812	133	140
Agricultural College land scrip	---	185

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, July 26.

The following were the receipts and shipments of the leading articles of produce in Chicago during the past twenty-four hours, and for the corresponding date one year ago:

	RECEIPTS.		SHIPMENTS.	
	1873.	1872.	1873.	1872.
Flour, brls	4,935	2,630	5,644	3,268
Wheat, bu	31,700	30,760	27,340	25,078
Corn, bu	295,501	180,568	327,622	287,093
Oats, bu	32,980	13,330	96,018	9,143
Rye, bu	1,000	---	---	1,300
Barley, bu	900	4,700	900	---
Grass seed, lbs	5,650	20,100	876	52,447
Flax seed, lbs	---	---	---	---
Broom-corn, lbs	56,000	27,200	---	---
Cured meats, lbs	92,560	87,550	638,973	407,226
Beef, brls	---	---	---	90
Pork, brls	---	1,367	183	100
Lard, lbs	3,920	35,900	27,400	367,050
Tallow, lbs	16,920	13,560	---	---
Butter, lbs	130,780	109,538	48,346	47,500
Live hogs, No	10,961	5,892	10,501	5,885
Cattle, No	3,640	1,786	2,701	2,054
Sheep, No	1,220	728	96	---
Hides, lbs	96,388	53,631	45,890	37,170
Highwines, brls	70	188	159	516
Wool, lbs	131,457	143,022	279,617	148,990
Potatoes, bu	---	1,000	18	---
Lumber, m. feet	5,423	8,229	1,820	1,682
Shingles, m	1,010	1,600	1,996	1,589
Lath, m	325	565	81	749
Salt, brls	1,500	2,500	1,500	2,105

Withdrawn from store yesterday for city consumption: 1,055 bu wheat; 2,490 bu corn; 5,774 bu oats; 785 bu rye; 295 bu barley. Withdrawn for do during the past week: 21,581 bu wheat; 12,028 bu corn; 25,555 bu oats; 1,683 bu rye; 4,912 bu barley.

The following grain has been inspected into store this morning, up to 10 o'clock: 133 cars wheat; 73½ cars corn; 6,400 bu high mixed do; 28,300 bu No. 2 do; and 11,800 bu rejected do; 46½ cars oats; 1 car rye. Total (915 cars), 413,000 bu.

The following were the receipts and shipments of breadstuffs and live-stock at this point during the past week, and for the corresponding weeks ending as dated:

RECEIPTS.	July 26, 1873.	July 19, 1873.	July 27, 1872.
Flour, brls	31,497	33,368	17,888
Wheat, bu	192,482	267,690	149,190
Corn, bu	1,751,661	1,240,316	1,241,063
Oats, bu	347,949	470,310	92,139
Rye, bu	5,009	6,713	4,377
Barley, b

ller September sold at 87¾@88c.
c. Seller the month, or regular
ady at 85¾c; and new receipts of
@86¼c. High mixed closed firm
rejected at 82¾@83c. Cash sales
of 1,600 bu No. 1 at 86¾c; 12,000
1 at 86¼c; 50,800 bu No. 2 (fresh)
00 bu do at 86½c; 26,500 bu regu-
000 bu do at 85¾c; 85,000 bu do at
rejected at 83¾c; 59,600 bu do at
do at 82¾c; 2,400 bu do at 82½c;
ade at 86c on track; 12,000 bu high
5,000 bu do at 87¼c; 24,000 bu
6,000 bu rejected at 85c; 6,000 bu
ll afloat. Total, 858,700 bu.
moderately active and very irregu-
for future delivery were not much
averaged a shade lower than on
¼@26¾c seller August, and 25¾@
September or seller the year, all
t the inside. Cash lots or seller
were feverish. The market was
he known fact that a great many
undelivered on the July option,
s were divided between the hope
ad to be bought in, and fear lest
be slung on the market at any
ales were made early at 28¾c, and
he close. Cash sales were reported
No. 2 (early) at 28¾c; 21,600 bu
25,000 bu do at 27¾c; 37,200 bu
2,400 bu rejected at 26¾c; 9,600
Total, 95,900 bu.
ull and unquotable, there being no
adame Rumor stated that 2 cars No.
old at 55c, which was 1c lower than
while the sister of that amiable lady
t 57c was bid, with no offerings,
t or seller September was nominal,
d 56c asked.
s quiet and quotably a shade firmer
and lots of new No. 2 seller Septem-
for car-lots of do. There was not
y, but holders were firm in the
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er the new rule; hence they think
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quotiable at 85@70c for No. 2, 60c
and 40c for rejected.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

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ade to-day:
-London—American corn, 27s 6d@28s.
pot wheat steady. Spot corn firm; 28s.

LATEST.

ternoon wheat was moderately active
ower, closing at $1.19 seller the
sold at $1.14¾@1.14¾ seller August,
he inside. Corn was in light request
e firmer, closing at 36@36½c seller
1.37¾@37½c seller September. Other
ions and lake freights, were quiet
lly unchanged.

AGO LIVE-STOCK MARKET.

for the Week Ending Saturday Evening, July 26.

SATURDAY EVENING, July 26.

ds of live-stock during the week have been

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
	3,215	14,036	473
	2,491	9,205	649
	3,191	12,467	1,585
	1,964	13,254	839
	3,640	10,961	1,239
	750	4,800	105
	17,073	64,823	4,890
	15,260	84,977	2,760
	17,402	47,332	3,521
	13,067	80,831	3,963
our weeks	66,122	217,863	14,554

ere as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
	11,516	7,865	
	1,654	8,573	
	3,004	6,537	
	2,055	6,870	
	2,701	10,501	95
	9,930	32,346	95
	10,747	42,053	

Since the date of our last review the sta-
cattle market has not changed in any im-
ortant. The dullness and depression
ent in the market for low grades have given
better condition, nor is there anything in
surroundings to encourage the belief that
ate future will bring a more favorable state
Western shippers are apt to lose sight of the
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there is not, at this season of the year,
outlet for rough thin cattle. Michigan,
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a matter of course, must be disposed of
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QUOTATIONS.

...Graded steers, averaging 1,400 lbs..... $6.00@6.35
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old steers, averaging 1,250 to
1,400 lbs..... 5.65@5.90
...Well-fattened, finely formed
averaging 1,100 to 1,200 lbs..... 5.20@5.40
ades—Steers in fair flesh, aver-
to 1,200 lbs..... 4.75@5.15
...Good to common to fair steers,
to 1,200 lbs..... 4.25@4.60
...Common cattle, in decent
averaging 800 to 1,100 lbs..... 3.50@4.25
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No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.
26	268	$4.25	52	236	$4.55
30	251	4.50	33	204	4.55
74	202	4.70	38	211	4.75
67	217	4.40	69	190	4.75
67	217	4.40	70	188	4.75
82	190	4.75	154	201	4.85
37	255	4.40	67	195	4.85
150	187	4.70	38	202	4.75
69	217	4.75	197	201	4.80
40	265	4.75	118	196	4.75
35	279	4.40	45	215	4.80
74	214	4.70	28	195	4.75
61	234	4.85	61	209	4.75
61	204	4.75	51	189	4.75

demand has been almost wholly re-
trying the wants of local consumers,
supply, and prices ruled firm at a slight
of selling at $4.75@5.00, while poor to
were taken at $2.50@4.25. The offer-
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t closed firm.

LOTTERY.

awing of the Daily Combination:
NO. 197, FOR JULY 22, 1873.
NO. 198, FOR JULY 23, 1873.
NO. 199, FOR JULY 24, 1873.
15, 4, 62, 72, 35, 74, 2, 57, 47.
ered on deposit. Prizes called and
, by the Sealed Depository, called and
Rooms 6 and 7, 151 South Clark-st.,
el Sedgwick-st., 113 South Canal-st., 61

OLUTION NOTICES.

SSOLUTION.

by given that the firm of Imbof & Reis
ed by mutual consent. Chas. H. Reis
outstanding accounts and pay all liabili
THEODORE H. IMBOF,
CHAS. H. REIS.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY J. H. KERLER, 145 CLARK-st., Sherman Block.
Parties in want of a first-class two-story house, 8 rooms, and lot 25x125, can be suited; no money required down. If desired, will furnish a part of the money to build. Inquire of KERLER & CALDWELL, on premises, or at 145 Clark-st., in bank.

FOR SALE—AT A GREAT BARGAIN, ON MONTH-ly payments, new house, 8 rooms, on Taylor-st., near Campbell-av. Inquire at 53 South Clark-st., in bank.

FOR SALE—NEW BRICK HOUSES, WITH ALL modern improvements, brick barns, etc., cheap and on easy terms. Apply to or address WM. H. BRUNS, or of R. EUGENE CALDWELL, 9 Dearborn-st., Rooms 19 and 20.

FOR SALE—TWO-STORY AND MANSARD HOUSE, 8 rooms, dwelling house, suitable for general house; will be sold cheap. Call soon at 195 Ohio-st.

FOR SALE—A ROOM COTTAGE NEAR THE NEW Cemetery, on West Taylor-st., cheap; $1,000. Terms quite perfect. H. H. KNOX, 167 LaSalle-st., Room 14.

FOR SALE—BY KERLER, DAVISON & WELCH, GREAT Estate Dealers and Brokers, 167 LaSalle-st.,
CITY PROPERTY.
17 feet on South Canal-st., near Washington-st.
25 feet on Dearborn-st., east of Paulina.
25 feet on Clark-st., near Polk.
25 feet on Sedgwick-st., near Harrison.
25 feet on Halsted-st., with brick building.
25 feet on Wabash-av., near Van Buren-st.
25 feet on Dearborn-st., near Thirteenth-st.
25 feet on Michigan-av., near Thirtieth-st.
FOR SALE—BY KERLER, DAVISON & WELCH, GREAT Estate Dealers and Brokers, 167 LaSalle-st.,
ACRE PROPERTY.
40 acres in Sec. 11, T. 39, R. 12.
40 acres in Sec. 12, T. 39, R. 12.
40 acres in Sec. 7, T. 39, R. 13.
40 acres in Sec. 8, T. 39, R. 13.
40 acres in Sec. 9, T. 39, R. 13.
40 acres in Sec. 20, T. 39, R. 13.
40 acres in Sec. 14, T. 39, R. 12.
40 acres in Sec. 2, T. 39, R. 13.
FOR SALE—SEVERAL COTTAGE HOUSES ON Robey and Wolcott-sts., west of Western-av., $2,500 to $4,000. P. POTWIN & CO., 167 Dearborn-st.
FOR SALE—OUTSIDE FIRE LIMITS, 50x150 FEET on Lake-st., with two lots on Diller-st., between Fulton and Carroll-sts., Western-av., as a bargain. Also, a store and lot 20x100 feet on Fulton-st., near the new rule; hence they think ble high, even if the other grades be now. There was nothing doing in quotiable at 85c@70c for No. 2, 60c and 40c for rejected.

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74	202	4.70	38	211	4.75
67	217	4.40	69	190	4.75
67	217	4.40	70	188	4.75
82	190	4.75	154	201	4.85
37	255	4.40	67	195	4.85
150	187	4.70	38	202	4.75
69	217	4.75	197	201	4.80
40	265	4.75	118	196	4.75
35	279	4.40	45	215	4.80
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61	234	4.85	61	209	4.75
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NO. 197, FOR JULY 22, 1873.
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THEODORE H. IMBOF,
CHAS. H. REIS.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY J. H. KERLER, 145 CLARK-st., Sherman Block.
Parties in want of a first-class two-story house, 8 rooms, and lot 25x125, can be suited; no money required down. If desired, will furnish a part of the money to build. Inquire of KERLER & CALDWELL, on premises, or at 145 Clark-st., in bank.

FOR SALE—AT A GREAT BARGAIN, ON MONTH-ly payments, new house, 8 rooms, on Taylor-st., near Campbell-av. Inquire at 53 South Clark-st., in bank.

FOR SALE—NEW BRICK HOUSES, WITH ALL modern improvements, brick barns, etc., cheap and on easy terms. Apply to or address WM. H. BRUNS, or of R. EUGENE CALDWELL, 9 Dearborn-st., Rooms 19 and 20.

FOR SALE—TWO-STORY AND MANSARD HOUSE, 8 rooms, dwelling house, suitable for general house; will be sold cheap. Call soon at 195 Ohio-st.

FOR SALE—A ROOM COTTAGE NEAR THE NEW Cemetery, on West Taylor-st., cheap; $1,000. Terms quite perfect. H. H. KNOX, 167 LaSalle-st., Room 14.

FOR SALE—BY KERLER, DAVISON & WELCH, GREAT Estate Dealers and Brokers, 167 LaSalle-st.,
CITY PROPERTY.
17 feet on South Canal-st., near Washington-st.
25 feet on Dearborn-st., east of Paulina.
25 feet on Clark-st., near Polk.
25 feet on Sedgwick-st., near Harrison.
25 feet on Halsted-st., with brick building.
25 feet on Wabash-av., near Van Buren-st.
25 feet on Dearborn-st., near Thirteenth-st.
25 feet on Michigan-av., near Thirtieth-st.
FOR SALE—BY KERLER, DAVISON & WELCH, GREAT Estate Dealers and Brokers, 167 LaSalle-st.,
ACRE PROPERTY.
40 acres in Sec. 11, T. 39, R. 12.
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FOR SALE—OUTSIDE FIRE LIMITS, 50x150 FEET on Lake-st., with two lots on Diller-st., between Fulton and Carroll-sts., Western-av., as a bargain. Also, a store and lot 20x100 feet on Fulton-st., near the new rule; hence they think ble high, even if the other grades be now. There was nothing doing in quotiable at 85c@70c for No. 2, 60c and 40c for rejected.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

ering is Beerbohm's dispatch to the ade to-day:
-London—American corn, 27s 6d@28s. pot wheat steady. Spot corn firm; 28s.

LATEST.

ternoon wheat was moderately active ower, closing at $1.19 seller the sold at $1.14¾@1.14¾ seller August, e inside. Corn was in light request e firmer, closing at 36@36½c seller 1.37¾@37½c seller September. Other ions and lake freights, were quiet lly unchanged.

AGO LIVE-STOCK MARKET.

for the Week Ending Saturday Evening, July 26.

SATURDAY EVENING, July 26.

ds of live-stock during the week have been

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
	3,215	14,036	473
	2,491	9,205	649
	3,191	12,467	1,585
	1,964	13,254	839
	3,640	10,961	1,239
	750	4,800	105
	17,073	64,823	4,890
	15,260	84,977	2,760
	17,402	47,332	3,521
	13,067	80,831	3,963
our weeks	66,122	217,863	14,554

ere as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
	11,516	7,865	
	1,654	8,573	
	3,004	6,537	
	2,055	6,870	
	2,701	10,501	95
	9,930	32,346	95
	10,747	42,053	

Since the date of our last review the sta-
cattle market has not changed in any im-
ortant. The dullness and depression
ent in the market for low grades have given
better condition, nor is there anything in
surroundings to encourage the belief that
ate future will bring a more favorable state
Western shippers are apt to lose sight of the
er the legitimate wants of the city trade
there is not, at this season of the year,
outlet for rough thin cattle. Michigan,
ana, Pennsylvania, and the more eastern
ow furnishing all the common grass cattle
tern markets require, and any overplus at
a matter of course, must be disposed of
ther for choice shipping lots or the demand
steadily good, and prices keep well
h under the liberal offerings of
days, and in sympathy with the down-
ey in the poorer sorts, the market begins
s of weakness as the month culminates in a decline. The purchases
have reached about 13,000 head, at $4.05@
tion to choice Texas cattle; at $4.50@5.15
to fair to choice steers; $5.25@5.60 for
ce do; and at $6.00@6.25 for extra. As
figure there were but two or three trans-
the number selling above $5.85 was ex-
ceptionally small. Sales of mixed and
irregular rates, averaging a shade lower
k. Sales were reported at $3.40@4.80, the
ation being obtainable for especially de-
Butchers had no trouths in filling their
at $4.50@4.80 for inferior to good lots, and the
purchases were at the low range of $5.00
cows, unless fat, were a drag at $2.90@
he best were not wanted at over $4.00.
ther lighter weights have been in fair
r, but the advance has not been very con-
ding quotations being $3.00@5.50 for poor

de was devoid of animation, and the mar-
nsettled and generally unsatisfactory to
e fresh receipts were light, but the sale
ble short of 3,000, and offers of concessions
ailed to infuse any life in the traffic. Sales
ded to a few hundred head chiefly at $3.00
e market closed dull and heavy.

QUOTATIONS.

...Graded steers, averaging 1,400 lbs..... $6.00@6.35
ers—Fine, fat, well-formed 3-year
old steers, averaging 1,250 to
1,400 lbs..... 5.65@5.90
...Well-fattened, finely formed
averaging 1,100 to 1,200 lbs..... 5.20@5.40
ades—Steers in fair flesh, aver-
to 1,200 lbs..... 4.75@5.15
...Good to common to fair steers,
to 1,200 lbs..... 4.25@4.60
...Common cattle, in decent
averaging 800 to 1,100 lbs..... 3.50@4.25
...Common cattle, in decent
ging 700 to 1,050 lbs..... 3.50@4.25
and thin cows, heifers,
, and scalawag stock..... 2.00@3.00
, Northern wintered..... 3.50@4.75
through droves..... 2.00@3.00
arrivals have been 64,823, against 84,977
f 67,323 were before last. As was remem-
would be the case, prices have ruled de-
than during last week, the increase of
supply (induced by the extreme prices
losing days of the month) proving more
arket would bear. Under an average
of 10,500 head, the prices have been weak
gradually easing off in favor of buyers
ion of 15@30c per 100 lbs we suffered,
being 50¢ less at the close. Sales of
weights has been steady and fair, and
both kept well cleared of, such, but
have been more or less active through-
ek, the latter especially so, closing the
ining unsold at the close being estimated
wers report an abundance of hogs in all
est, and large operators have recently
ish any number at $4.80 for November

market opened dull and weak. The
ll filled with stale hogs, and buyers
to hold off until they could get some
ch receipts before operating extensively.
it becoming evident that the arrivals
uch exceed 4,000—there sprang up a
emand, under which the market rallied
yesterday's prices, the closing at $4.30
to common; at $4.50@4.65 for medium,
4.85 for good to really choice. Heavy
4.30@4.65, and light weights at $4.60@
ch receipts promise to be liberal, and
probability of any improvement in prices,
closed steady at the above quotations,
's transactions were the following:

No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.
26	268	$4.25	52	236	$4.55
30	251	4.50	33	204	4.55
74	202	4.70	38	211	4.75
67	217	4.40	69	190	4.75
67	217	4.40	70	188	4.75
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CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—CANFIELD & MATTESON, 69 LA Salle-st.:
Improved residence and business
Property, well rented, on
Water-st., Lake-st.,
Hillman-pl., and Hubbard-st.,
West Washington-st., Park-av.,
Wabash-av.
Unimproved
Washington-st., 50 feet, near La Salle-st.
Cottage Grove-av., 66 feet, near Thirty-eighth-st.
Thirtieth (Thatcher), 66 feet, near Cheneau.
Illinois-st., 25 feet, near Franklin.
Fulton-st., 25 feet, near Western-av.
Hill-st., 50 feet, near Western-av.
Wallace-st., 25 feet, near Van Buren-st.
Sherman-st., 25 feet, near Van Buren-st.
Michigan-av., 100 feet, corner Thirty-seventh-st.
South Park-av., 25 feet, corner Twenty-fifth-st.
Calumet-av., 50 feet, near Twenty-fifth-st.
Michigan-av., 150 feet, corner Thirty-seventh-st.
Whiting-st., 48x100 feet, near LaSalle.
Twenty-fourth-st., corner Blanchard-av., 162 feet.
Hyde Park-av., near Forty-second-av., 33x100 feet.

FOR SALE—BY GEO. DE LOYNES & SON, 125 LA Salle-st.: State-st., near Thirtieth, 96x118, $125 per foot; Michigan-av., corner Thirty-eighth-st., 82x118, $150 per foot; Michigan-av., near Forty-eighth-st., 82x118, $100 per foot; Dearborn-av., near Forty-eighth-st., 82x118, $100 per foot; Cottage Grove-av., near Forty-eighth-st., 82x118, $100 per foot; Forty-second-st., near Cottage Grove-av., 82x118, $100 per foot; Thirtieth-st., near Wabash-av., 82x118, $150 per foot; Forty-ninth-av., near Forty-third-st., 82x118, $75 per foot; Thirty-first-st., near Dearborn-av., 82x118, $150 per foot; Thirtieth-st., near Wabash-av., 82x118, $150 per foot; Forty-ninth-av., near Forty-third-st., 82x118, $75 per foot; Thirty-first-st., near Michigan-av., 82x118, $150 per foot; Thirtieth-st., near Wabash-av., 82x118, $150 per foot; Forty-ninth-av., near Forty-third-st., 82x118, $75 per foot. Also, 20 lots in Lawndale, 5 A. and 4 years.

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FOR SALE—CHEAP, CITY LOTS—HOMES FOR men of moderate means. Now is your time to build, before lumber advances. Choice lots upon Halsted, Racine, Desplaines, Union, Ada, Elizabeth, Throop, South, State, Arnold, and Thirty-seventh-sts.; also on Seventeenth, Archer, Ogden, and Gratiot-ave. Some paying 7 per cent on investment. Others, 10 per cent. Title perfect; full warranty deeds. Apply to the owner, HENRY W. CHIPMAN, 133 Monroe-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—EAST OF CALU-met-av., on Washington-st.,
4 lots on Washington-st.
4 lots on Madison-st.
Lot on Madison, east of Leavitt; very cheap, south front.
8 lots in Sec. 11, 14, 23.
New house of 10 rooms, closets, and pantries; lot 20x 125, with large barn.
Two mortgages for farming land for buggies, harness, wagons and horses.
6 acres in the town of Winston; fine orchard, and depot within 10 rods. Inquire of WM. H. BRUNS, Estate and Loan Broker, 152 East Madison-st., Room 4.

FOR SALE—NEW HOUSE AND LOT NO. 22 P. Union-av., between Cottage and Langley, 9 rooms, gas and water, and modern; will sell cheap; pays 12 per cent. Apply on premises.

FOR SALE—PARTIES WISHING TO PURCHASE houses or lots in or out of town very cheap and on easy terms can be accommodated by addressing P. O. Box 1,116, stating location desired and the price they are willing to pay; have 60 houses and 100 lots of all prices and locations. Own a large list of property, and must sell it this fall.

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CITY PROPERTY.
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days,

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, &c.

Stores—Continued.

TO RENT—STORE AND FIXTURES FOR SALE, in the brick store 122 West Madison-st., 20x70, between Dearborn-st. and Union; good stand for merchant tailor-ing, with established trade. Apply on premises.

TO RENT—A NEW STORE AND HOUSE, SUITA-ble for a grocery store or saloon and boarding-house. Inquire on the premises, 261 Lazrabee-st.

TO RENT—GOOD BASEMENT UNDER 7, 9, AND 11 Wabash-av. Also, second floor over same. Walls sealed and outside stairway. Excellent for light whole-sale business or offices. Also fourth floor, same building. CHASE, HANFORD & CO., 1, 3, and 5 Wabash-av., corner South Water-st.

TO RENT — 3 FINE STORES, OFFICES, AND rooms, in building northwest corner Market and Monroe-sts. Inquire at Room 6 in building.

TO RENT—STORE NO. 12 MILWAUKEE-AV. FOR particulars apply at 294 West Randolph-st, up stairs.

TO RENT—A STORE SUITABLE FOR ANY BUSI-ness. Apply at 163 South Halsted-st.

TO RENT—SMALL STORE ON ARCHER-AV., NO. 240, $14 per month. GILBERT & GIVINS, 84 LaSalle-st.

TO RENT—STORE WITH FIXTURES AND 9 AD-joining rooms for housekeeping. Adapted to millin-nery, hairstore, notions, &c., 76 Lake-st.

TO RENT—BASEMENT, FOR LAGER BEER OR other business cheap. 197 West Twelfth-st., near Jefferson-st.

TO RENT—BASEMENT, 132 RANDOLPH-ST. FOR tailor, barber, or trunk dealer. W. J. DAVIS, 142 Madison-st.

Offices.

Miscellaneous.

TO RENT—ROOMS WITH STEAM POWER, SUIT-able for wood-working or other manufacturing, with a full set of sash and door machinery if wanted. Inquire at the S. W. corner of Van Buren and Franklin-sts.

TO RENT—BARN AT 166 SOUTH SANGAMON-ST.

TO RENT—AT 20 NORTH UNION-ST., THREE floors, 30x88, with power. A lot of machinery for sale or rent cheap. G. W. SIMPSON.

TO RENT—A DISTILLERY IN COMPLETE RUN-ning order, at 179 and 181 Mather-st. For terms in-quire of HARVEY T. WEEKS, 175 LaSalle-st.

TO RENT—A FLOOR OF 15, 20, OR MORE ROOMS, on the South Side, to re-let. Address O 74, Tribune office.

TO RENT—GOOD BARN (WITH GAS AND WATER) at 123 Warren-av.

TO RENT—ON VERY LIBERAL TERMS—A LARGE hall, 30x110, finely ornamented, till the 1st of May. For particulars call at 200 Wabash-av. J. BAUER & CO.

TO RENT—BY GOODRIDGE & STOKES, HOUSE & Agents, 116 West Washington-st.:

A brick basement, 40x60, with an addition of dry kiln, 15 x capacity, with power, saws, and 4 large moulding ma-chines.

TO RENT—SALOON AND 3 ROOMS IN REAR, 570 Clark-av. HUNTER & CANNON, 122 LaSalle-st., Room 4.

TO RENT—ROOMS AND POWER, 262 TWENTIETH-st., South Side, two stories of a brick building, good power and location.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—A COTTAGE OF 4 ROOMS, NO. 115 North Lincoln-st. Inquire of A. WELLEY, No. 429 West Madison-st.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

TO RENT — SUITE OF ROOMS IN BASEMENT, convenient for housekeeping; to man and wife only; rent, $12. Corner.

WANTED—TO RENT.

WANTED—TO RENT—OR SOME ONE TO BUILD a stable for 15 to 20 horses between Sixteenth and Twenty-ninth-sts., South Side. Address Q 93, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—FOR A FEW MONTHS, A small furnished cottage in a good neighborhood. Parties leaving the city this summer only desire a good tenant by addressing K M, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A HOUSE OF 10 OR 12 ROOMS, between Madison and Harrison-sts., and east of Ashland-av., by a promptly-paying tenant. Address J 88, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT TWO ROOMS—ONE SUITA-ble for light work and one for sleeping room, or one large room for light housekeeping. Address, stating terms and location, U 52, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A SMALL FAMILY WITH-out children, a furnished floor or small cottage in a good locality. Address, giving full particulars, A 74, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—8 OR 9 GOOD ROOMS FOR a family of four, in good locality, between Sixteenth, South Side, east of State-st.; rent must be low; best of references exchanged. Address, giving location with lowest terms, R 59, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—ON SOUTH, SOUTH, OR West Side, a small house or cottage with from 6 to 10 rooms, in good locality and neighborhood. Address T 3, Tribune office, giving locality and rent.

WANTED—TO RENT—COTTAGE, 4 OR 5 ROOMS, West Side, between Western-av. and Halsted-st., and Lake and Van Buren-sts. State price and location. Man, wife, and child 4 months old. T 10, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—BY A LADY WITH GOOD references, two or three unfurnished rooms, or furn-ished rooms in a respectable house, where people mind their own affairs. South Side, north of Twelfth-st. pre-ferred. Would take rooms in a block. Address O 68, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—BY A GOOD AND RE-spectable party, a fine house of 16 or more rooms on or near Michigan-av., north of Twenty-second-st. HENRY B. MARBLE, Room 6, No. 79 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—TILL MAY 1 NEXT FOR careful tenant, house in good neighborhood; rent must be low. South Side preferred. GILBERT & GIVINS, 84 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—FRONT ROOM OR SUITE of rooms, unfurnished, on second floor, between East of State and north of Twenty-eighth-st. Address O 79, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—ROOMS OR SMALL HOUSE, furnished or unfurnished, suitable for housekeeping, by gentleman and wife; no children. Vicinity of Union Park preferred. Address P 73, Tribune office.

WANTED — TO RENT — FURNISHED ROOMS with or without board, for a lady, in a private family, by one gentleman or two; must be within 10 minutes' walk of Union Park. Address, stating terms, O 84, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—BY CAREFUL, PROMPT-pay party, a house of 8 rooms in good neighbor-hood. Address, stating terms, E 62, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—UNFURNISHED ROOM, with or without board, for a lady, in a private family, by one young business man, or board and room furnished. Address A 4, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A FURNISHED HOUSE ON the South Side, where will be taken the entire fur-niture, and privilege of few first-class families, or will buy furniture on instalments. References first-class. Ad-dress R 66, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A HOUSE, FURNISHED OR unfurnished, convenient to business and the cars, as the party has to be down town evenings; must be in a good locality; rent will be paid for a year; more than $100 per month. Address E 39, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—AN UNFURNISHED ROOM, good size, by a young man; will be permanent if suited. Location on South Side and between Lake and Jef-ferson-sts.; not to exceed $10 per month. Private family preferred. Address, stating terms, 19 and 21 North Jefferson-st., care McMillan & Co.

WANTED—TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOM, WITH or without board, to accommodate 2 or 3 gentlemen. South Side and private family preferred. Address H 88, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A LADY WISHES A ROOM on the South Side in exchange for piano lessons. Address D 4, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—COTTAGE OF SIX ROOMS or tenement of the same number rooms, or the en-tire second floor of a large building on the South Side. Address Q 32, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—HOUSE OF ABOUT 9 OR 10 rooms in neighborhood of Union Park. Address T 74, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A LARGE FIRST-CLASS house in vicinity of Union Park; large rooms and grounds desirable. Address or call at 32 Aberdeen-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—A FLOOR OF FURNISHED or in a convenient locality. Address H 87, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—DESK-ROOM FOR $5 PER month, up one stairs, on East Madison-st., by a solicitor who will pay in part of the time. Reference ex-changed. Address J 18, Tribune office.

MACHINERY.

A 25-HORSE POWER AMES' ENGINE, IN PER-fect order; has been in use but a short time. Valu-able bargain. W. T. DRAKE & CO., 45 Michigan-st., office of Alvord's Steam Generator.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—A FIRST-CLASS STEAM EN-gine, 12 inch cylinder, 24 inch stroke, 7 inch wrought shaft, and 10 foot pulley; had only six months' use; was rented. Apply to H. MIERS, 34 N. W. Inventors' Ex-change, Room 37, Fifth floor.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS SIXH STATIONARY steam engine; new. Apply CHICAGO STEAM EN-GINE WORKS, southeast corner Michigan and Frank-lin-sts.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—ONE AGRICULTURAL EN-gine and boiler on wheels. Apply to JOHN DAVIS & CO., 16 Michigan-st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—ONE BAXTER ENGINE, 8-horse power; but little used. Apply Room 9 Lind Block, 209 Randolph-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR OTHER PROP-erty, a second-hand 12-horse upright running order. New Era Planing-Mill Co., Peoria, Ill.

FOR SALE—A GURLEY ENGINEER TRANSIT, in good order; price, $125. Address A 41, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—A PATENT THRAH-horse power. I will take $4,000 for 20 Hussey rakes sold, or will trade for farm, dry goods, horses and boy-gy, or anything I can handle at a cash valuation. Call at 239 Darrell-st., up-stairs.

FOR SALE—VERY CHEAP—ENGINE AND BOIL-er, 15 horse-power, in complete order. Also steam-pumps. J. M. BURROWS, Room H, 156 Washing-ton-st.

FOR SALE—ONE 7 AND ONE 12-HORSE POWER engine. T. B. WHEELER, 35 North Jefferson-st.

FOR SALE—A GOOD 8-HORSE POWER ENGINE and boiler, in complete order; may be purchased cheap. In the rear of 19 North Green-st.

FOR SALE—HEATER HAT FRIES, IN COM-plete order, situated in a section of country recom-mend for their trade. Cheap, if sold at once. Also, 2 horse railroad finisher. Distance from Chicago, 24 miles. Will sell for cash, or trade for city or suburban real estate. Address R 10, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—A 10-HORSE POWER STEAM ENGINE and boiler, in perfect running order. Can be seen at store, 160 South Clark-st.

WANTED—TWO STEAM PUMPS FOR HOT AND cold water. Address T 98, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD SECOND-HAND ENGINE boiler; 20 in. x 4 or 6 feet bed, newer cutting. Address O 8, Tribune office.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

FOR SALE—100 M FEET 1½ AND 1¾ INCH CLEAR 4½ inch pine; on hand last. GAGER, HUNT & CO., 128 Lake-st.

FOR SALE—A LOT OF DOORS AND WINDOW-sash, various sizes and kind, cheap. Inquire at 4 Mar-ket Square or A. E. GRAHAM, No. 140 South Water-st., Room 1.

DIVORCES.

DIVORCES obtained in the Courts of [illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

West Side.

9 SOUTH MAY-ST.—A PLEASANT FURNISHED front room; also one unfurnished room, with or with-out board. Terms reasonable.

6 CHESTER-AV.—PLEASANT FURNISHED FRONT rooms to rent with or without board; also side and back room.

11 HONORE-ST.—A LARGE FURNISHED REAR front room, with closet, hot and cold water, for two gentlemen in a private family, with board.

12 SOUTH CURTIS-ST.—A PLEASANT FRONT room, furnished, with board; suitable for gentle-man and wife, two gents, or two ladies, in private family.

12 SOUTH GREEN-ST.—PLEASANT ROOMS AND good board at reasonable rates; also, a front par-lor, suitable for four gentlemen.

14 BISHOP-COURT—HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED suite of rooms; also suite unfurnished, except car-pets.

14 ABERDEEN-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH board; also room for a lady.

18 ABERDEEN-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH board; reference exchanged.

20 HAMILTON-AV., NEAR HOYNE-ST.—A VERY pleasant front room, large closets, gas, cold and hot water, bath-room of; table unexceptionable.

24 ELDRIDGE-COURT.—SEVERAL LARGE rooms, in suites or single, furnished or unfurnished, for families or single gentlemen; moderate charges. Day boarders accommodated. A 1 table.

24 ABERDEEN-ST.—A PLEASANT ROOM, WITH board, for lady and gentleman, or two gentlemen; also, a single room.

26 ABERDEEN-ST.—NEAR MADISON—FUR-nished rooms, with board, for families or single gentlemen; house first-class, with modern improvements.

42 SOUTH MORGAN-ST.—A LARGE FURNISHED front room for three ladies or gentlemen, with board.

42 SOUTH MAY-ST. (BETWEEN MADISON AND Washington).—Pleasant rooms and good board at reasonable rates; hot and cold water in each room; bath, and other modern conveniences. References exchanged.

43 NORTH RUCKER-ST. — NEAR INDIANA — A gentleman can be accommodated with nice board and comforts of a home; terms reasonable.

45 SOUTH HALSTED-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS, with or without board.

46 46, AND 50 NORTH HALSTED-ST., AT RE-form House, 3 large furnished rooms to rent with board; also cook wanted.

53 SOUTH HALSTED-ST.—TO RENT WITH board, in private family, pleasantly furnished; suitable for man and wife or three gentlemen. Also day boarders accommodated; terms reasonable.

68 NORTH LINCOLN-ST.—A FEW GOOD BOARD-ers wanted, day or week; good board and good rooms.

74 HONORE-ST. — PLEASANT ROOMS, FUR-nished or unfurnished, with good board, at reasonable rates; convenient to West Side cars.

75 SOUTH PEORIA-ST.—A BEAUTY FURNISH-ed room for gentleman and wife, and room for four single gents; also a few day boarders at $4 per week.

75 SOUTH MORGAN-ST.—I HAVE JUST TAKEN a new and desirable-located house, first-class parlors en suite, furnished or unfurnished, with board; also single rooms.

77 SOUTH SANGAMON-ST., THREE DOORS from Madison.—A nice single room, with board for one gentleman.

98 ASHLAND-AV. — ELEGANTLY-FURNISHED rooms, with board, for one or two gentlemen.

116 SOUTH SANGAMON-ST.—2 GENTLEMEN OR one gentleman and wife can obtain good board and room; terms, $6 per week.

123 SOUTH HALSTED-ST.—TWO NICELY FUR-nished front rooms, with board; also one small room.

132 NORTH UNION-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS with good board for gentlemen. Also, day boarders can be accommodated.

134 WARREN-AV., CORNER WOOD-ST.—DE-sirable accommodations for one married couple, two young ladies, and one young gent to room with an-other gent; also, two gents, or two ladies, in private family. Location unusually inviting, and only one block from Madison-st. cars.

134 WARREN-AV., CORNER WOOD-ST.—DE-sirable accommodations for one married couple, two or four young gents, and one young gentleman to room with another. Terms moderate. House, table, and lo-cation unusually inviting, and only one block from Madi-son-st. cars.

135 WALNUT-ST., NEAR UNION PARK, A FUR-nished parlor, with marble mantel, windows open-ing into the front yard, and bath-room, with board for two, at $12; also furnished upper room, with closet, and board for two, at $12.

138 WEST ADAMS-ST.—A FEW GENTLEMEN or ladies can be accommodated with rooms and board.

144 SOUTH PEORIA-ST.—COOL ROOMS AND good board. Terms easy. Day-boarders wanted.

151 SOUTH SANGAMON-ST.—PLEASANT FUR-nished rooms, with board, suitable for gent and wife or single gents. Barn room to rent.

155½ WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—NICELY FUR-nished rooms, with board, $6.00 cents per day; $3.50@4.00 per week; $6.00@11.00 per month. First-class day board, $4.50 per week.

156 WEST MONROE-ST.—A FURNISHED FRONT room to rent, with first-class board, to gent and wife or two single gents.

169 WEST ADAMS-ST. — TO RENT, WITH board, to private family, a large pleasant room, with bath-room; also board, for families or single gen-tlemen; location pleasant, family small.

172 WEST WASHINGTON-ST. — A LARGE, pleasant front room, with board, suitable for a gentleman and wife or two gentlemen; also a single room.

177 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—A WELL FUR-nished room, with board, for families or single gentlemen; house first-class, with modern improvements.

187 WEST WASHINGTON-ST. — PLEASANT rooms to rent, with board.

192 SOUTH PEORIA-ST., CORNER VAN BU-ren.—Single rooms, with board.

202 SOUTH PEORIA-ST.—A FURNISHED front room, with board.

209 WEST WASHINGTON-ST. — ROOM FOR two gentlemen; also single room, with board.

211 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—NICE LARGE room on first-floor, and one on second floor, with board, for gentlemen or for family. Front parlor unfur-nished.

222 WEST MONROE-ST.—A LARGE FRONT room suitable for gentleman and wife, or two gen-tlemen; accommodations first-class.

233 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—A PLEASANT room, suite of rooms, or single, newly furnished; suitable for man and wife or three gentlemen. Also day boarders accommodated; terms reasonable.

238 SOUTH GREEN-ST. — THREE PLEASANT furnished rooms to rent with board.

256 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—THREE PLEAS-ant rooms, newly furnished, suitable for young men or married couples, with good board.

295 FULTON-ST.—PLEASANT FRONT ROOM and alcove, to rent, with board, for gent and wife, or two single gents; private family.

299 WARREN-AV.—A LARGE HANDSOMELY furnished front room, with board, for two; bath room, &c.; $14.

305 WEST MONROE-ST.—DESIRABLE ROOMS to rent, furnished, with or without board.

307 WARREN-AV.—LARGE, PLEASANT ROOMS with good board, for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen, in private family; one block from Madison-st. cars; $4 per week.

312 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—HOTEL GUESTS, attention; suites of good rooms, or single, with or without board; desirable, central; bars for house.

314 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—VERY DESIRA-ble rooms to rent, with board, suitable for gentle-men.

321 WEST MONROE-ST.—A LARGE UNFUR-nished front room to rent, with board.

329 WEST MADISON-ST. — ROOMS, WITH board, for a few gentlemen, and a suite for lady and gentleman; vacancies for a few table-boarders.

330 WEST LAKE-ST.—PLEASANT ROOMS TO rent, with board; terms moderate.

330 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—EXCELLENT rooms, or suites of rooms, with first-class board; can also accommodate day-boarders.

335 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—ROOM TO RENT, with board.

335 WEST ADAMS-ST.—FURNISHED FRONT double parlor to rent with board. Reference re-quired. Day-boarders wanted. Call after to-day.

336 WEST ADAMS-ST.—A ROOM SUITABLE for one or two persons, nicely furnished, with first-class table.

342 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—LARGE FRONT room, newly furnished, to rent; good board; also board for gentlemen.

346 WEST MONROE-ST.—PLEASANT FUR-nished front room with board for gent and wife or two gents. A pleasant and cheerful home guaranteed, at moderate price.

352 WEST VAN BUREN-ST.—FOUR GENTLE-men can have a front parlor with board.

352 FULTON-ST.—FIVE OR SIX GENTLEMEN boarders can be accommodated with rooms and board for $6 per week.

362 WARREN-AV.—BOARD AND PLEASANT rooms by the day or week.

383½ WEST MADISON-ST.—A FEW TABLE-boarders can be accommodated.

399 WEST RANDOLPH-ST. — NICELY FURNISH-ed rooms, with board, for families or single gen-tlemen; location pleasant, family small.

406 WEST JACKSON-ST.—2 GENTLEMEN OR 2 gentlemen and wife can find furnished or un-furnished rooms, and also a single room. Ref-erences required. House has modern conveniences.

431 WEST VAN BUREN-ST.—TO RENT, PLEAS-ant rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with good board.

460 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—A LARGE FUR-nished room, suitable for gent and wife, to rent with board.

467 MICHIGAN-AV.—FRONT ALCOVE ROOM and parlor, furnished or unfurnished, with board or without.

476 BUTTERFIELD-ST.—A LADY CAN BE AC-commodated with a pleasant room and good board, at reasonable terms; no other boarders required.

491 WEST MADISON-ST.—A HIGH AND PLEAS-ant location; rooms furnished; good board; gas, bath, hot and cold water. Also, other rooms.

503 WASHINGTON-AV. — IN STONE FRONT House, suite of rooms with board to a married couple. Also single rooms with board.

506 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—NEAR UNION Park.—A furnished room to rent, with hot and cold water; also suite of unfurnished rooms, with board.

535 MADISON-ST. — NICELY FURNISHED rooms, with board; first-class table, at from $5 to $7 per week; day board, $1.

550 HUBBARD—A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE or 2 single gentlemen can obtain board and large furnished room; also alcove.

596 WEST ADAMS-ST.—ROOM FOR TWO OR three persons. One front store room to let with board. Terms reasonable. Inquire at 596 West Adams-st.

631 WEST ADAMS-ST.—PLEASANT ROOMS, EI-ther en suite or single, furnished or unfurnished, with first-class board. Room is new, 2-story and basement, brick.

634 WEST MONROE-ST. — SPLENDID FRONT [illegible] for gentlemen and wife; also, one [illegible] with board; terms moderate; furnished or unfur-[illegible]

669 WEST MONROE-ST., CORNER OF WOOD.—Three large front and upper front chambers, bath for-nished, with board, for single gents, or gentleman and wives. Also, other day boarders.

A LADY OR WIFE WASHINGTON-ST. CAN AC-commodate a few boarders; good board and room. For further information call at Room 2, 147 Randolph-st.

FOR GENTLEMAN AND WIFE, OR ONE OR TWO single gents, a nice home, with board, nine miles from the City Hall; good table; terms moderate. Apply to EDWARDS, in La Salle-st.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

West Side—Continued.

FOR TWO GENTLEMEN OR GENTLEMAN AND wife, pleasant front room in good location, east of Union Park; terms very moderate. W W S, 67 Clark-st.

SMALL, PRIVATE FAMILY HAVING MORE room than required could accommodate four adults with board; reference required; location Michigan-av., between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth-sts. Address D 46, Tribune office.

WANTED—A NICE SET OF PARLOR AND BED-room furniture, in exchange for first-class board on the West Side. Address J 56, Tribune office.

South Side.

2 PARK ROW—A VERY DESIRABLE SUITE OF unfurnished front rooms, with board; a few day boarders wanted; reference required.

4 EAST TWELFTH-ST.—PLEASANT FURNISHED rooms, with board; also, one suite unfurnished; ref-erences exchanged.

5 PARK ROW—A PLEASANT, LARGE, WICKLY furnished front room, with board.

10 ELDRIDGE-COURT — NICELY FURNISHED single room, with board, for gentleman; day board-ers accommodated.

14 ELDRIDGE-COURT. — SEVERAL LARGE rooms, in suites or single, furnished or unfurnished, for families or single gentlemen; moderate charges. Day boarders accommodated. A 1 table.

19 CONGRESS-ST.—ROOMS TO RENT, SINGLE or en suite. Day board, $4.

20 TWENTY-FIFTH-ST.—ALCOVE AND OTHER rooms, with board.

25 TWENTY-FIFTH-ST. — LARGE PLEASANT room, near the lake, to rent with or without board.

43 HUBBARD-COURT—NEW BOARDING-HOUSE $4 to $5.50 per week, with use of piano; day board, $1.

49 HUBBARD-COURT — FURNISHED ROOMS, with or without board. Day boarders accommo-dated.

57 CALUMET-AV.—I HAVE A LARGE PLEAS-ant room to rent, with first-class board; also a small single room in the most desirable location in Chi-cago; heat steam and hens-eats. Best of references given and required.

75 EAST MONROE-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS TO rent, with or without board; also, day-boarders can be accommodated; entrance Mynott's Queen Bakery.

84 DOUGLAS-PLACE NICE, LARGE ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished, to rent with good board.

101 WABASH-AV.—LARGE FRONT AL-cove room, with large closet, to rent, with board, for gentlemen and wife.

102 THIRD-AV.—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, with first-class board, for gentlemen, at $5.50 to $7 per week. Bath-room in the house free.

118 TWENTY-SECOND-ST.—TWO LADIES CAN have board in private family.

118 COTTAGE GROVE-AV., JUNCTION OF CAL-umet.—A handsomely furnished front parlor, with board, suitable for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen. Also single rooms for gentlemen.

118 [illegible] AND 120 THIRD-AV.—A FEW GENTLEMEN boarders wanted.

119 EIGHTEENTH-ST., THREE DOORS FROM Wabash-av.—A front room, with closet, and one or two small rooms, if desired; pleasant family and pleas-ant location; will make reasonable improvements.

122 COTTAGE GROVE-AV., JUNCTION CALU-met.—A fine suite of rooms. Also, a large front room, furnished, with board; house and surroundings first-class.

173 TWENTY-THIRD-ST., NEAR WABASH-AV. —Furnished rooms to rent, with or without board.

265 MICHIGAN-AV.—A FRONT ALCOVE ROOM, furnished or unfurnished, for gent and wife or four gentlemen.

279 MICHIGAN-AV.—FURNISHED ROOMS, with board; first-class.

282 MICHIGAN-AV.—NICELY FURNISHED front rooms, with board. Also can accommodate day boarders.

285 MICHIGAN-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS AND board for two gentlemen, in a quiet family. A day boarder accommodated.

286 MICHIGAN-AV.—FURNISHED ROOMS TO rent, with or without board.

287 MICHIGAN-AV.—A LARGE AND PLEAS-ant front room for gent and wife; also, a pleas-ant room for gentlemen.

376 STATE-ST.—FIRST-CLASS ROOMS, IN NEW building, with or without board; day board-ers wanted.

386 WABASH-AV.—BOARDERS WANTED; room and board, $6 per week.

399 MICHIGAN-AV.—A SUITE OF ROOMS, FUR-nished or unfurnished; day board, $4 a week.

445 BURNSIDE-ST., NEAR TWENTY-NINTH.—Boarders wanted, in a German private family; board, $5; first board will do.

447 WABASH-AV.—FIRST-CLASS FURNISHED rooms, with or without board; two single.

481 WABASH-AV., SOUTHWEST CORNER OF Eldridge-court.—Rooms, with board, for four young gentlemen. House first-class in every respect. References exchanged.

484 SOUTH DEARBORN, SOUTH OF TWENTY-ninth-st., a respectable family desire a number of genteel table boarders.

494 WABASH-AV.—GOOD ROOMS AND FIRST-class board, with private family. Good refer-ences given and required.

497 WABASH-AV.—HANDSOME ROOMS TO rent, with or without board. Would prefer giv-ing breakfast and tea.

499 SOUTH DEARBORN-ST., (BURNSIDE), near Twenty-ninth-st.—A fine, rare place to board. Good table and all improvements, choice society, and every hotel and home comfort, with surpris-ingly low prices.

506 WABASH-AV.—A VERY DESIRABLE SUITE of front rooms, furnished, to let with board; hot and cold water; also rooms, pleasant; double or single. References required.

529 WABASH-AV.—NICELY FURNISHED AND carpeted suite of rooms to rent with board. House all modern improvements.

532 WABASH-AV.—LARGE FRONT ROOM OR suite, with closets, hot and cold water, etc., furnished or unfurnished; also other desirable rooms, single or double.

548 WABASH-AV.—LARGE, WELL FURNISHED rooms to rent, with board; also day boarders ac-commodated.

575 WABASH-AV.—FINE ROOMS, BATH, &C., with first-class board.

587 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, together or singly; also large room for three gentlemen.

608 WABASH-AV. — BOARD AND APART-ments, single or en suite; advantageous terms; all 1 pentelow stone.

633 SOUTH DEARBORN-ST. — BOARD AND lodging for gentlemen.

748 MICHIGAN AV., BETWEEN TWENTY-first and Twenty-second-sts.—Convenient to cars; or can obtain board in private family. Desirable suite of or unfurnished room for gentleman and wife, or two gen-tlemen; also, single room. References.

750 MICHIGAN-AV., NEAR TWENTY-SECOND-st.—Rooms, with board, in private family, for gentle-men; house and furniture new; table first-class. Distance 25 c. References exchanged.

774 MILLIKEN-AV.—DESIRABLE SUITE FUR-nished front room to rent, with board; also, young man wants room-mate; prices reasonable.

799 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, one desirable front room, furnished. Also, room on parlor floor.

806 WABASH-AV.—BOARD, WITH BACK PAR-lor. References exchanged.

824 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, A nicely-furnished suite of front rooms, very nice for three gentlemen friends. Also two large connection rooms, unfurnished, excepting very handsome carpets. Rent reasonable.

828 MICHIGAN-AV.—TO RENT—A SUITE OF furnished rooms on second floor, with board.

880 INDIANA-AV., NEAR EIGHTEENTH-ST.—A very pleasant and well-furnished front suite; also parlor, or parlor suite, partly furnished, to rent, with board. A few day boarders desired.

887 INDIANA-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS, ONE with alcove, with board. MRS. BIRLEY.

959 INDIANA-AV., NEAR TWENTIETH-ST.—Splendid second-story front room, with alcove, in marble swell-front, furnished, with board.

1015 WABASH-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS, FUR-nished or unfurnished, en suite or single, with board.

1105 PRAIRIE-AV.—A FINE LARGE ROOM, with board, for a gentleman and wife or two single gentlemen; fine grounds; also a stable; private family.

1070 WABASH-AV.—A GENTLEMAN AND wife, or single gentlemen, desiring a handsome-ly-furnished room for rent, with superior table and every comfort, at moderate terms, please call. Between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth-sts.

1074 WABASH-AV.—A SUITE OF UNFURNISH-ed rooms, with brick range closet attached; also large front parlor, carpeted; with or without board.

1196 PRAIRIE-AV.—A NICELY FURNISHED room to rent, with board, suitable for one or two gentlemen or gentleman and wife. Private family; references required.

1198 PRAIRIE-AV., NORTHWEST CORNER OF Twenty-sixth-st.—First-class board, with room in elegantly-furnished house; private family; no mosqui-toes.

1204 PRAIRIE-AV.—FURNISHED OR UNFUR-nished rooms, with first-class board.

1464 INDIANA-AV.—BOARD, WITH ROOM for two single gentlemen in a private family; near Thirty-second.

A SUITE OF ROOMS FRONTING ON MICHIGAN-av., to let, with first-class board. Private table if desired. Also, rooms for single gentlemen. Apply at Eldridge-court.

ON THE AVENUE FACING LAKE, NEAR Twelfth-st.—To rent, with board for two, choice rooms, well furnished; hot and cold water; bath, hot and cold; private family. Address B C, Tribune office.

DESIRABLE FRONT ALCOVE ROOM, OR SEC-ond-floor rooms unfurnished, except carpet, with board; 3 minutes' walk from Cottage Grove-av. depot, South Side, near Fairview Sta-tion. Address F, care Carrier 24.

PRAIRIE-AV.—A SINGLE PARTY, OF WIFE, whose husband travels, can secure a good home by addressing O 77, Tribune office.

North Side.

66 AND 68 ILLINOIS-ST.—PRIVATE BOARDING house. Good board; terms, $4.50 per week. Also, day boarders wanted; terms $3.50 per week.

219 ILLINOIS-ST. — NICELY FURNISHED double and single rooms, with board, for gentle-men.

277 NORTH FRANKLIN-ST.—GOOD BOARD, and unfurnished room for two, one single room.

294 ILLINOIS-ST.—2 GENTLEMEN CAN BE AC-commodated with a room and board. References required.

605 NORTH CLARK-ST.—TWO GENTLEMEN can have board in private family. Also, room and board, in a German family. All modern improvements in house; terms reasonable.

A NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, WITH board, in a private family, for gentleman and wife, or two single gents; terms $6. Address A 57, Tribune office.

SOUTHEAST CORNER OF RUSH AND ILLINOIS-sts.—A furnished room to rent, with board, suitable for two gentlemen. References required.

Country.

AMERICAN HOUSE, DEERPLAINES.—A QUIET, Temperance house, 18 miles from Chicago; terms moderate; fine drives; 10 to 2nd trains city; good livery at the house. Further information call or address 19 Madison-st., Room 7.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

Hotels.

1121 STATE-ST., NEAR TWENTY-FOURTH.—South Side House; hotel excellent; tables and rooms at $5 per week; families at reduced rates.

BAYLEY HOUSE, NO. 653 AND 655 STATE-ST., near Twenty-sixth-st.—Boarders wanted. Price, $3 to $4 per week. Call and see.

EVERETT HOUSE—SIXTH AND WEST MADISON-ST. corner Peoria. L. Bunn, proprietor. Board per week, $5 to $10; day board, $1. Best restaurant on West Side connected with the house.

TO EXCHANGE.

I WANT TO EXCHANGE A PLAIN, GOOD-TONED six-octave piano for a horse, harness, and small business wagon. J. M. BISCHLER, 58 South Clark-st.

TO EXCHANGE—A 4-TON PLATFORM OR STOCK scale (new) for a horse. Call at 282 West Madison-st.

TO EXCHANGE FOR CITY PROPERTY, ONE A farm in La Porte County, Ind., 220 acres, all under a high state of cultivation.

40 acres in Cook County,
160 acres in Jefferson County,
160 acres in Hamilton County,
10 acres 2 miles west of city limits,
Also, 16 rooms, furnished, in new town within 100 miles of Chicago.

All the above property free of incumbrance, and will be exchanged for Chicago property. Address ALEX-ANDER TAYLOR, 7 and 8 McCormick Block.

TO EXCHANGE—120 ACRES OF CHOICE SUB-urban property, only 9 miles from Chicago; all under cultivation; in the finest locality in Cook County; owner will guarantee the Northern Pacific Railroad will be built through it inside of two years; improve-ments worth $6,000. Price, $100 per acre; $3,000 cash, balance in 5 years at 7 per cent; will accept part im-proved city property. GILBERT & CALDWELL, 84 LaSalle-st.

TO EXCHANGE—A FINE BRICK RESIDENCE with 10 feet front on Indiana-av., south of Eigh-teenth-st., worth $35,000, for a nice home outside of city at cash-mail; balance of payment can be on easy terms. Lake Forest or Evanston preferred. Apply by letter to C, 152 LaSalle-st., in basement.

TO EXCHANGE—VALUABLE MINING PROPER-ty, consisting of rich gold mine and tunnel. This is a rare chance. Address R. ESTATE, care Carrier 74.

TO EXCHANGE—GROCERY STORES FOR CITY real estate. G. H. LAWTON, 69 South Clark-st.

TO EXCHANGE—STOCK OF DRY GOODS FOR an unincumbered farm. G. H. LAWTON, 69 South Clark-st.

TO EXCHANGE—A BLOCK OF FIVE ACRES, NO incumbrance, for a residence worth $4,000 to $5,000 in the city, and pocket business. FOWLER & CORBY, 125 Dearborn-st.

TO EXCHANGE—FARM IN RICH COUNTY Minn., and one in Linn County, Mo. The other good real estate in Chicago. Improved property preferred. Also for merchandise of any salable description, as goods are made to order in Chicago, and will be delivered in Kansas and good sale. OSGOOD & WILLIAMS, 61 South Canal-st.

TO EXCHANGE—HOUSES AND LOTS FOR VA-cant lots. Vacant lots for houses and lots, and lots for sale or exchange for lots in the close. Also some property for sale cheap. R. W. SEA & CO., 192 South Clark-st., Room 2.

TO EXCHANGE—A FINE PIECE OF UNIMPROVED property on Twelfth-st., a few rods west of Ash-land, in Hillside, within twenty-five miles of this city, by J. RENBERG, northwest corner Wells and Washing-ton-sts.

TO EXCHANGE—FOR GOOD CITY PROPERTY or cash, one of the best fruit farms in Northern Illi-nois, containing 160 acres, 100 under cultivation, 6 miles adjoining a beautiful village on the North-western Railroad. It has two tenant houses, one new 2-story dwelling, large, new barn, 2 wells, 2 cisterns, and a choice selection of small fruits; value $40,000. A. J. SAWYER, 154 La Salle-st.

TO EXCHANGE—FIRST-CLASS SUBURBAN PROP-erty for either a business or dwelling property. Ad-dress P 72, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE—A 4-ROOM COTTAGE AND LOT, on Centre, near Division, for a horse and buggy. Address P 69, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE—A LARGE PIECE OF UNINCUM-bered saddle property. I will trade it, or a part of it, for an unincumbered and improved farm, or other good property, balance on long time at 8 per cent interest. Address P 70, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE—HOUSE AND LOT,

WANTED—MALE HELP.

Bookkeepers. Clerks. Etc.

WANTED—A CAPABLE AND INDUSTRIOUS young man in the office of a wholesale house to keep books; good penmanship indispensable; must be willing to work. Address B 1, Tribune office.

WANTED—DRUG CLERK, ONE WHO HAS HAD one or two years' experience in the drug business. Address GEO. K. LOMAS & CO., Kankakee, Ill.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN OF SOME EXPERIENCE in subscription book business. Address Y 7, Tribune office, giving reference, experience, and salary expected.

WANTED—COMPETENT RETAIL COUNTER man; must be temperate. Call after 2 o'clock Monday, Chicago Tea Company, 2 Blue Island-av.

WANTED—AN ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER FOR a wholesale grocery house. Address in own handwriting P 78, Tribune office.

WANTED—TWO FIRST-CLASS SALESMEN FOR the city; liberal wages guaranteed. Apply Monday, at 1 o'clock, at 463 West Madison-st, up stairs.

WANTED—A GOOD SMART BOOKKEEPER WHO understands selling business, and is not afraid of work. Address B 77, Tribune office.

WANTED—DRUG CLERK, FOR FIRST-CLASS store. Address giving where last employed, age, experience, &c., G 28, Tribune office.

WANTED—A SMART, ACTIVE YOUNG MAN in the retail grocery trade as entry clerk and assistant in office. Address O 61, Tribune office.

WANTED—CLERK IN A LAW OFFICE AT MOD-erate salary. Address, in own handwriting, O 72, Tribune office.

WANTED—AT 20 SOUTH HALSTED-ST., A GRO-cery clerk; one who is accustomed to the business and can come well recommended to the business.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BOOKKEEPER; REF-erence required; a saving and moral character must be unexceptionable. Address T 65, Tribune office.

Trades.

WANTED—BUILDERS—TO FURNISH MATERIAL and build 10 houses, and take half cash and half in property; will take 40 or real estate at cash value. Address, or inquire at 71 and 74 Dearborn-st. O. J. STOUGH.

WANTED—GOOD HOUSE-TRIMMERS, ON SIX-teenth-st., between Michigan and Indiana-ave.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BRASS-FINISHER, one accustomed to general work; none other need apply. EDWARD SHERIFF, brass and copper-works, corner Twenty-second and Clark-sts.

WANTED—BOOKBINDERS. TWO GOOD BOY-binders to work on law sheep. Steady work and good wages to the country. Apply to MEADER, GILE & CO., 142 Monroe-st.

WANTED—ENGINEERS WANTING SITUATIONS are invited to furnish their address for a register to be kept, free of charge, at the principal Intelligence Office in Chicago and the Northwest, in our engineering columns, as we are often called for engineers and firemen. Call on or write (with full references and stating salary expected) to DEXTER BROS., 94 Market-st., proprietors of Mariner's Steam Generator.

WANTED—CARPENTERS AT LOMAX'S MANU-factory, Chapin-place, between Harrison and Van Buren-sts., near Fifth-ave. Apply 7:30 a. m.

WANTED—PLASTERER TO TAKE CONTRACT on plastering house; half cash, half in real estate on Hoyne-ave. Address H 11, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD BLACKSMITH; ONE THAT is willing to do light and heavy work if required. Good wages will be paid to the right man, and none but a good workman need apply. Inquire of GEO. SPENCER, Geneva, Ill.

WANTED—A NO. 1 BODY-MAKER. APPLY AT Lake-st., or to JEWELL & SILLIMAN, Chenoa, Ill.

WANTED—A SHEET-METAL SPINNER AT 6 and 44 South Canal-st.

WANTED—A GOOD SAWYER IN SASH AND door factory. SMITH BROS. & CO., 129 and 131 Fulton-st.

WANTED—GOOD TIN-ROOFERS, AT 356 WEST Lake-st., on Monday.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS ELECTROTYPE finisher. Apply at BLAND, McNALLY & CO., 139 West Randolph-st., Monday morning.

WANTED—A GOOD MAN TO RUN A MOULDING machine. Apply at Planing Mill, 43 and 45 North Green-st.

WANTED—AT ONCE, AN EXPERIENCED MUL-lin-cutter. Apply at the Indiana Mills, 1 door east corner Washington-st. and Fifth-av., third door.

WANTED—A HEAD MACHINIST TO SUPERIN-tend sewing machine adjusting; must be thoroughly competent to take charge of same. Address G 45, Tribune office.

WANTED—GOOD ARCHITECTURAL MODEL-ers, at 134 Twenty-second-st., in basement.

WANTED—A COMPETENT PERSON TO DO THE cooking for a small family. Apply at 1220 Prairie-ave., between Michigan and Indiana-sts.

WANTED—TWO MORE GOOD CARPENTERS TO go to Evanston, who have at least $600 in cash to put into real estate at once for cash. This shall be the healthiest place to live in the vicinity of Chicago. To such men I will give steady employment one year at $3 per day, and pay half cash. Address, to be turned on call at Room 2, 152 Monroe-st., from 2 to 5, or at any hour at my office, in Evanston. C. E. BROWNE.

WANTED—A FEW FIRST-CLASS HOUSE TRIM-mers. Inquire at 316 Huron-st. Monday morning, 9 o'clock.

WANTED—TWO YOUNG MEN TO LEARN THE photographic art. Call at Art Gallery, 101 West Madison-st.

WANTED—A SHADE-HANGER. APPLY AT J. J. McGRATH'S, 124 and 126 State-st.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE-TRIMMER, at PENROYER, SHAW & CO.'S.

WANTED—A GOOD TAILOR, TO WORK ON ALL kinds of clothing by the week and board; single man preferred. 220 West Madison-st.

WANTED—TEN FIRST-CLASS CABINET-MAK-ers; also two good carvers, at SWINEY BROS., 807 to 819 State-st., corner Ireland-av.

WANTED—A GIRL TO WORK ON SEWED AND pegged calf boots. Apply at 7 Jones-st.

WANTED—GERMAN BUTCHER. APPLY MON-day at 282 West Chicago-av.

WANTED—GORDON FEEDER. 344 ILLINOIS-ST.

WANTED—2 CARPENTERS. APPLY AT 803 State-st., after 7 o'clock to-day.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS WOOD-FINISHER, and no other need apply. 149 Monroe-st. Room 6.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS ARCHITECTURAL draughtsman. Address, with references, O 29, Tribune office.

WANTED—MAN IN DYE HOUSE WHO UNDER-stands the cleaning of ladies' and gents' garments; German preferred. 220 Wabash-av.

WANTED—LASTERS. CALL TO-DAY AT 107 Halsted-st., in the rear.

Employment Agencies.

WANTED—500 STATION MEN TO WORK. THE Wells Station Agency, in the N. Y. Central R. R. system, want 500 conductors; many guns; fair prices paid. Apply at Stevens Point, Wis., to W. J. HAVEN, Chief Engineer, or at end of track to WM. R. HAVEN, Assistant Chief Engineer.

WANTED—12 TRAMSTERS, $26 PER MONTH AND board; 12 more laborers and choppers, wages $2 and $2.25 per day; 100 more hands to work on the new yard, all for the Wisconsin Central Railroad. Contractors, and no money required for hire or other charges; go to Stevens Point, Wis., and apply to Lind Block, C. V. HAVEN & CO., Chicago, or WM. R. HAVEN, Engineer.

WANTED—40 OR 50 MEN TO WORK ON WIS-consin Central Railroad; good boarding and lodging; board $4.25 per week; transportation furnished to the line. Apply evening at 105 Clybourne-st. W. J. DAVIS.

WANTED—25 MEN FOR GRAVEL-TRAIN IN IL-linois; 15 farm hands; 20 for saw-mill; 200 railroad hands. Apply at Canada Southern. ANGELL & SOARES, 21 West Randolph-st.

WANTED—A GOOD, RELIABLE MAN WITH one to two thousand dollars that he can loan his employer at a fair rate of interest; work light and pleasant; wages high; security ample. Address Z 94, Tribune office.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC MAN WITH CAPI-tal to engage in a legitimate manufacturing business. For particulars inquire of COOK, COBURN & CO., corner Dearborn and Washington-sts., Chicago.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS SALESMEN TO TRAV-el with sample; duty, Monday; state references and good address. SHAW, JOHNSON & CO., Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD STRONG BOY TO ATTEND to a grocery store; a German who can speak English preferred. Apply to M. DOWLING, 321 Hal-sted-st.

WANTED—A BOY ABOUT 17 YEARS OF AGE; one who can speak English and German, and like near the store. BRUMAN, druggist, 397 State-st.

WANTED—THREE EXPERIENCED TRAVELING salesmen to travel through the country, the right men. Call on or address at once, with stamp, 1 to 5 Bendel block, between Lake and Randolph-sts.

WANTED—AT ROOM 6, 139 DEARBORN-ST., a man, farmer preferred, to earn $75 per week in the city. I. S. RICHARDSON.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN ABOUT 18 TO 20 to work in restaurant; one that understands waiting; will be taught and those said is not afraid of work; $5 per month and board; one that lives at home can call before 8 to clean; no Sunday work. Call Monday, at 6 p. m., at 50 Randolph-st., between Clark and La Salle.

WANTED—3 FARM HANDS TO GO 12 MILES IN the country. Call Monday, 9th, between 10 and 12 o'clock, at 151 and 1070 State-st. J. W. PYNE.

WANTED—A LIVE MAN WITH $120 OR $200 CAN hear of a business that will yield a good salary. Call at 232 Cottage Grove-av., Monday between 2:30 a. m.

WANTED—AN ACTIVE YOUNG MAN TO DO general work in a store. Must be accustomed to the trade and have references. Apply between 9 and 10 a. m., at 39 State-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MAN to take charge of the advertising department of the Weekly Inter-Ocean. Call at 160 North Clark-st.

WANTED—LIVE MEN TO SELL GOODS, AT 167 North Water-st. UNION BLACKING CO.

WANTED—3 GOOD MEN TO SELL TEAS, COF-fees, and spices on a commission; Call early Monday at 107 South Jefferson-st.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED TRAVELING salesman for a leading wool clothing house. Address, with references, Y 11, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD MAN TO RUN A MOULDING machine. Apply at Planing Mill, 43 and 45 North Green-st.

WANTED—AT ONCE, AN EXPERIENCED MUL-lin-cutter. Apply at the Indiana Mills, 1 door east corner Washington-st. and Fifth-av., third door.

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WANTED—A GOOD STRONG BOY TO ATTEND to a grocery store; a German who can speak English preferred. Apply to M. DOWLING, 321 Hal-sted-st.

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WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED TRAVELING salesman for a leading wool clothing house. Address, with references, Y 11, Tribune office.

WANTED—WAITER TO WAIT DINNERS ONLY, at Bennett's Dining Room, rear 18 South Water-st.

WANTED—50 LABORERS AND 20 TEAMS AT Market-av., between Van Buren and Harrison-sts.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

Miscellaneous—Continued.

WANTED—A BRIGHT, ACTIVE BOY WHO CAN write a good hand and make himself generally useful in an office; wages, $4 per week. FRANKEN'S DOLLAR-TION AGENCY, 164 Madison-st.

WANTED—BOYS, AT 12 HOLBROOK-ST., COR. Westernav. N. TAYLOR. Bring 50 cents.

WANTED—A GOOD RELIABLE MAN, ACQUAINTED with the care of horses and cows and who understands working a vegetable garden, to go to the suburbs; good reference required. Room 19 Major Block, corner Madison and LaSalle-sts.

WANTED—SEVERAL PEOPER AND SMART boys or girls about 15 years old as agents. Particulars at 339 West Twelfth-st., up-stairs.

WANTED—100 MEN IN THE SEWERS. APPLY on the work, corner of Wood and Monroe-sts. Highest wages paid every two weeks. JAMES KIN-CADE, Contractor.

WANTED—A GOOD STRONG COLORED BOY. Inquire at 420 West Randolph-st.

WANTED—IN A WHOLESALE GROCERY STORE, an experienced salesman. Address E 1, Tribune office, giving references as to character and capacity.

WANTED—BOY 16 TO 18 YEARS OF AGE THAT IS willing to work, distributing bills, and will attend to it; must be reliable. Apply at Bankrupt Shoe Store, 151 South Clark-st.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

Domestics.

WANTED—A GERMAN GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. 1111 Indiana-av.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL, ABOUT 16 OR 18 years old, to take care of two grown children. Apply at the Matteson House, corner of Wabash-av. and Jackson-st., Room No. 32.

WANTED—AT A PRIVATE BOARDING-HOUSE, a Twenty-second-st., a dining-room girl. To one that suits, a permanent place.

WANTED—A SWEDE, GERMAN, OR NORWEGIAN girl to do general housework at 1220 Prairie-av.

WANTED—A SWEDE OR GERMAN GIRL FOR general housework; references required. Apply at 141 Park-av.

WANTED—A GERMAN GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in a small family at 146 South Park-av., corner Twenty-first-st.

WANTED—IN FAMILY OF THREE, A YOUNG girl to assist in housework and care of child; [illegible] for both. Call Monday afternoon at 566 Burnside-st.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE-work in a small, quiet family; Irish preferred. Granite Works on Linden-st., between Wells and Frank-lin.

WANTED—GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK at 460 West Harrison-st.

WANTED—A GIRL 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD (GER-man or Swede preferred), to do housework in a small family. 283 South Clark-st.

WANTED—A GOOD SECOND GIRL AT 620 FRAI-rie-av. References required.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE-work; good wages to a competent person. Also a sewing girl. Call at the office of Dr. STERRITT, 71 Thirty-seventh-st., from 1 to 2 p. m.

WANTED—A GERMAN, SWEDE, OR NORWE-gian girl, to do general housework for small family, at 244 West Tyler-st.

WANTED—AT 1499 INDIANA-AV., GOOD, RELIA-ble girl for small private family.

WANTED—A GOOD SECOND GIRL. CALL 477 Fulton-st., corner Union Park Place.

WANTED—A GERMAN GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework. Apply Monday morning at 70 Throop-st., southeast corner Adams-st.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSE-work, at 240 South Park-av., near Twenty-seventh-st.

WANTED—A GIRL 14 TO 16 YEARS OF AGE, TO take care of a child 14 years old. Call on Monday at 1426 Prairie-av., between Thirty-first and Thirty-sec-ond-sts.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in a small family. 15 North Green-st.

WANTED—A GOOD COOK, WASHER, AND Ironer, at 176 South Sangamon-st. Apply Monday, at 10 a. m.; references required.

WANTED—A GOOD COOK IN A PRIVATE family; good wages paid. No. 32 North Wells-st.

WANTED—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY—A GOOD girl. German or Norwegian preferred. Call to-day, northwest corner of Harrison and Loomis-sts.

WANTED—PASTRY COOK—YOUNG MAN OR woman to make cake, pies, puddings, &c., for ho-tel. Address O 86, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO LIGHT HOUSEWORK in a small family. Apply at 605 West Lake-st.

WANTED—AT 491 WEST MADISON-ST., A FIRST-class dining-room girl.

WANTED—A SERVANT GIRL. INQUIRE AT 218 Wabash-av.

WANTED—A GIRL TO COOK, WASH, AND IRON in small family. Apply before 2 p. m., Monday, at 96 Judd-st.

WANTED—A NEAT GIRL TO TAKE CARE OF two children and assist in light housework, one who can give references. Call at 393 West Madison-st.

WANTED—A GOOD, STEADY GIRL TO DO GEN-eral housework. Inquire at 644 State-st.

WANTED—AT BURKE'S HOTEL, MADISON-ST., cleaning and scrub girls.

WANTED—A NEAT, TIDY GIRL TO DO GENE-ral housework in a small family. Call at 464 West Twelfth-st., up-stairs.

WANTED—A GOOD COOK. APPLY AT 178 North State-st.

Laundresses.

WANTED—THREE SHIRT IRONERS, ONE WASH-woman, and one starcher. None but first-class hands need apply. Hawthorne's Laundry, 197 Blue Is-land-av.

WANTED—A GOOD LADIES' CLOTHES IRONER at laundry, 626 Van Buren-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS SHIRT-IRONER. Call Monday morning at Caledonia Laundry, 238 East Van Buren-st.

WANTED—MONDAY, AT MUNGER'S LAUNDRY, 196 Michigan-st., two washwomen and 10 girls to learn shirt-ironing.

WANTED—A WASHERWOMAN TO TAKE THE washing of a married couple at fair remuneration. Apply Room 21, 61 Clark-st.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS SHIRT IRONERS AND ladies' clothes ironer; also two good girls at Kinsley Home Laundry and Shirt Factory, 251 and 253 State-st.

WANTED—WASHERS AND IRONERS. ALSO, A man or woman to take charge of laundry who is thoroughly acquainted with the business. Apply at Middleton's Laundry, 14 Adams-st.

Nurses.

WANTED—A BABY TO WET NURSE AT HOME. Inquire of Dr. HIGGINS, 402 Archer-av., corner Halsted-st., from 9 to 11 a. m., or 7 to 8 p. m.

WANTED—A YOUNG AND HEALTHY WET nurse. Call at the office of Dr. STERRITT, 71 Thirty-seventh-st., from 1 to 2 p. m.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED NURSE WITH good references. Will pay good wages. Inquire 198 West Madison-st., at the Exhibition Hall.

WANTED—A HEALTHY WET NURSE. APPLY to DR. A. J. BALTER, No. 198 West Madison-st., from 10 to 12 a. m. and 3 to 5.

WANTED—A HEALTHY WET NURSE. APPLY to DR. S. P. HEDGES, No. 84 North Clark-st., between 8 and 10 p. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

Housekeepers.

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, WITH-out children, as housekeeper for an elderly couple living in a large village near Chicago. For the right person a desirable home can be given. Address, inclosing with references, O 63, Tribune office.

WANTED—A YOUNG LADY OF CHEERFUL AND kind disposition, as housekeeper for a gentleman of means who is residing in an elegant city. Such a person to go along on short notice only need apply. Good wages paid. Address Z 12, Tribune office.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

Seamstresses.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED SHIRT-MAKERS ON fine shirts at COLLINS & HUNT'S, 138 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—SEWING-MACHINE OPERATORS. Those only who have worked on ladies' underwear need apply. S. RUBENSTEIN, 239 Fifth-av., up-stairs.

Employment Agencies.

LADIES, DON'T FORGET THAT NO. 5 WEST MAD-ison-st. is the only reliable intelligence office in the city. Give call and see us, as situations are plenty. Mrs. A. POTTER.

WANTED—AT THE WOMEN'S AID ASSOCIA-tion, competent girls to do general housework; German, Swede, Norwegian, Scandinavian preferred. Office, 11 LaSalle-st.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—A LADY CLERK, ENERGETIC AND rapid writer. Address, stating salary, G 56, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD GERMAN GIRL FOR PRI-vate family. MISS BARTON'S Office, 203 State-st., entrance on Eighteenth-st. Don't call Sunday.

WANTED—A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER (WOMAN) on Fifteenth-st., between C. & A. R. R. and Halsted-st. Inquire at 12 Fifteenth-st.

WANTED—YOUNG WOMAN TO ASSIST JAN-itor (white). Apply to JANITOR, 77 and 79 South Clark-st.

WANTED—EIGHT WOMEN TO SCRUB, ALL THE coming week, at the Tremont House. Come early Monday morning, prepared to go to work.

WANTED—A YOUNG WOMAN AT THE HAL-sted office, to learn type-setting. 169 North Oakley-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

Bookkeepers. Clerks, &c.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN OF 21 years, who has had four years experience and is a first-class marker and shipper; can furnish the best of reference from last employer. Address C. M., care carrier No. 1.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE young man, either as clerk or porter, and is not afraid of work; reference given. Address Z 23, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—IN THE OFFICE OF A wholesale house by a young man of 6 years' experience. Can furnish the best of reference. Can be found at wholesale hat store, 261 Monroe-st.

SITUATION WANTED—IN THE OFFICE OF A newspaper, by a young man who has had experience and is competent to act as reporter. Address Z 31, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A THOROUGHLY competent bookkeeper; is in no connection or the wholesale grocery business preferred; references first-class. Address V 9, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A THOROUGH DRUG clerk; can take $400 or $500, in a good store. Address J 54, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FULLY COMPE-tent druggist; twelve years in the business. Address RELIABLE, 125 Ellis-av.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT DRUG clerk and registered pharmacist, who can keep a store; best references given. Address V 5, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN ENERGETIC young man who has $2,000 cash in hand, with some good wholesale grocery experience, would like to em-ployer above amount. Address Z 41, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS BOOKKEEPER, BY A young man; good references given. Address C. O., care Geo. Chesebrough, 246 West Lake-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A THOROUGHLY EX-perienced bookkeeper who has good city references. Address P. O. Box 128.

SITUATION WANTED—WITH A BOOK-PUBLISH-ing or bookselling firm, by an accountant, by a gentle-man having a large experience in the English trade; satis-factory references given. Address JOHN HADDEN, 605 Cottage Grove-av., Chicago.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN OF 20 years of age, in a commission, insurance, or real es-tate office (commission preferred). Is willing to work for a moderate salary; can give good references. Address G H, care of Carrier 61.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN OF 23 years of age, in a music store; has some knowledge of piano music. Can give good city references. Address M H O, care Carrier 61.

SITUATION WANTED—IN A RETAIL GROCERY store to take charge of a horse, and deliver orders. Three years' experience. Address R F T, 542 Milwau-kee-av.

SITUATION WANTED—IN WHOLESALE OR RE-tail jewelry or fancy goods house by a man of seven years' experience in this city and commands a good and satisfactory reference given. Address M 11, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, AGED 22, who has had some experience in the tea and gro-cery; first-class city reference. Address Z 69, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS COLLECTOR, SHIP-ping-clerk, or other capacity, by a young man with A 1 reference. Address H 61, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS PRE-scription clerk, as night clerk. Address A 84, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG MAN FROM New England wants a position in a real estate office; terms very low. Address O 44, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS ASSISTANT BOOK-keeper; two years' experience; salary, $25; best of references. Address R 100, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT GRO-cery clerk; is a good salesman; satisfactory ref-erence. Apply for a few days to T 56, Tribune office.

Coachmen. Teamsters. &c.

SITUATION WANTED—AS COACHMAN—BY A young man well known in the city for the last 9 years. Apply 197 Hurlbut-st.

SITUATION WANTED—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY by an English coachman. Address T 9, 215 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN WHO understands gardening, taking care of horses, cows, &c.; best of references given. Address Q 45, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY 2 ENGLISHMEN AS coachmen; thoroughly understand the care of horses and carriages, and first-class in every respect. City ref-erence; also former employer. Please address O B, care Mr. Perkins, 261 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED—AS COACHMAN IN A private family. U 58, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS COACHMAN, BY A young man who has had 4 years' experience in horses and driving, as well as gardening; references furnished. Address O 44, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY MAN AND WIFE, HE as No. 1 coachman, she as cook or laundress; best city reference. Address Tribune office.

Trades.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG SCANDINA-vian man as miller in the city or country, has been 8 years at the trade. Address D 12, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN OF 18 years to learn the trade with reference if required. Address V 22, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—IN A NURSERY OR FLOR-ist's business as foreman, or head gardener in a gen-tleman's family. Apply 777 Cottage Grove-av.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A JOB PRINTER OF 13 years' experience, competent to take the entire charge of an office. Address P 84, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD ARCHITECTUR-al draughtsman and designer; can furnish plans for a permanent any kind of building works; one-half pay taken in suburban real estate, if required; references given. Address U 45, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MAN COMPETENT to run a cabinet shop, situation as foreman. Address Q 94, Tribune office.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED AS TRAVELING SALES-man, ten years' experience and well acquainted with druggists in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. Address E 42 Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—TO HOTEL KEEPERS—AS porter; 10 years' experience; first-class references if required. Apply 778 Cottage Grove-av.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WELL EDUCATED middle-aged gentleman, a permanent situation with a gentleman of means. Call to-day.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD, HONEST, and reliable man, as janitor, watchman, or porter, in a store or some place of trust, where faithful services are required. Address Q 80, Tribune office. Can give good references.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN ENGLISHMAN, ON a farm, as Superintendent. Industrious habits; thor-oughly experienced in the dairying care of stock; 25 years of age; has been nearly three years in this country. Apply by letter, B 3, corner Butterfield and Thirty-third-sts., Chicago. Can be seen.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SMART, BRIGHT, intelligent boy, about 15 years of age; he writes a good hand, and will reside with his parents, and can give the best of city references. Address Z 7, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN WHO can give the best of references. Address E 7, Tribune office.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE

Domestics.

SITUATION WANTED—AS FIRST-CLASS COOK in private family. Inquire at 61 East Kinzie-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY TWO NORWEGIAN girls in a small American family to do general house-work. Address 168 Second-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN AMERICAN GIRL to do second work or plain sewing. Apply at 142 North Jefferson-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY TWO SISTERS IN A private family, one to do cooking, the other to do sec-ond work. Call at 35 John-st., corner Canalport-av., near Twenty-second-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A PERSON WHO CAN read and write, in a small private family to do house-work, or in the country, where there are no other ladies need apply. French Confectionery, 548 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED — BY A COMPETENT Swedish girl, to do washing and ironing in private family. Please call at 1028 State-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY TWO SISTERS—ONE for kitchen work and the other for second work, or general house work, in small families. Apply to 421 West Taylor-st., in rear, brown stairs.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE girl, to take care of a child in a private family, can work a sewing machine, no objection to going into the country; good reference given. Address Z 8, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS COOK—NO OBJECTION to the country. Call or address at 268 Michigan-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD AMERICAN girl to do light work and sew or take care of children in a private family. Inquire, for one week, 548 Burt-tenhall-st., near Thirty-first.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD GIRL, AS second girl, or would do general housework for three. Apply at 141 Sedgwick-st., near Division.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG GERMAN girl, about a year in this country, in a small private family, to take care of a child and do general housework; is willing to learn the English tongue. Inquire 198 West Madison-st., at the Exhibition Hall.

WANTED—A HEALTHY WET NURSE. APPLY to DR. S. P. HEDGES, No. 84 North Clark-st., between 8 and 10 p. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

Housekeepers.

SITUATION WANTED AS HOUSEKEEPER, BY a young widow lady; A widower's family preferred. Call or address O A, for three days, at 159 North Pau-line-st.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A LADY OF REFINE-ment as housekeeper or traveling companion; best of references given and required. Apply at 1020 State-st. up-stairs.

SITUATION WANTED—AS HOUSEKEEPER TO an elderly or middle-aged gentleman, or companion to a lady; is a widow, well educated and refined, and fully competent to undertake the duties thereof. Ad-dress A 27, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A CANADIAN LADY of about 30 years of age, as housekeeper or to take entire charge of young children; the highest references can be given. Address Z 10, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A LADY OF EXPERI-ence as housekeeper for a widower or first-class fam-ily; good references given. Address Z 65, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—AS HOUSEKEEPER IN A first-class hotel, or would take charge of a gentle-man's house. Best of reference given. Address M 70, Tribune office.

Employment Agencies.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FAMILIES IN WANT OF good help promptly supplied at MRS. THOMP-SON'S, 1020 State-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FOR GOOD AND CAPA-ble girls. The best help for families and boarding-houses call at the NORTH SIDE OFFICE, 262 Rus-sell-av.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY A LARGE NUMBER of good girls of various nationalities, in city and country. Germania Western Business Exchange, cor. 4 Washington-sts.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FOR GOOD HELP OF every nationality, and furnished immediately, at re-duced rates, at 58 Wabash-av. MRS. BALLARD'S Office. West Side continuous passing the office every five minutes.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FAMILIES IN WANT OF good help can be supplied at MRS. DUSKE'S office, 39 Milwaukee-av.

SITUATIONS WANTED—AT STAR EMPLOYMENT office, 126 West Monroe-st., for Germans, and girls of all nationalities in all places whose female help is re-quired.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY SOME OF THE BEST girls in the city, of all nationalities, at Mrs. HAMIL-TON'S, 46 South Union-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY 50 GIRLS FOR HOUSE-work. Those looking for help should remember that Mr. Reddy has removed from No. 8 West Madison-st. and can now be found at the Northwestern Business Ex-change, 52 West Madison-st. Thanking his numerous patrons for their generous appreciation of the past, he now solicits their further favors, and of the public generally. Respectfully, Mr. M. F. REDDY.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FOR TWO SWEDE GIRLS, together in a private family. Best of reference. Ap-ply at Mrs. PATCH'S, 1062 State-st.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—AS GOVERNESS BY A young German lady, who is fully competent to teach English or music; would accept a position in a private family as housekeeper, for which she is fully competent; best references given. Address G. L., box 4,004, Cincin-nati, Ohio.

SITUATION WANTED—SOME RESPECTABLE and honorable employment by a young lady. Refer-ence given. Address J 46, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A LADY AS TEACH-er in a private, pious family. Apply at 128 South San-gamon-st., care of the Rev. R. Hair. No objection to country.

SITUATION WANTED—A COMPETENT LADY desires coming to do, either at home or at office. Address HUGH, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS WOM-an to do plain sewing in a first-class restaurant. Please call at 1028 State-st. Can be seen until Monday night.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG WOMAN. Is in an office. Will write from dictation or copy. Best of references. Address O 64, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN AMERICAN GIRL. Is a store or office; has had experience in a dental office. Address 368 West Washington-st.

SITUATION WANTED — BY AN EDUCATED young lady, in office or store, or who is willing to ac-cept almost any position. Apply at 273 South Canal-st.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

A SHLAND-AV. STABLES FOR SALE OR RENT. 609 West Madison-st.

AUCTION SALE—AT JAMES BRENNAN'S HORSE-bazaar, 111 and 113 West Twelfth-st., every Tuesday and Friday, at 10 a. m.

A BEAUTIFUL BAY HORSE, 4 YEARS OLD, PER-fectly sound, and thoroughly broke, not afraid of any-thing, and a fast traveler, for sale, for $125 cash. R. M. FOURNIER & CO., Room 11 Otis Block.

A TOP-TOP EXPRESS WAGON FOR SALE CHEAP for $130, at 623 Burnside-st.

A GOOD LEATHER-TOP BUGGY AND HAR-ness, and a superior family horse, young and sound, for sale at a great bargain. Apply at barn in rear of 1220 Wabash-av.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES, PHAE-tons, bracaces, etc., etc., at low prices; also several second-hand, at 127 State-st. P. L. SMITH.

A BAY MARE, 7 YEARS OLD, SOUND, KIND, and gentle, for sale cheap; the thing for a lady to drive. Call at 623 South Dearborn-st.

A GOOD BUGGY OR CARRIAGE-HORSE, SEVEN years old, for sale. Dark bay, medium size. Will be sold reasonable. Inquire at 67 West Van Buren-st., near Canal.

FOR SALE—"BARNEY," A VERY FINE WELL-matched pair of young roadster. Can be seen at barn in rear 1167 Prairie-av.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—HEAVY 3-HORSE HAR-ness. 726 West Lake-st.

FOR SALE—AN A 1 EXPRESS WAGON, HORSE, and harness, cheap for cash. Apply at 68 Blue Island-av., second floor.

FOR SALE—THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN gone east—Road-wagon and harness, but little used, bay mare, 6 years old, 1,050 pounds, sound, and safe for any lady to ride or drive. Call Monday, at 56 Curtis-st. A. H. SANBORN, Agent.

FOR SALE—GOLD-MOUNTED SHIFTING-TOP buggy, at B. F. TUCKER'S, 103 State-st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE

Domestics—Continued.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY TO do light housework morning and evening for her board. Address O 72, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—A RESPECTABLE GIRL wishes to get work at 45 Sedgwick-st. Do not light work and sewing; has a sewing machine. Address G 62, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WOMAN, TO TAKE care of a baby or to do general housework in a small private family; can take care of a baby from its birth; city reference given. Call at 71 Sherman-st., Monday and Tuesday.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A

DR. H. A. JOHNSON AND W. F. STOREY.

Dr. Johnson's Professional Record of the Illness and Death of Mrs. S.

On last Sunday the following card appeared in the Chicago *Times*:

TO THE PUBLIC.

I believe it to be my duty, in connection with a recent event, to make a public statement in the interest of human life. I am impressed with the conviction, and have not a particle of doubt, that the death which occurred in my family six months ago, some of the gross recklessness, carelessness, and neglect of the attending physician, H. A. Johnson. I make this painful statement, not hastily or without considerable reflection, but solely to guard others against a like fate, and experience.

W. F. STOREY.

A reporter of THE TRIBUNE called upon Dr. Johnson last Sunday evening and procured from him the subjoined statement:

Mr. Storey has written to me several letters expressing his dissatisfaction with my treatment of his late wife, but has assigned no sufficient reason for such dissatisfaction. I presume the card is rather the result of a morbid feeling than a logical conclusion arrived at by any process of reasoning. It is not uncommon for persons who have lost friends to think that if some other course had been pursued, the result would have been quite different; or if some other physician had been employed, those who were dear to them might have been saved. As to the medical history of the case, I have carefully reviewed it, and think it of sufficient interest to the profession to be published. It I think, justifies the views I entertained at the time of Mrs. Storey's death as to the nature of her disease and the treatment which was followed. For the purpose of relieving Mr. Storey's mind, and at the solicitation of some of his friends, a statement of the history and treatment of the case was submitted to a physician, an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Storey,—who, as I understand, entirely agreed with me as to the nature of the disease and the propriety of the treatment pursued. Of this, however, I have not the written opinion of the gentleman referred to.

The professional record of the case of Mrs. S., prepared by Dr. Johnson for the August number of the Chicago *Medical Journal*, is as follows:

ANGINA V.—*A Case of Rheumatic Carditis, Suddenly Fatal.* By H. A. Johnson, M.D. and Prof., Chicago, Ill.

I saw Mrs. S., æt. 31, first on January 9, 1873, early in the afternoon. I found her suffering from ill-defined muscular soreness, especially over the abdomen and in the back—bowels not disturbed—skin moist—pulse slightly accelerated—tongue moist and white. I prescribed the following:

R. Potass. Bromid	ʒ ij.
Aq. Camph	f ʒ iv.
M. ft. sol. Sig. One tablespoonful every three hours.	

Jan. 10.—Saw her in the afternoon. She passed a restless night. Some nausea this morning, which she attributes to the medicine; supposed that she had taken morphine or opium. Pain more decidedly rheumatic; hips and knees sore, motion difficult. Began vomiting to allay pain, which was now almost unbearable. I directed the following:

R. Hydr. Sub Mur	gr. iv. (0).
Morph. Sulph	gr. ¼.
Soda Bi Carb	ʒ ij.
M. ft. pulv.	No. vj. (6).

S. One every three hours.

Jan. 11, m.—Pain still continues in hips and knees. Condition of the stomach improved. Has rested and slept some under the influence of the powders of morphine, sub muriate, and soda, but pain has taken place as often as directed. I ordered them to be continued as often as necessary to relieve pain.

Jan. 12.—Bowels have moved—probably from the effect of the powders, though not all of the four (4) grs. of calomel that have been taken. Pains more general; complains of shoulders. Skin moist—tongue coated, white, moist—pulse 96, or a little below 100, per minute. Made no change in the treatment.

Jan. 13.—The condition about the same. Rheumatic difficulty more decidedly migratory. The powders of calomel, morphia, and soda, prescribed on the 10th, have been renewed, without my direction, however. Does not take much from it at this time; has vomited during the night than during the day. No change in treatment.

Jan. 14.—I had been quite sick for two or three days, and on the 14th was unable to leave my bed. I heard nothing from the case till the morning of the 15th, when I learned from Dr. F. H. Davis and Dr. Lester Curtis that they had both seen her on the evening of the 14th. Dr. Curtis made the following prescription:

R. Potass. Bromid	ʒ ij. ss.
Aqua	f ʒ ss. j.
Syr. Cort. Aurant	f ʒ ij.
M. S. Teaspoonful every hour as directed.	

I am told that she took one dose of the mixture prescribed by Dr. Curtis, after which Dr. Davis was sent for. He ordered the following:

R. Potass. Bromid	ʒ ij.
Cryst. Carbolic Acid	gr. vj.
Glycerine	f ʒ ss.
Aquæ	f ʒ ss. ij. ss.
M. One teaspoonful every three hours.	

This was continued during the night, and till I saw her on the 15th. The powders were continued as they were judged necessary to allay pain.

I saw her about 2 p. m. on the 15th. They said that Dr. Davis' medicine had given her great relief. Some muscular tenderness yet over the chest and in the shoulders—pulse about 100, regular, moderately full. Directed the continuance of the bromide of potass. and carbolic acid solution. Saw her again in the evening.

Jan. 16.—Less positive pain, but had a restless night—only "snatches of sleep," as she expresses it. Has not taken the powders since yesterday. Directed the following:

R. Tr. Opii Camph	f ss. j.
S. Half teaspoonful every two hours, if awake.	

Continued the bromide and carbolic acid solution. She only took one dose of the paregoric.

In the evening she begged for something to relieve the pain, which had become much more decided, especially in the limbs and joints—could hardly move in bed. I gave her a hypodermic injection of morph. ¼ gr. and atropin 1-60 grain. She went to sleep in about five minutes, and slept quietly till 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, after which she was restless—slept between seven and eight hours.

Jan. 17.—Found her in the morning absolutely helpless—arms, hands, fingers, hips, knees, ankles, and toes, even, tender, and most of the joints somewhat swollen—skin hot but still moist—tongue moist—pulse over 100, hard, small, but regular—heart sounds normal in quality. Directed the following:

R. Tr. Colchici Sem	f dr. j.
Potass. Bi Carb	dr. ij.
Potass. Cit	dr. ij.
Aq. Camph	f ʒ ss.
Syr. Limon	f ʒ ss. ij.
M. ft. sol. Take one tablespoonful every two hours.	

This prescription was continued during the day, she was a little flighty when left alone, but recovered perfectly when spoken to, and answered intelligently questions addressed to her. In the evening, about the same. Has not slept during the day—in fact, not much since 3 or 4 a. m. Gave again a hypodermic injection of morph. ¼ gr. and atropin 1-70 gr.

Jan. 18, morning—limbs less painful and harder can move them a little; pulse about 98; skin moist, and cooler than last night; slept between six and seven hours under the influence of the injection of morphine and atropin. I directed the colchicum mixture to be continued.

P. M.—Bowels have moved freely during the day, complains of watery discharges; pulse below 90; has taken quite well,—complains of pain most in right shoulder,—is very weary and wants sleep. Discontinued colchicum mixture, and gave, between 3 and 4 p. m., a hypodermic injection of morph. ¼ gr. and atropin 1-70 gr.

Jan. 19, morning.—Found her free from pain in joints—had slept several hours during the night, but was restless, anxious—talking a little incoherently, but answered intelligently when spoken to—pulse about 100. Directed the following:

R. Potass. Acet	dr. iij.
Potass. Bromid	dr. ij.
Spts. Nit. Dulc	f ʒ ij.
Syr. Limon	f ʒ v.
M. ft. sol. Take one tablespoonful every two hours till relieved.	

P. M.—Skin quite moist, but hot,—pulse more frequent, 115 per minute, regular. Suspected cardiac trouble—found heart sounds normal in quality—no articular pain except in right shoulder, and this not severe. Discontinued diuretic, and ordered the following:

R. Sal. Tr. Bed. Aconite	f dr. j.
Morph. Sulph	gr. ¼.
Syr. Simp	f ʒ ss. ij.
M. ft. sol. Take one teaspoonful every two hours.	

Saw her three times during this day. She slept during the afternoon and evening only a few minutes at a time, and then would start up suddenly, saying something irrelevant, but, upon being spoken to, becoming perfectly conscious.

Jan. 20, morning—Pulse 90, soft, moderately full, regular in rhythm. Mr. S. says that after my visit last night the pulse went up to 120 per minute. Skin moist, not so hot as during the day of the 19th. Tongue moist. Little or no pain anywhere. Stomach tolerates milk.

4 p. m.—Pulse 84, regular, soft, moderately full. Skin moist and cool but not cold, apparently normal in its qualities. Has had no pain during the day. During the last twenty hours has had no continuous sleep.

P. M.—Has been taking during the day half-teaspoonful dose of the aconite and morphine mixture. For the purpose of procuring sleep, I directed the following:

R. Chloral Hydrate	gr. x.
Syr. Simp	f dr. ss.
Glycerine	f ʒ ss.
Chloroform	f dr. ss.
M. ft. sol. Dose, one tablespoonful.	

Of this mixture, one tablespoonful was ordered to be given every hour till she slept, she took but one dose, and soon after became wildly delirious.

At 10 p. m., or about that time, I saw her again. The pulse was then 104, and somewhat irregular, small, weak—breathing oppressive, panting—vomited about ten minutes, apparently milk and mucus. Immediately after I came to the room I threw out of bed—did not seem to have any pain. In answer to questions, complained only of nausea and oppression at epigastrium. She had been now twenty-four hours without continuous sleep, and I gave, for the purpose of producing it, a hypodermic injection of morphine, gr. ¼, and atropin, gr. 1-75. She went to sleep in about eight minutes—the pulse became more regular at 102 per minute, breathing easier, but not free—and from the termination of the chill seemed to be normal, and was neither dry nor excessively moist.

At 3 a. m. of the 21st I was sent for, and upon arriving I found her dead. Mr. S. said that she had slept continuously from the time I left—that between 2 and 3 a. m. they turned her in bed, and that she suddenly ceased to breathe. She had nourishment at the stomach would tolerate it. During the last day or two milk was given her, and she took as much of it as she liked.

Throughout her sickness, she was worse at night.

No. 4 Sixteenth street, Feb. 1, 1873.

THE NEW DIRECTORY.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: I notice that the St. Louis papers have some out with their annual howl against Chicago, and particularly [illegible] for publishing a Directory which happens to have more names in than the one lately issued in that city. It is a matter of the utmost indifference to me, and I presume to the people of Chicago, whether we have a larger population than St. Louis or not; but inasmuch as the papers of the latter city have repeatedly attacked me with columns and columns of personal abuse, accusing me of filling up the Directory with useless names, and being repeatedly solicited for communications on the statistics of Chicago and St. Louis, I will say that the preface of the new Directory will contain figures and facts in regard to these cities which will satisfy any reasonable person on the subject.

The names in the Directory, from A to Z, have been printed, and the business portion of the work is now in press, and will be ready for the public in the course of a few days. The compiling, printing, and publishing a Directory of Chicago—a city of 350,000 inhabitants—constitute a job of such magnitude that few can comprehend or appreciate it. There is no other Directory published in America, for a city of this size, that does not take nearly double the time to do it. No one can be more anxious to have the book in the market than I am, as I have over $20,000 invested in this one edition.

Citizens and others wishing to find parties, can have the use of the Directory advance-sheets by calling at my office.

In the course of sixty or ninety days, I will publish a statistical review of the progress and growth of Chicago, which will be furnished to the patrons of the Directory gratis. Respectfully,

RICHARD EDWARDS.

A QUEER DOCUMENT.

The Kind of Stuff Police-Court Lawyers Palm Off on Their Clients.

The following very heavy document was pigeon-holed at Justice Scully's Court yesterday, with an air of the greatest gravity, by a "lawyer." It is given here as a superior illustration of the imbecility and profound ignorance of the Police-Court "attorney:"

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss: City of Chicago vs. Louis Valle. Before Daniel Scully, Justice of the Peace.

Now comes Louis Valle and says that his premises were virtually burglarized, and he was kidnapped by a man claiming to be a police officer, and had his choice to be shut up in a filthy den with criminals, or give bail to appear before Daniel Scully, who claims to be a Police Magistrate. That he has made diligent inquiry, and believes that any affidavit he has been made charging him with doing anything unlawful, and that no warrant, or any process of law, has been served on him, and that he is before the said Scully by force only, and not by due process of law. He demands the nature and cause of the accusation, if any, and a copy thereof. That he has not done anything, except in the free exercise and enjoyment of religious professions, and worship, and in defending his political rights and worshiping according to his religious opinions as his conscience dictated; and that in doing these religious and political acts he has not committed any acts of licentiousness in connection therewith, nor guilty of any practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State. That no complaint has been made against him previous to his arrest, either verbal or written, charging him with having violated any law, as he can learn. That Daniel Scully has not been elected Police Magistrate, as this affiant is advised and verily believes, consequently cannot try this affiant for any thing as a Police Magistrate. Neither has said Daniel Scully, who assumes to take jurisdiction in the proceedings, been commissioned Police Magistrate by the Governor, as this affiant has been informed and believes, and he therefore cannot take cognizance of the matter, and cannot proceed as a Justice of the Peace in the premises. All these things he is ready to verify, and prays that any bonds he may have given in the premises may be cancelled, and that he may be allowed to go free.

LOUIS VALLE.

THE NEWSBOYS' HOME.

The Nucleus of a Chicago Charity—Beds and Meals at Five Cents Apiece.

The Chicago Newsboys' Home was opened yesterday at No. 44 La Salle street. This institution may be looked upon as the nucleus of a charity whose object will be to provide for all poor boys and girls of this city homes where they may have the benefits of not only a good kitchen and comfortable dormitory, but of such scholastic advantages and amusements as the managers may be able to provide them. The work is based on the plan of the Children's Aid Society of New York, a charitable institution whose widespread influence may be appreciated when it is stated that they are at present erecting in New York City a building to cost $170,000. The building at No. 44 LaSalle street is very unpretending in appearance, but the internal arrangement bids very fair for the comfort of the occupants. On the first floor are forty-two comfortable iron beds, while on the lower flat a long table is laid for the accommodation of as many hungry newsboys. Here they can have a breakfast, consisting of coffee, bread and butter, and syrup, and a supper of rich, beef-soup and bread, at five cents a meal, which sum will get them a bed to sleep on. Besides this, they can have gratis the run of the place, a private box, use of lavatory, and bath, and of a carpenter's shop, wherein the General Superintendent, Mr. W. H. Billings, intends to give gratuitous lessons in the art of carpentering. As soon as the Home is well stocked with boys, a piano will be set going, music will be taught them, and the attendants will be among the happiest urchins in the city. It must be remembered that, although the place is called the "Newsboys' Home," boys of all classes will be admitted. The Home is under the immediate supervision of W. B. Billings, among the promoters being N. S. Bouton, President, D. J. Gage, N. K. Fairbank, and other prominent citizens. The number of boys fed and sheltered last night was 21, which number will no doubt shortly be quadrupled, when the institution will be obliged to expand and take in the premises next door, which they have made arrangements to do should occasion require, which it undoubtedly will.

THE MULLIGAN MONUMENT.

At a recent meeting of the managers of the Mulligan Monument Association the following communication was received from Owen Stuart, late Colonel of the Nineteith Illinois Infantry:

I am requested by the Nineteith Illinois Infantry Association to inform your honorable body that it has been decided to waive, this year, the holding of our annual picnic, and to unite with military companies and societies in the picnic proposed to be held for the benefit of the Mulligan Monument fund. In the opinion of every member of our organization, the remains of our late fellow-countryman have been too long without due and public recognition to which his memory is entitled, and it is our earnest desire to see full honor done to the memory of as true a patriot, as brave a soldier, and as pure a Christian as ever lived—the late Gen. James A. Mulligan, commander of the gallant Irish Brigade. Trusting that all other Irish societies and organizations will unite with us in the contemplated picnic, I have," etc.

The managers deemed the suggestion an excellent one, and, learning that the Mulligan Zouaves, Capt. D. W. Quirk; Irish Rifles, Capt. E. J. Cunniffe; Montgomery Light Guards, Capt. Jeremiah Clifford; the Chicago Light Guards, Capt. Crowley; and the Polish-American Guards, Maj. Charles Zaremba, would unite cordially in the proposed entertainment, they decided that it should be held. The matter has progressed so far that it may now be announced that the picnic will be held at Tracey's Grove, on Tuesday, the 26th of August. The committees having the matter in charge will work earnestly to make the occasion pleasant and memorable. Arrangements will be effected for the entertainment of immense numbers, as it is confidently expected that thousands of persons will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered of obtaining a day's recreation, and at the same time contributing to the perpetuation of the memory of a gallant soldier who fell on the field of battle.

A REALLY FIRE-PROOF ROOFING MATERIAL.

The lessons taught by the great fires of the past two years, in Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore, five especial points to the sentiment that the municipio can devise some means of protecting great cities from the dangers of an enormous conflagration becomes a public benefactor. It will be remembered that at the time of our great calamity the flames were spread from the dying masses of shingles and felt-roofing from large buildings. Huge masses of this flaming roofing material were carried for nearly a mile by the gale, and held by its force against buildings until they were in a blaze. The subject of roofing that became one of general interest through the country. Various systems were tried. But, while many of them succeeded in avoiding fire from the outside, none of them could stand it on the inside. Messrs. Smith, Clements, & Co., of Chicago, whose office is at No. 119 Dearborn street, have now obtained what cannot but be a fire-proof felting. A representative of the firm yesterday brought some of the material to this office to compare it with ordinary roofing, and, after showing several strips of the ordinary material in combustion in a gas jet, endeavored to burn what appeared to be the same material, treated according to the new system. The results were astonishing. A piece of ordinary roofing, covered with a preparation, was held in the flame until patience was exhausted. On drawing it out, it crumbled up, but would not burn. A piece of tarred sheeting similarly prepared was also non-combustible. But the Challenge Fire-and-Water-Proof Roof does not contain any tar at all. It is laid like any other gravel roof, and, by a process which the Company will not reveal, covered with small gravel to the depth of a quarter of an inch or more, without the use of pitch, tar, or other compound. It cannot take fire from above, and defies heat from below. This seems to meet every requirement of a roofing material. It can be used for buildings and cars; and the principle is employed in the preparation of a challenge fire-proof paint for protecting wood, tin, and iron. Though the firm have only been doing business a few days, they have already received a large number of orders for their roofing from builders in this city. In a short time they will give a public exhibition of the fire-proof qualities of their roofing, when we will have more to say on the subject.

OBITUARY.

Death of Mrs. Charles C. P. Holden.

Died on Saturday morning, July 26, at half-past 10 o'clock, Mrs. Sarah J. Holden, wife of Charles C. P. Holden, aged 37 years 8 months and 16 days. Mrs. Holden was taken violently sick whilst on a visit to her parents at New Lenox, Will County, in this State, March 14, 1872, with purpura hemorrhagica, and for many months was not expected to live, but finally a change took place, and in the following October she so far recovered as to be able to be brought home. She gained steadily until the middle of December, when she was again prostrated by severe sickness, the disease, however, having changed its form to that of the disease of the bladder. From this she partially recovered in the months of March and April, but in the month of May she was again attacked with more severity than ever. Indeed it assumed such a character as to baffle the skill of our best physicians, and ended in death yesterday morning.

The deceased was married to Mr. Holden Sept. 17, 1855. She was the daughter of Isaac N. and Rae Ann Reynolds, upon whose farm, in Will County, she was born, April 11, 1836. She was a granddaughter of the late Abraham Holderman, who was one of the original pioneers of Northern Illinois, having settled at Holderman's Grove, LaSalle County, in 1831.

During the first weeks of her long illness Mrs. Holden learned a sweet trust in God, which continued to the last; although her sufferings were intense, she was never heard to complain, being perfectly resigned to suffer if it was God's will.

She believed her sickness was all for the best, and was sustained through it all by a strong assurance of God's presence and love. Only the day before her death she called her friends about her, assured them of her trust in the Saviour, her belief that she could not live, her readiness to die, and then passed away in the hope of a blessed immortality.

Mrs. Holden was a woman of most amiable disposition and great kindness of heart. Her manners were very engaging, and all who knew her were won by the kindness which always illuminated her face with its attractiveness.

She was eminently domestic in all her tastes, finding the happiness of her life in her family, and studying to make home attractive, and those she loved happy. Her funeral will take place at the residence of Mr. Holden, No. 323 West Monroe street, on Monday, July 28, at 11 o'clock.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

The annual election of officers of the Union Circle, F. & A., will take place at the hall, No. 77 Dearborn street, next Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

A fellow named A. C. Loomis was fined $100 by Justice Scully, yesterday, for inserting his hand into the pocket of an inebriated individual, on Milwaukee avenue.

George Hunter, who personated Elijah Harris, at the Armory, a few days since, was yesterday sentenced to six months in the House of Correction for aiding in the escape of a prisoner.

The Newsboys' Home, No. 44 LaSalle street, will be dedicated this evening. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Robert Collyer, the Rev. C. D. Noble, Dr. Blackall, Mr. E. P. Porter, and Mr. E. S. Skinner.

The fifth annual picnic of the American Protestant Association will be held at Sharpshooters' Park, on Wednesday. Cars will leave the corner of Peoria and Kinzie streets at 8:30 a. m.

A young man named Heywood, an employe at Davis' paint works, was before Justice Banyon, yesterday, charged with embezzling money from his employers. He was held for further examination in $500 bail.

The United Sons of Erin Benevolent Society will meet at its hall, on West Twelfth street, at 2:30 this afternoon, to conclude arrangements for the twelfth annual picnic, which is to take place on the 15th of August, at Sharpshooters' Park.

An attempt was made at half-past 3 o'clock yesterday morning to set fire to the frame building, No. 605 State street, by the use of kerosene oil. About $100 worth of property was destroyed, which was fully insured in the Globe of Chicago.

John Meister, George Lampe, and William Houlehane, who assaulted Officers Crotty and Gara a few days since, were yesterday held for trial at the Criminal Court in $500 bail each. Both officers were able to appear as witnesses.

Richards' hose-elevator and fire-escape ladder were tested on Hamlin, Hale & Co.'s building yesterday afternoon, and afforded entire satisfaction to the dry goods firm, the officers of the Fire Department, and the crowd of citizens who witnessed the test.

As Bailiff Olesen was conveying two boys from the Criminal Court to the jail, yesterday morning, one of them jerked away. The officer handed the other boy over to a friend, and, after a smart run, caught the fugitive at the corner of Randolph and LaSalle streets.

Yesterday morning a young man named James West, while engaged in washing windows at No. 479 Wabash avenue, fell from the second story and was severely injured, his wrist being broken and one of his temples severely gashed. It is not believed he can survive his injuries.

An international foot-ball match, between Capt. Brennan's Irish twelve and Capt. Foley's American twelve, will occur at the picnic of the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, to be given at River Forest Grove on Thursday week.

A correspondent wants to know why the City Scavenger does not get around earlier to the southeast corner of Clark and Monroe streets and remove the offensive garbage and putrefying remains of fish and fowl which sicken the early passer-by.

There will be a rally in the interest of law and order, at the Fifth Baptist Church, corner of Harrison and Sangamon streets, on Tuesday evening. All friends of the cause are invited to be present and incline a respectful ear to the speeches that will be made by A. L. Morrison, Mr. McAuley, the Rev. N. F. Bavlin, and others.

Blanses Raudler was arrested on Friday night on the charge of stealing a lot of tools and a boiler from Mr. Hollingsworth's residence, on Indiana avenue. The stolen property was found at his place, corner of Canal street and Stewart avenue. Yesterday Justice Banyon held him for further hearing until the 29th inst.

Yesterday Chief Grain Inspector Harper recovered judgments against D. H. Lincoln & Co., F. S. Hanson & Co., and J. T. Bawleigh & Co., prominent grain-shipping firms which had refused to pay their inspection fees. They were defended by W. H. King and J. C. Knickerbocker.

There were fully twenty-five violaters of the Sunday law before Justice Scully yesterday. Most of the cases were disposed of by continuances and changes of venue to Justice Banyon. Frank LaGura, for open violation, was fined $100. The other fines were: M. W. Gates, $15; J. P. Kelly, $10; M. W. Larson, $25.

William Exler, of No. 339 North avenue, some time since was reported to Commissioner Hoyne as a violator of the special tax law concerning liquors. An effort was made to arrest him, but he could not be found. It was said he had gone to Europe, but he really remained in Chicago, and eluded arrest by hiding in alleys, and walking out only at night. But a person, who signed himself "A Friend of Law," wrote to Commissioner Hoyne, informing him that Exler could be found at a certain saloon on North avenue at noon yesterday. The statement was correct; Exler was found there, and arrested. His was held to answer for his offenses in bail of $3,000.

The annual picnic of the Chicago Caledonian Club will be given on Thursday, Aug. 14, at Caledonia Park, about two miles from Jefferson, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. The customary Scotch games will be an entertaining feature of the excursion. Over $400 will be given away in prizes. The drive to the park is one of the finest around Chicago, and it is expected that it will be well patronized on the day of the picnic.

Owing to the immense number of carriages which are driven on the boulevard on Wednesdays, the Board of South Park Commissioners have hereafter require that on the days when driving faster than eight miles an hour is allowed, carriages going south will take the west side of the road, and those going north the east, in order to obviate any danger from collision. It means reserved to for its adoption will excite the unqualified indignation of the public. I have no ambition to dispel the visionary projects entertained by Mr. Hesing about the greatness and glory of German art, nor have I any personal or political prejudices against Architect Mack or Ald. Bailey. On the contrary, these two and I are on the friendliest terms. But private friendship must give way to public duty.

JOHN CLIVSTORD, Architect.

CHICAGO, July 26, 1873.

AFTER THE BOGUS ONES.

Another Meeting of the Genuine Constables—They Resolve to Drive Out the Illegal Fellows by Force of Law.

The legally elected Constables of Chicago, who have organized in order to expose and get rid of those persons illegally usurping their functions, held an adjourned meeting yesterday evening, in the office of Justice Haines.

Mr. Hartman submitted a list of the names of Constables whose bonds were duly filed in the office of the County Clerk, as follows: John Tunison, C. G. Chilcott, Saville Stott, P. Koehler, M. Flemming, M. Crean, P. Murphy, George Hartman, J. D. Scanlon, William O'Brien, Daniel O'Brien, S. E. Bockwell, David Walsh, Jr., L. Summerfield, J. Shoemaker, J. Loughlin, Henry Bahe, J. C. Klyn, J. Casey, B. Sheridan, James Stanton, Joseph Kinney, J. Thom, Thomas McMahon, George Baynes, N. Drew, Louis Bartels, Louis Munts, Charles Lindergren, P. E. Foley, Jesse T. Gleason, J. M. Moore, Henry Best, P. T. Connolly, William E. Dempsey, and Joseph Holderness.

The same committee reported that the County Attorney, Mr. Root, had been called upon, and had expressed his sympathy with the willingness to do all he could for the Constables. Mr. Root stated it was his opinion men who had acted as Warrant-appointed Constables had no authority whatever to act. The only authorized ones were those elected this year, or in 1870.

Mr. McElligott suggested the appointment of a committee to call on Charles H. Reed, Esq., and see what he had to say, and also to employ good counsel. It would only require $5 or $10 from each one present to clean out the impostors.

Mr. Koehler had twice seen Mr. Reed, who told him all they had to do was to get a good lawyer to draw a complaint, and he would do the rest himself. Mr. Reed thought it a shame that these fellows were running around just as lawless as flies, without any bonds.

Mr. Connolly offered the following:

WHEREAS, There is a certain number of men who are now acting as Constables in the City of Chicago without any color, or authority, or right by law; and,

WHEREAS, A majority, if not all of them, are entirely irresponsible to those, who are worthless in business, and therefore are a scandalous class of men to the community in which they ply their unlawful violation; be it therefore

Resolved, That one lawyer be employed to prosecute the said men in the manner provided by law, so as that the community will get rid of the evil that is now a disgrace to our city.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed, whose duty it shall be to call the attention of the State, as well as the County, Attorney, to the matters, and adopt all necessary means to carry out the object of these resolutions.

They were adopted.

Mr. Koehler moved the Chair appoint a committee of three to select a competent attorney, and report their action, and the amount of his fees, at the next meeting.

The motion was agreed to, and the committee made up of Messrs. Connolly, O'Brien, and Bartels.

Mr. Hartman moved the appointment of a Committee of Finance to see about raising the funds to pay the lawyer.

It was agreed to, and Messrs. Hartman, Scanlon and Bartels were appointed.

The Chair was authorized to appoint a Treasurer, and Mr. George Hartman was designated.

A discussion ensued as to the amount of the assessment to cover expenses, and the subject was postponed till the next meeting, which will be Wednesday evening, at the same place.

PERSONAL.

Dr. J. S. Skinner, of Peoria, is at the Sherman.

Bishop H. W. Lee, of Iowa, is at the Grand Pacific.

The Hon. John Brown, of Boston, is at the Sherman.

Gen. F. H. Treat, of Philadelphia, is at the Sherman.

The Hon. O. H. Browning, of Quincy, is at the Sherman.

The Hon. W. E. Cook, of Lacon, is at the Matteson.

Gov. T. A. Osborn, of Kansas, is at the Grand Pacific.

The Hon. A. D. Parker, of Fond du Lac, is at the Sherman.

The Hon. Judge Lawrence, of Galesburg, is at the Grand Pacific.

The Hon. J. L. Freeman, of Cleveland, is at the Matteson.

The Hon. E. B. Ward, of Detroit, is at the Sherman House.

The Hon. John W. Bunn, of Springfield, is at the Grand Pacific.

The Hon. J. Y. Wiggens, New Orleans, is at the Grand Pacific.

The Hon. Theodore Cuyler, of Philadelphia, is at the Grand Pacific.

Edward Tinkham, Contracting Agent for Barnum's Circus, is at the Commercial.

S. Gardner, Esq., Agent Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at Omaha, is at the Commercial.

M. V. Bergeman, Chief of Police, and Alexander Lewis, J. E. Pittman, and M. S. Smith, Fire and Police Commissioners, of Detroit, are at the Grand Pacific.

Mr. Henry Rhines is in receipt of a letter from John W. Coon, the well-known billiard player, announcing his arrival at Yazoo City, Miss. With a moderate degree of luck, "Zip" thinks he will reach Chicago in abou a week.

Two of the notable Police Justices of the city—Banyon and Kauffman—commence their summer vacations to-day. Banyon takes his at Kenosha, and Kauffman goes to Milwaukee. Justice Scully, ever sober and business-like, will conduct the Police Court business during their absence. They need not hurry home.

The following were among the prominent arrivals at the Sherman yesterday: A. W. Wells, Maryland; G. M. Bacon, Cincinnati; B. F. Harbine, Xenia, O.; G. W. Kerr, Aurora; J. D. Wilson, New York; W. A. Akin, Norwich, Conn.; W. M. Nason, Omaha; John Brown, Boston.

The following were among the prominent arrivals at the Grand Pacific yesterday: E. F. Ferry, Grand Haven; H. Saylers, Brenham, Texas; R. G. Kennedy, Boston; H. S. Hale, Philadelphia; W. C. Dicky, Cleveland; Alexander Lewis, Detroit; A. B. Hall, Houston, Texas; F. H. Steivel, Madison, Wis.; Albert C. Mace, New Orleans; Charles Rowe, Pittsburgh; H. S. Cummings, Washington, D. C.; O. B. Skinner, Cleveland; J. A. Conger, Rock Island.

The following were among the prominent arrivals at the Commercial yesterday: A. E. Stewart, New York; J. F. Cutter, San Francisco; W. H. Beverly, Nevada; R. W. Hawley, Detroit; Frank Wilson, Philadelphia; C. B. Brasher, Dakota; John H. Conway, St. Louis; G. H. N. Cushman, Ottawa; E. A. Jacks, Niles, Mich.; E. B. Moore, Northampton, Mass.; H. H. Cole, New York; Walter Lindley, Philadelphia; B. Cavanaugh, Milwaukee.

Among the arrivals at the Briggs House, corner of Randolph street and Fifth avenue, yesterday, were: J. H. Gross, Lyons, Iowa; E. P. Bronson, St. Louis; J. McArthur, Dubuque; D. R. Stephens and wife, Iowa; J. W. Hane and wife, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. Brown and wife, Rockford, Ill.; Miss Benton, Peoria, Ill.; G. M. Sargent, Moline; S. P. Brown, New York; W. F. Morgan, Clearfield; P. S. Allen and wife, Niles, Mich.; Miss C. E. Downer, New York.

Last evening the Executive Committee of the Chicago Dramatic Association, consisting of Messrs. A. R. DaCosta, F. G. Hoyne, J. Conlan, Jr., J. V. Streamer, and P. H. Tansey, waited on Mr. D. A. Gage, of the Grand Pacific Hotel, for the purpose of procuring the use of the club-rooms in which to hold their meetings. Mr. Gage received them with due courtesy, and tendered them the club-rooms, in accordance with their request. The Dramatic Club is becoming exceedingly popular, and several ladies and gentlemen have intimated their intention of joining it, even since its last meeting on Wednesday evening.

The moving spirit of the great *Graphic* balloon enterprise, which is attracting so much attention all over the country, is Mr. Chase M. Goodsell, who was connected with the local department of THE TRIBUNE some years ago. The "boys" bear Charley in kindly remembrance, and entertain the best wishes for the success of his daring undertaking. He was always noted for his indomitable energy, or unconquerable cheek (one is just as good as the other), and there can be no possible doubt but that he will either reach Europe by air, or kill himself. Wise, Donaldson, and a few superfluous newspaper men in the attempt.

Our Manufacturing Industries.

Of such vast proportions are the extent and value of the commerce of Chicago that it is generally overlooked that in manufacturing enterprises she holds no mean place. Statistics of our trade are widely published from time to time, so that everybody is informed of its magnitude and importance; but it has been left for the Union Publishing Company to supply the need for a full statement, in a convenient form, of our manufacturing industries. The work is now in course of preparation; it will be compiled by a well-known journalist, and ready for circulation by the time of the great Exposition; and we think we cannot err in advising to our manufacturers the opportunity of placing before the thousands who will then have congregate, the variety, extent, and importance of their business, and the place it not unduly fills in the glory and prosperity of Chicago.

If You Seek Pleasure, Stop There.

Pleasure-seekers going to Montreal, Canada, should remember the fact that Mr. L. W. Decker, who has become so immensely popular as the "mine host" of the Albion, has also taken the Montreal House. This hotel has a most charming location on Custom-House square on the bluff, and commands the finest view of the great St. Lawrence, with its thousands of sails and steamers, to be had anywhere. Terms, only $2 per day.

The Latest Novelty

Is the combination case for the "New" Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, now on exhibition at the Wheeler & Wilson salerooms, No. 152 State street, a writing desk, book and sewing-machine all in one. It is the most ingenious and convenient piece of cabinet work yet offered to the public. Terms of sale very moderate. Every family should possess one. Go to No. 152 State street and see it.

Important.

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the Chicago public to their large assortment of pure native wines, including the following celebrated and well-known brands: Black Rose, Virginia, Seedling, Delaware, Concord, etc., at prices within the reach of every one. All wines are guaranteed pure and unadulterated. H. August Kirchhof & Co., No. 34 Lake street.

Don't Forget

To attend the grand consolidated picnic of the Ancient Order of Foresters, at Moak's Grove, on the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, on Monday, Aug. 4. For the rights of the grounds for ice-cream and refreshment-stands, and games of all kinds, apply to Thomas Cahill, No. 126 East Van Buren, corner Clark street, or to John M. Connell, No. 75 West Madison street. Look out for a good time.

Why Their Sales are Large.

It is true in business as in nature, that stagnation is unhealthy; therefore, action must be maintained. In order to produce this result at this dull season of the year, Colby & Peters, Nos. 202 and 204 State street, are offering furniture of their own manufacture at such low prices that their sales continue with but slight diminution.

The Petrified Monster

From Nebraska will be on exhibition during the next few weeks, under the Sherman House, near the corner of Randolph and Clark streets—entrance on Clark. Messrs. Hardy & Wadsworth, of this city, proprietors. It is the greatest reptile wonder ever discovered.

Gentlemen's Collars.

Gentlemen leaving home for a summer trip should take with them Elmwood or Warwick collars. They will keep clean longer than linen and give more satisfaction.

Poisonous Colorings.

It appears that greens are not the only colors which contain arsenic, our wall-paper the only fabric colored with arsenical pigments. A correspondent of the *Chemical News*, who is in a position to know, states that the French use the following pigments, containing arsenic, in calico printing, and that they are equally suitable, and doubtless used, in the coloring of paper-hangings. *Mitis* or *Saxon* pigment contained alumina, arsenious oxide, and sulphur; scarlet ponceau contained carbonate of lime, in addition to the ingredients just named; dark green, a preparation of aniline green and arsenious oxide; steam chocolate and catechu pigment, both contained the arsenious oxide. The presence of arsenic in red, as well as in green-colored wall-paper, has been demonstrated by Hallwachs.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial News.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The bank statement shows a net gain of $246,225 in the legal-tender reserve, which raises the excess of reserve to $14,670,400. The percentage of reserve to total liabilities is 30.85 for the National Banks, 27.39 for the State banks, and 30.49 for the banks as a whole.

Money closed up very easy at 2 per cent on calls.

Foreign exchange was dull, with rates more or less nominal as usual on Saturday.

Gold was quite steady at 113¼ to 113¼. The rates paid for carrying were 2¼, 2, 2, and 2¼ per cent. Clearings, $61,769,000. Shipments of specie for the week, $654,000.

The Treasury operations for the week at New York included the disbursement of $1,750,416 gold for interest; $111,500 in red